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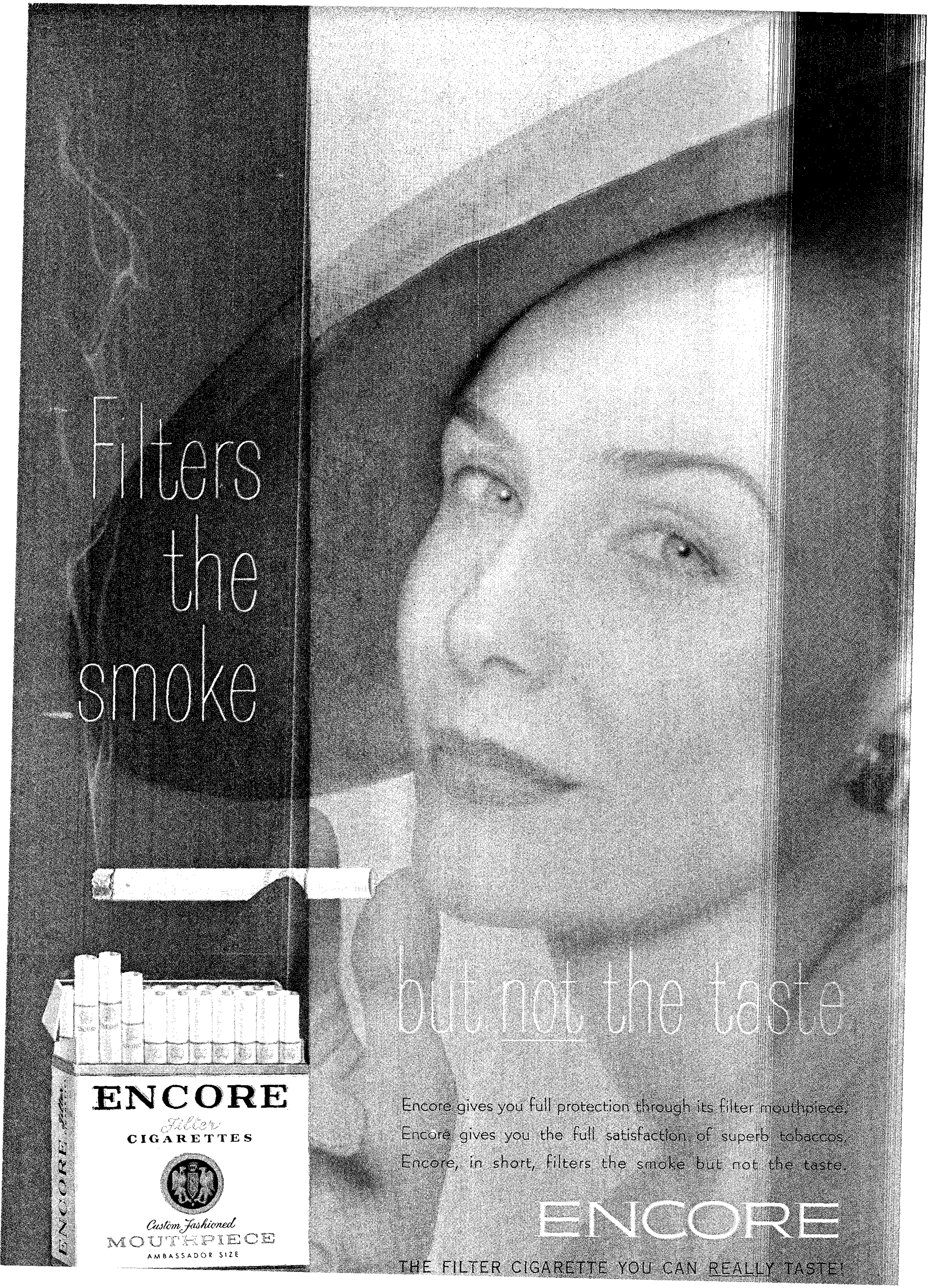
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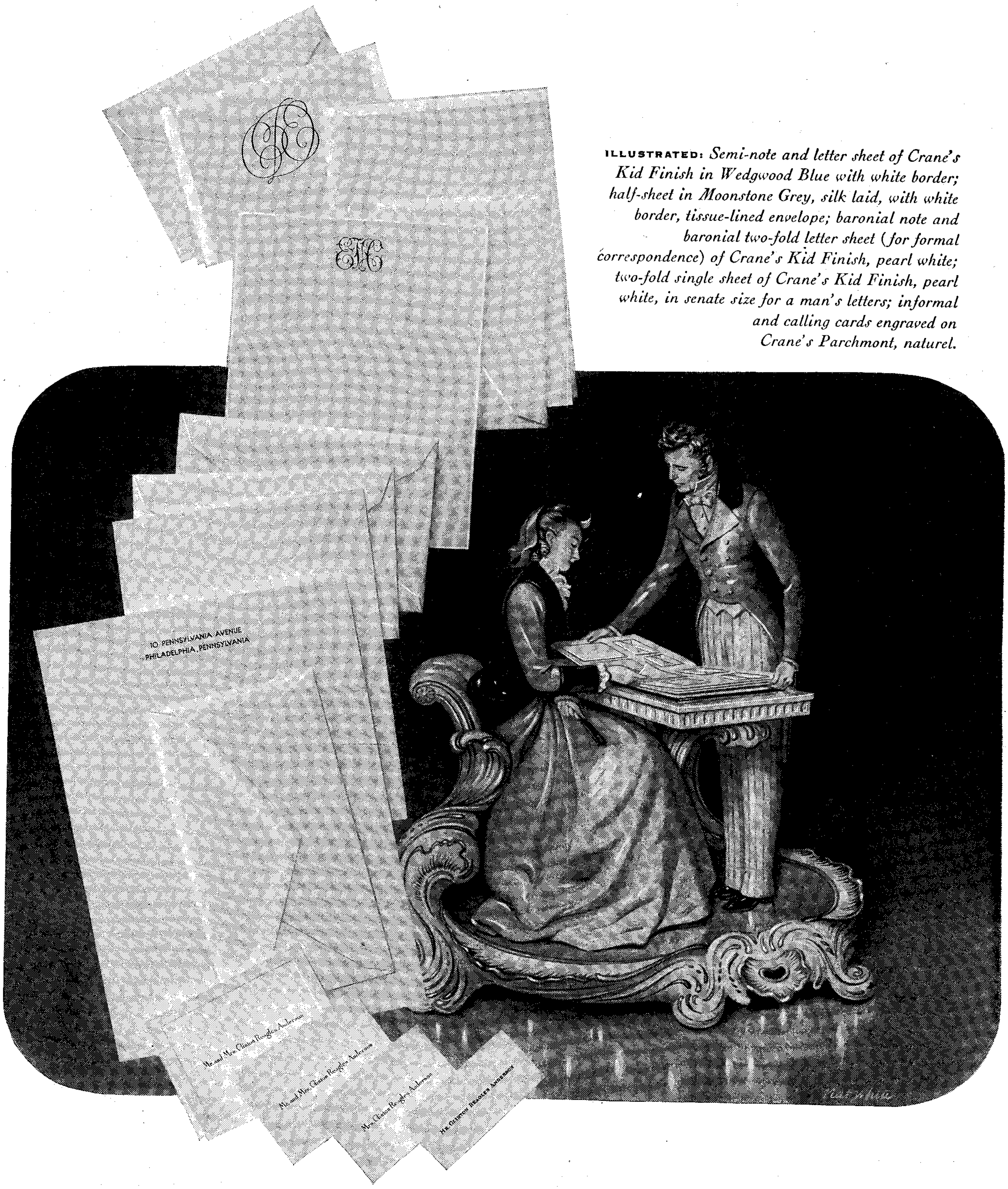
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anniversary Waltz**—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Caine Mutiny Court Martial**—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**King of Hearts**—Maybe this unobtrusive comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real humor to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. The play was directed by Walter F. Kerr, and Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

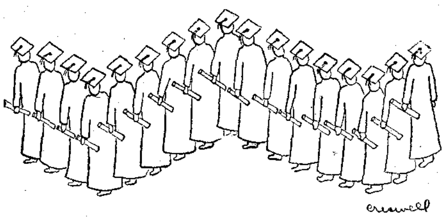
**Oh, Men! Oh, Women!**—Franchot Tone as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Barbara Baxley, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except June 3, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Ondine**—Without Audrey Hepburn, this Giraudoux fantasy, adapted by Maurice Valency, probably wouldn't amount to much; with her, it makes for a captivating couple of hours at the theatre. Miss Hepburn, who moves to some pleasant incidental music by Virgil Thomson, needs, and gets, only slight support from Mel Ferrer, who is co-starred with her. Directed by Alfred Lunt. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 6.)

**The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker**—Burgess Meredith, as the hero of Liam O'Brien's very lively farce-comedy, has eight children in Wilmington and nine in Philadelphia, and you can see how confusing that might be. Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, and Glenn Anders are also in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sabrina Fair**—This sociological document by Samuel Taylor, which has something to do with a romance between a millionaire and the daughter of a chauffeur, now has Leora Dana and Tod Andrews in the principal roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Solid Gold Cadillac**—A pertinent and spirited satire on the business world of today. Josephine Hull, the star, is unfortunately out of action at the moment, but Loring Smith is still rampageous as a magnate whose weakness is reciting "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The play is the work of George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Tea and Sympathy**—At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of an understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this thoughtful but not altogether convincing play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Teahouse of the August Moon**—John Patrick's diverting comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne is happily all over the place as a resident Oriental, and John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, and William Hansen are some of the transient Occidentals. There is also an interesting contribution by Mariko Niki, who plays a geisha. Directed by Robert Lewis. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—the fifth season:** Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this play about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**By the Beautiful Sea**—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island setting. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at *2:30*. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, June 6.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Comedy in Music**—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Girl in Pink Tights**—Jeanmaire is always bewitching as a Parisian ballerina in old New York even though the Chodorov-Fields book and Don Walker's arrangement of the Sigmund Romberg score just get in her way. Charles Goldner and Brenda Lewis furnish some useful comedy, and Alexandre Kalioujny appears to excellent effect in the Agnes de Mille dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Golden Apple**—A cheerful but fairly standard musical that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all that clan to nineteenth-century America. It is chiefly the work of John Latouche (book), Jerome Moross (music), and Hanya Holm (dances). With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**John Murray Anderson's Almanac**—Five very funny sketches are the highlights of this potpourri, which features the comic gifts of Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe, Alice Pearce, and Orson Bean. Among the singers and dancers are Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Kismet**—Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at *2:30.*)

**New York City Light Opera Company**—The last in a series of three productions presented by the company will be Rodgers' and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Jo Sullivan, Chris Robinson, Winifred Heidt, and John Conte. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at *2:30.* Closes Sunday, June 13.)

**The Pajama Game**—This comedy about love and confusion in a pajama factory is easily the best musical of the season. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at *8:30.* Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—can-can:** Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Peter Cookson, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. Norwood Smith will succeed Mr. Cookson starting Monday, June 7. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town:** Life and love in Greenwich Village in the mid-thirties. The music is by Leonard Bernstein, and the cast is now headed by Carol Channing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at *2:30.*)

### OFF BROADWAY

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Starting Friday, June 4: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR

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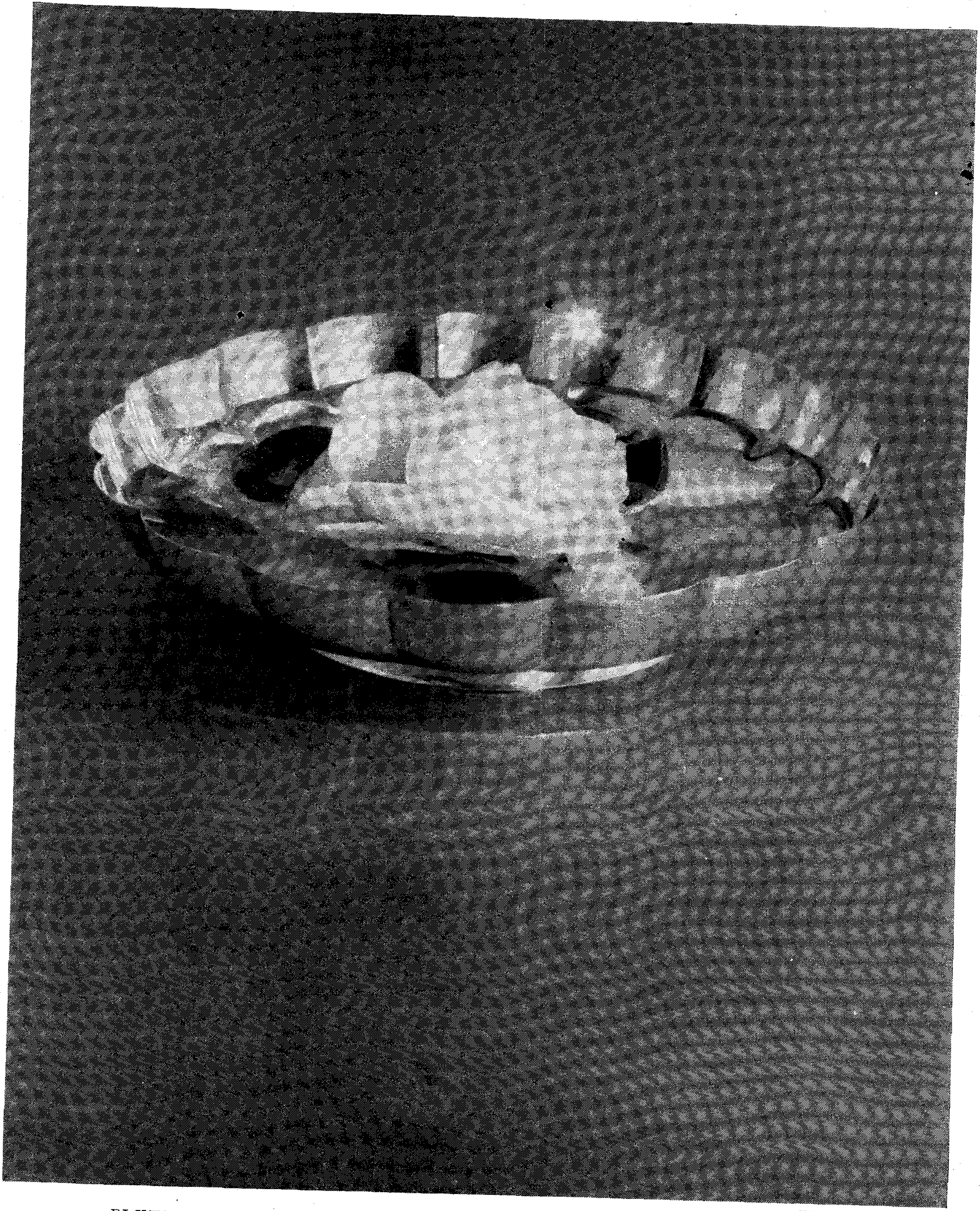

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7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, June 20.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—Chekhov's "The Sea Gull" presents a good many problems, and it is doubtful whether this presentation of it is completely successful in overcoming them. Judith Evelyn, Montgomery Clift, Maureen Stapleton, Kevin McCarthy, June Walker, Will Geer, and Sam Jaffe are in the company. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

**Theatre de Lys**—"The Homeward Look," a new comedy by Effie Young and Ernest Pagano, with Vicki Cummings and Roddy McDowall. Opens Thursday, June 3. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, whose floral exuberance is the handiwork of man, not God, has dancing every evening but Sunday to the music of Jules Lande's orchestra.

**Astor Roof,** Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—This timber-line lodge, large enough for a polo field, is often full of youngsters having a fling to the music of Sammy Kaye's great big band. Closed Sundays.

**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble make soft music "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—"Vanity Fair," enacted by an all-star cast, some of it flown in from the Coast. Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group.

**New Yorker,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—That time-honored recipe: Take ½ doz. pretty girls, 1 doz. skates, 200 lbs. ice . . . provides the amusement at dinner and supper in the Terrace Room, where Steve Kisley's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday nights.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel is a buoyant house guest, whose only idiosyncrasy is a passion for an occasional singing-in-the-bathtub sort of recital. Charles Carts can do anything with a pack of cards, including rousing an audience to laughter. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the diners' athletics. All this takes place in the Cotillion Room; Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Helen Gallagher, a prepossessing waif, attacks her songs with an enthusiasm and skill far above and beyond what some of them deserve. She is in the Persian Room. Along with her is a pretty young dancer named Joan Holloway, who does all right for herself, too. Ted Straeter, a cherubic vocalist, coaxes mellifluous sounds from his piano and his dance band, and Mark Monte's quintet adds to the jollity. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's cocktail music is audible in the Palm Court every day but Monday. No dancing.

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Grill affords dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which perambulates along at a Shetland-pony pace.

**St. Regis Roof,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The good old summertime looks its sentimental best from the elegant and beautiful Roof, which has almost continuous dance music by Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble, as well as a decorous clientele. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A long-run television show with all manner of guest artists and an interesting giveaway gimmick. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The party (George White's pint-size musical) had been going on for a year before Irwin Corey showed up, but he is already the life of it. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are noticeably humorous, too, which is a lot more than can be said for the libretto. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

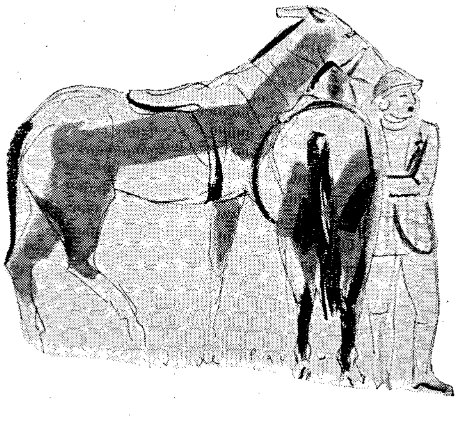
**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Freddy Martin's orchestra to add to the romantic mood, and another band to fill in on Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the maze called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty pours forth casual, relaxed piano off and on from six to twelve every night but Sunday.

**Note**—The sky-high conning tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may study Hoboken, Union City, Long Island City, West New York, Welfare Island, and other escapists' paradises. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Le Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Even after all these years, Eddie Davis seems pleased by the dance music of his tiny band, and, accordingly, so do the customers. It's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, played by a generally competent cast. Norbert Faconi, who wields his strolling-minstrel violin without being in any way gypsy about it, heads up a group of musicians who wander in and out during the evening. Sundays offer an entirely different deal: On June 6, after the theatre, the eminent Carlos Montoya will present the first of a series of guitar recitals. . . . **Weylin Room,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a placid, mannerly alcove, Cy Walter shows up, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, to play the sort of offhand piano that sounds easy until you try it yourself. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **Armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for people who consider this their home away from home. Closed Sundays. . . . **Celeste,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, Jim Mahoney starts his brisk but nostalgic piano recital in this quiet, well-run dining room. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Café Nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **Café Madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet functions for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night.



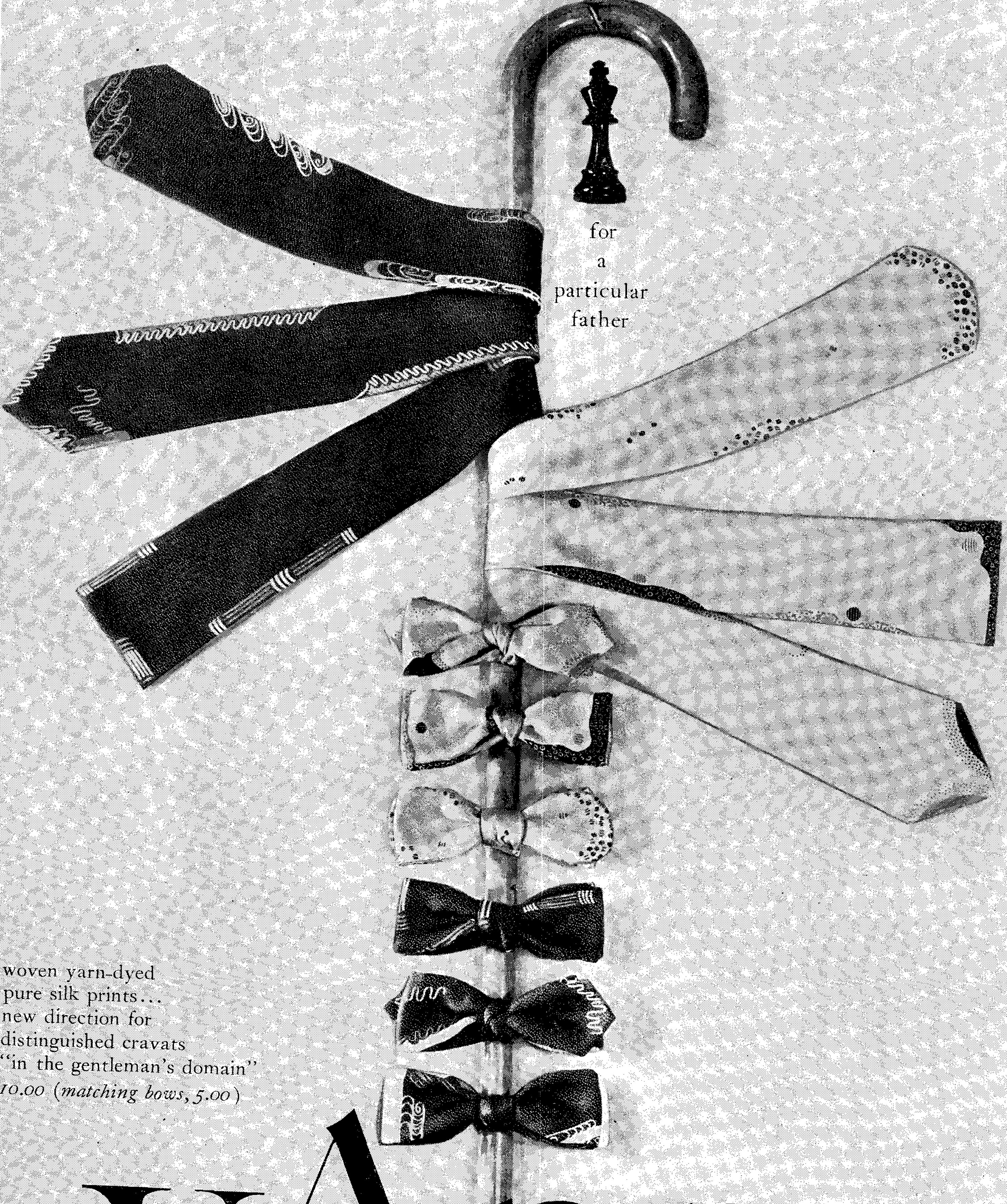
### BIG AND BRASSY

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante is a comedian who relies on a true (if violent) sense of humor, a true love of life, and the knowledge that he's a household pet rather than a professional performer—a formula other comedians might profitably copy. Dancing for everyone, too, including the Copa ballerinas, those pretty and petulant individualists. On Thursday, June 10, a new show will move in. Sam Levenson will be the funnyman. . . . **La Vie en Rose,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Hardly a leisurely way to pass an evening, but the singing of Eartha Kitt, a delightful tempest in a handsome teapot, may well be sufficient compensation. Dancing if there's room. The place will be open at least through Wednesday, June 9, and perhaps longer.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Blue Angel,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Robert Clary has become a clown in the round, all the way from quiet pathos to outlandish merriment. You'll rarely see as expert a job of gamut-running. Leo de Lyon has a one-track mind—wit at its wildest and woolliest. No vast problems burden the joint songs of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, who are obviously out for an evening on the town; as for the songs of Trude Adams, they're full of a youthful and charming innocence. The backdrop is the subdued but fervid tone poems of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the persuasive piano of Bart Howard or Otis Clements. . . . ¶ The Davises are in the lounge from two to four every night but Saturday, doing more of the same. . . . **Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marshall Izen and his puppets reduce opera as we know it to a cheerful shambles; Enid Mosier and Bobbi Wright, both girls with a pleasant streak of hoyden in their ballads, do the rest of the honors. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): At times, you'll feel that you're trespassing on a summer-theatre rehearsal, but there are always professionals to leaven the dough, such as Lee Goodman, that solemn owl, and his deftly casual humor; June Ericson and her calm, sweet little voice; Julius Monk, his commentary, and his piano; and the incomparable Norman Paris and his trio, who supply the background music. Closed Sundays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Kirkwood, who by now knows exactly how, is making the jokes around here. He's away Sundays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . .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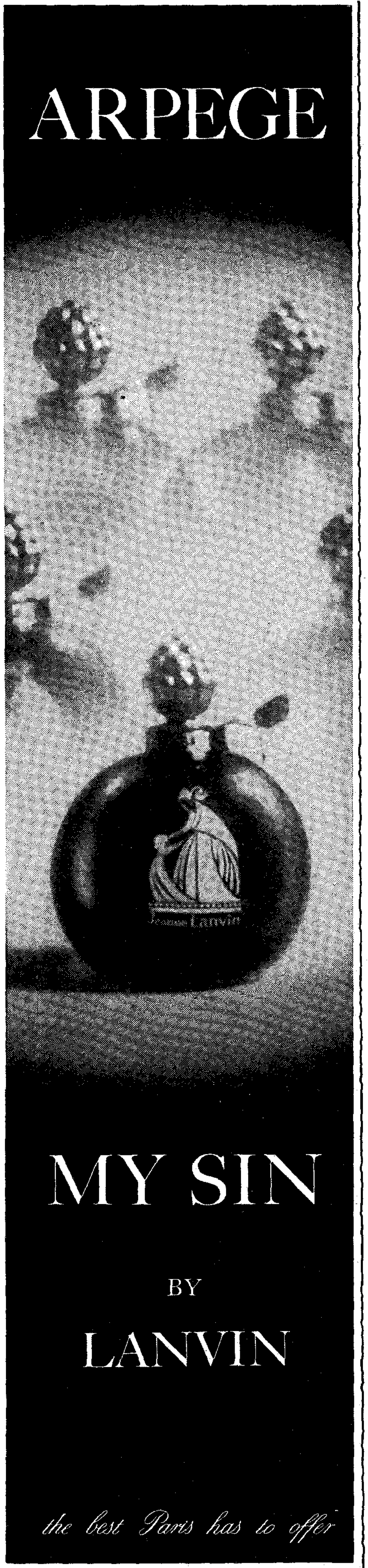

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**BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the top young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Hammer and tongs are the weapons of choice at this particular county fair. The wielders are Mae Barnes, a hog caller who gives her hapless ditties the Waring Mixer treatment; Jimmie Komack, whose rantipole topical tunes are highly seasoned; Charlotte Rae, a deadpan parodist with an unerring aim; Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of blithe piano; the Three Flames, makers of polyphonic music; and Bruce Kirby, the local fall guy. Closed Mondays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Under this spreading chestnut tree, Wild Bill Davison, a leading Village smithy, heads up a splendid anvil chorus. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays his splendid four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The sound and the fury in this fairly plush temple of the fine arts is mainly Gene Krupa's handiwork on his drums. He and his trio alternate with the recently revised Barbara Carroll trio, which has come in off the road suffering from a mild but unmistakable attack of bop. They're otherwise occupied Sundays. Ronnie Selby's piano, audible every night but Wednesday, is an ideal dinnertime apéritif. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five act as happy as if they owned the joint, on which by now they ought to have at least squatters' rights. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Zutty Singleton, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The Terry Gibbs' quartet is the leading light at the moment. Starting Thursday, June 10, Duke Ellington's band will be added to the mixture, which can only be improved thereby. Mondays, when the regulars are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Ella Fitzgerald, sterling pioneer in the study of sound waves, is chanting her rituals, and Lou Bellson's new band, which includes such good men and true as Charlie Shavers and Roy Eldridge, is clamoring away between times. On Tuesday, June 8, they'll all be replaced by Lionel Hampton's vast and strident agglomeration. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a latter-day piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, puts her ideas into music in the center of the bar. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Friday, June 4, there'll be a wholesale uproar, probably by Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Wild Bill Davison, Lou McGarity, Tyree Glenn, Eddie Barefield, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Jimmy Rushing, and (after all these years) Sammy Price. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, a welkin-ringing contest between (it is reliably reported) Conrad Janis's boys (among them Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, and Dick Wellstood), Jimmy Archey, Sonny Greer, Willie the Lion Smith, and Henry Goodwin. Dancing.

### DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

**BANKSVILLE, N.Y.:** La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André; formerly Mori's (HUntington 2-7717). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

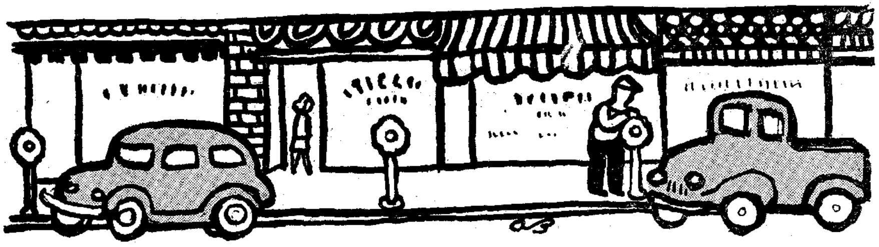
### GALLERIES

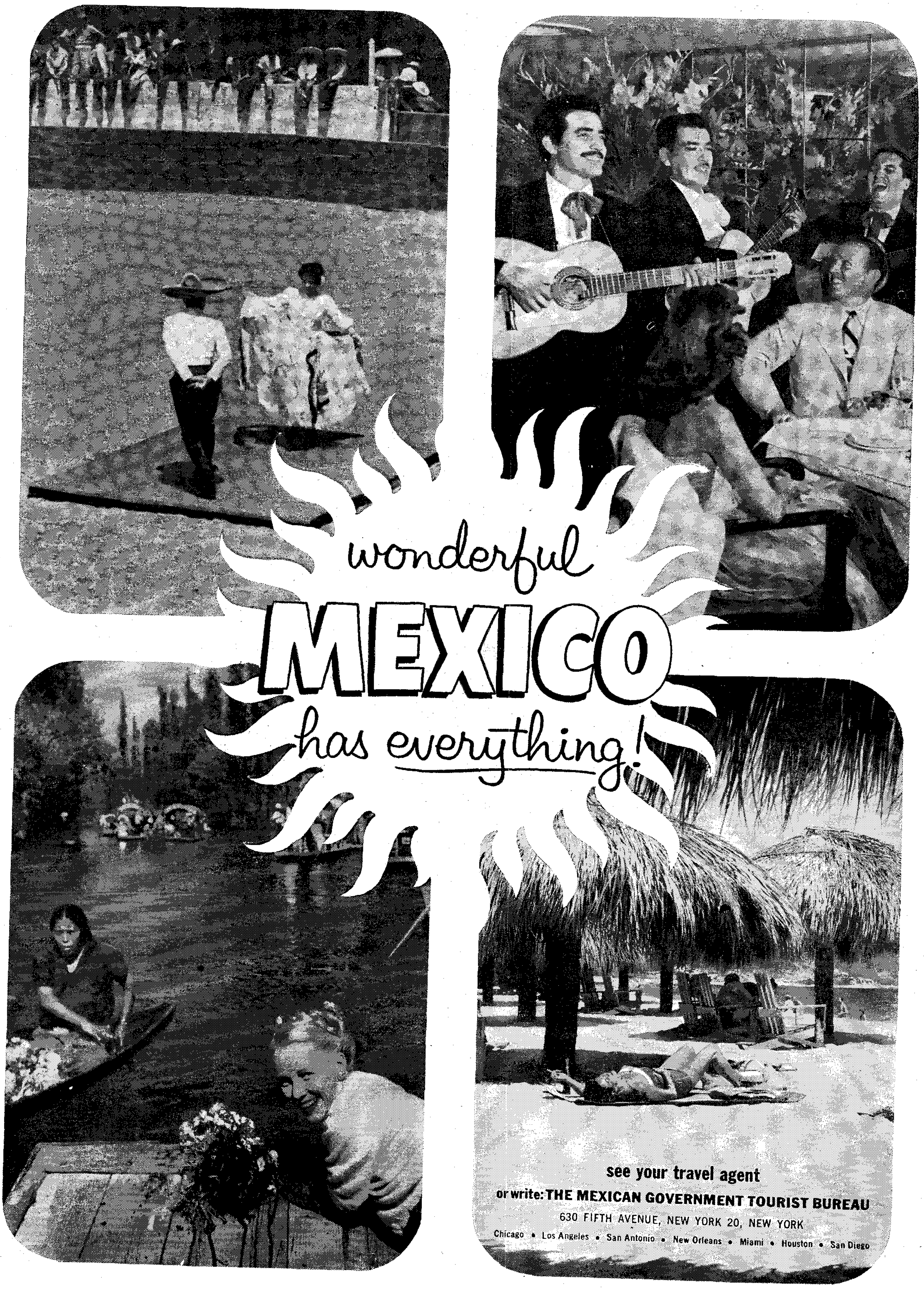
**JONYNAS**—Landscapes, done in water color but with a density that approaches oil, by a Lithuanian artist new to this country; through Friday, June 11. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**SARKIS KATCHADOURIAN**—Copies of mural paintings in the cave temples of India, executed with great fidelity and, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, considerable spirit; through June 30. (New India House, 3 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

**KLEE, KANDINSKY, AND LÉGER**—A selection of paintings by these three artists, concentrating on water colors and oils by Klee; through June 15. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

**DORIS LEE**—Portraits of George Sand and Edith

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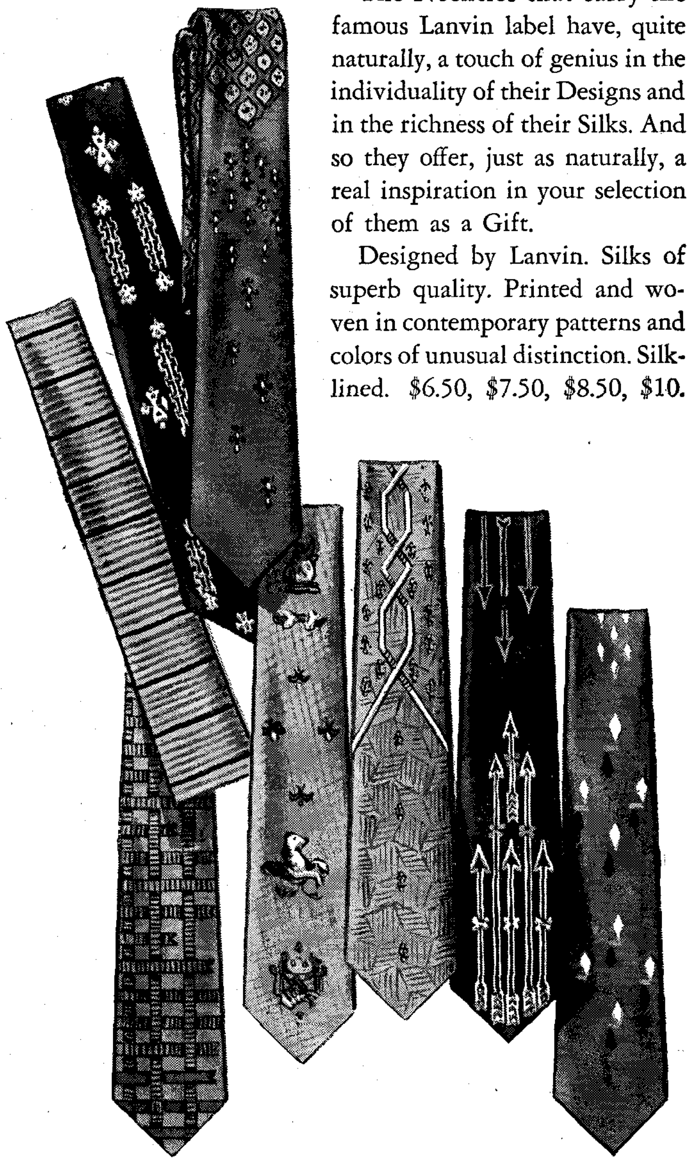

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sitwell are included in a group of thirteen oils; the rest of the paintings, on varied subjects, are in gouache. Through Saturday, June 5. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Open Saturdays.)

**Esther Rolick**—Landscapes and interiors principally, semi-naïve in style and earnestly and honestly handled; through Wednesday, June 9. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Clara McDonald Williamson**—A first showing of oils by a seventy-nine-year-old Texas primitive who has an unusually fine feeling for color and composition; through Friday, June 11. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **DAVIS**, 231 E. 60th St.: Small, restrained paintings mostly, by Lennart Anderson, Sheldon Fink, and others; through June 19. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and several others, along with the initial showing of pieces by the late Yasuo Kuniyoshi and John Marin; through June 25. . . . **HEWITT**, 18 E. 69th St.: Summer is the theme of paintings in oil and tempera (along with a few collages) by, among others, John Wilde, Elwyn Chamberlain, and William Harris; through June 18. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by Seong Moy, Will Barnet, and other contemporary painter-printmakers; through June 18. (Open Saturday, June 5.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: An oil apiece, plus a number of water colors, by Stephen Etnier, Childe Hassam, and a dozen other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 30. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Eighteen canvases, evenly divided between Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through June 30.

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: A lively set of oils and other works by Alberto Burri, John Hultberg, Antonio Tapies, and others; through Saturday, June 12. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Baziotes, Lassaw, and Soulages are among the nine American and French painters and sculptors whose works are being shown; through Saturday, June 12. (Open Saturdays.)

**Belgian; Group Show**—Paintings by a group of contemporary Belgian artists, from James Ensor to René Magritte and Paul Delvaux; through June 19. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**French; Group Shows**—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Chagall, Bombois, Rouault, and other moderns whom the gallery regularly represents; through June 19. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a two-part exhibit of paintings by Braque, Dufy, Picasso, and other modern masters; through June 18.

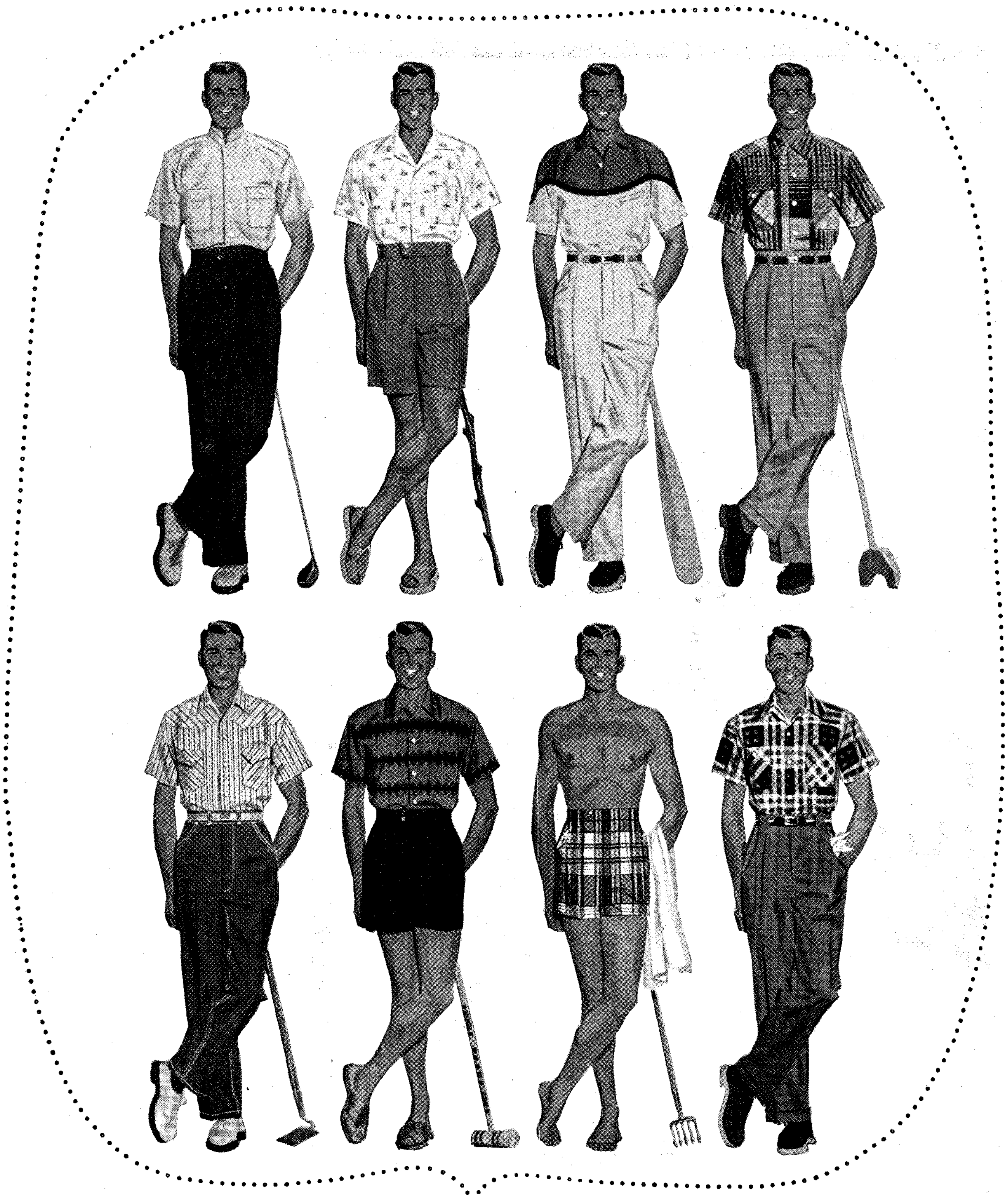
**Drawings**—Among the contributors to a display of drawings in all mediums are Syd Solomon, Helen Gerardia, and William Harris; through June 30. (New York City Center Gallery, 131 W. 55th St. Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

**Lithographs**—A selection from the Cincinnati Museum's third biennial exhibition of contemporary color lithography. The painters, from twenty-two countries, include Alfred Manessier, Zao Wou-ki, and George Biddle; through June 30. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Village Art Center**—An eleven-year retrospective put together by the Center and comprising paintings, sculptures, and graphics by an international group of artists, including Domenico Facci, Malcom Case, and Bertram Goodman; through June 15. (Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**White Jade**—Over thirty Chinese carvings, from the Sung to the Ch'ien Lung dynasties, in a loan exhibition; through June 23. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.)

**Some of Next Week's Openings**—At the **ARTISTS'**,



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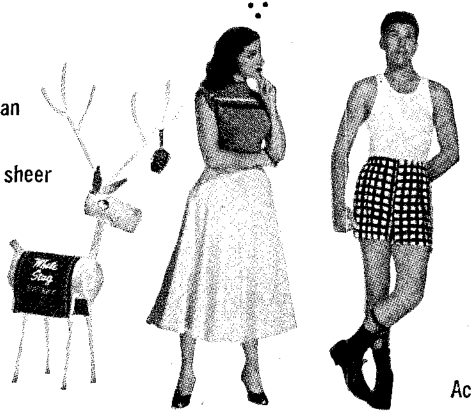

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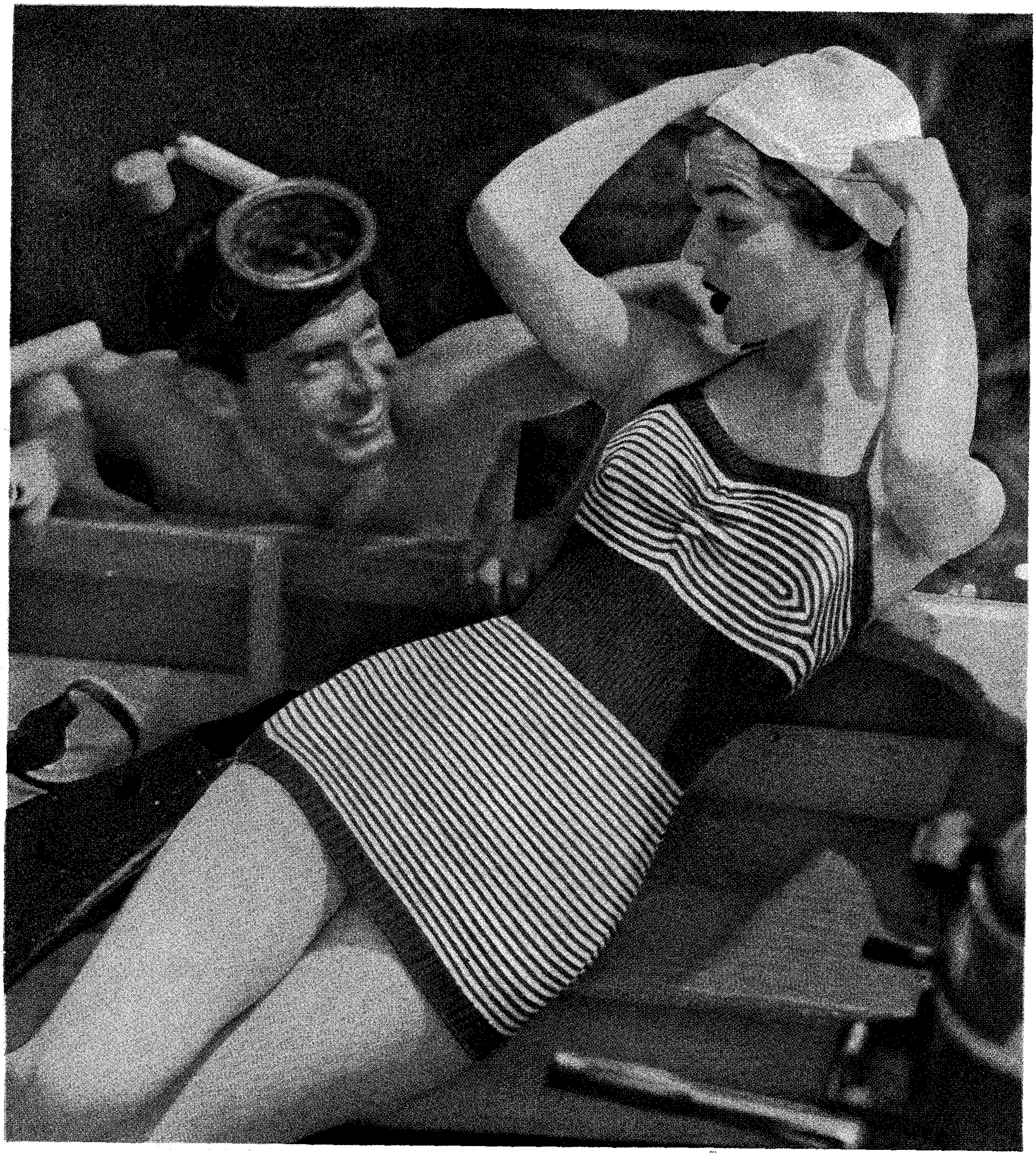

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Joseph Hahn; starting Friday, June 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; starting Wednesday, June 9. (Open Saturdays.) **MYERS**, 32 W. 58th St.; starting Tuesday, June 8. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

**NOTE**—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at two and continuing until dark; through June 13.

## MUSEUMS

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940. Through Sunday, June 6. . . . ¶ A survey of Jacques Lipchitz's sculptures from 1911 to the present, including several pieces that have never been shown before in America; through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; through June 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty-odd young American artists represented by everything from inks to oils (and even cement panels); through July 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan exhibit of thirty examples of Biblical themes in nineteenth-century American folk art, including Edward Hicks' painting "The Peaceable Kingdom," combinations of water color and needlework on fabric, and decorated wrought-iron objects; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Clippers, harbors, sailors, and the sea are the subjects, as usual, of Gordon Grant's fifty or sixty oils, water colors, and prints on display here; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, June 5, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Sunday, June 6, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, June 8, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 12, at 2.

**BOXING**—Friday, June 4: Eduardo Lausse, of Argentina, vs. Joe Rindone, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 11: Joey Giardello vs. Bobby Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**FENCING**—National Championships—Friday, June, 11, at 7: Women's foil team. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 7: Men's épée team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Members only.)

**GOLF**—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Suburban Golf Club, Union, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 3-6.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck; Rockville Country Club, Rockville, L.I.; Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, L.I.; and Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Monday, June 7.)

**HORSE SHOW**—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 5.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-

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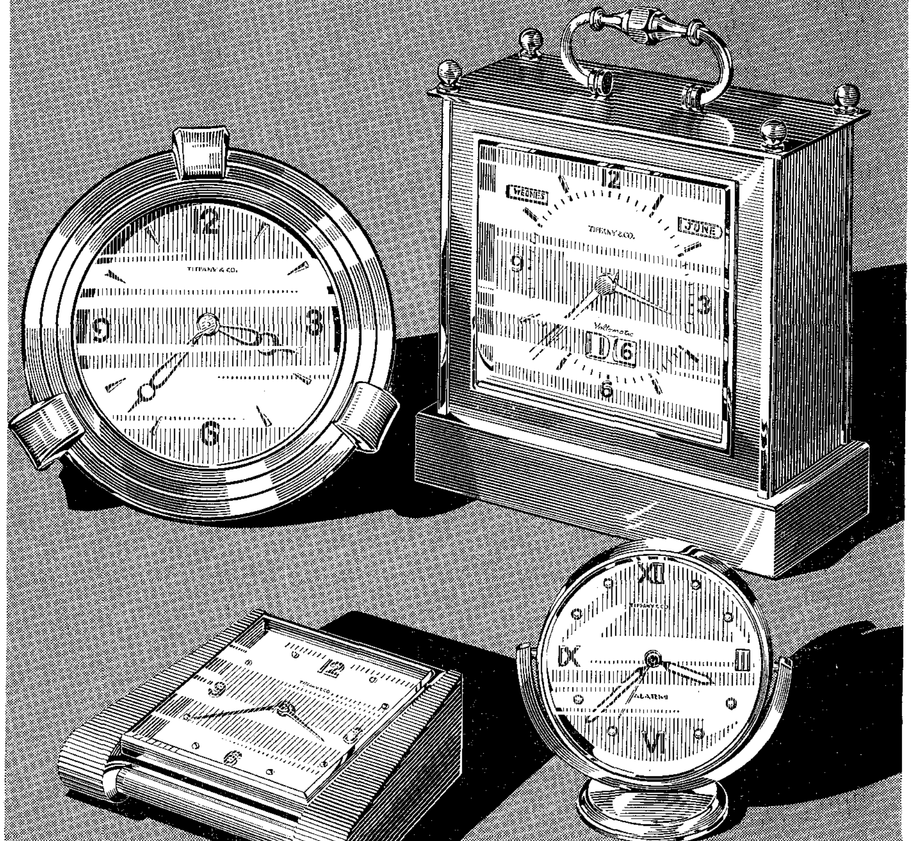

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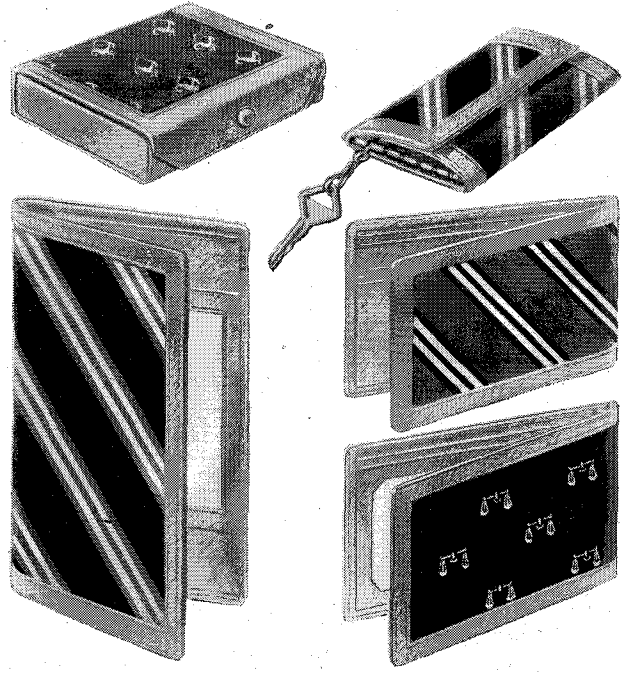

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 6.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Harrison, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13.)

**Polo**—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

**Tennis**—Sears Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12.)

**Racing**—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 12. The Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 5; the Top Flight Handicap, Wednesday, June 9; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, June 12, through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **woodbine park,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

**Flower Shows**—The annual flower mart sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Wednesday, June 9, from 10 to 6; Thursday if it rains.) . . . ¶ A June garden display presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 9, from 1 to 4:30.)

**The Baroque Orchestra**—About a hundred and fifty European stringed and wind instruments played in the times of Monteverdi, Lully, and Bach, together with paintings (by such artists as Van der Helst and Rubens), tapestries, and prints demonstrating their use, and related literary material; through Aug. 31. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Stars and Scenes from Shakespeare**—Prints, photographs, scene and costume designs, and set models illustrating twelve of Shakespeare's plays as they have been presented on the stage, screen, and television. The memorabilia dates from as far back as 1800, and includes a suit of armor made for John Barrymore's 1920 appearance in "Richard III." Through Sept. 6. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Percy Bysshe Shelley**—Letters, journals, and manuscripts, tracing the lives of the poet and his family and supplemented with maps, portraits, and first editions. On view are Shelley's diary and the manuscript of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein." Through June 15. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The June show, "Nature's Blackout—the Eclipse," deals with both the lunar and solar phenomena, with special emphasis on the total eclipse of the sun that will occur at the end of the month. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Satur-

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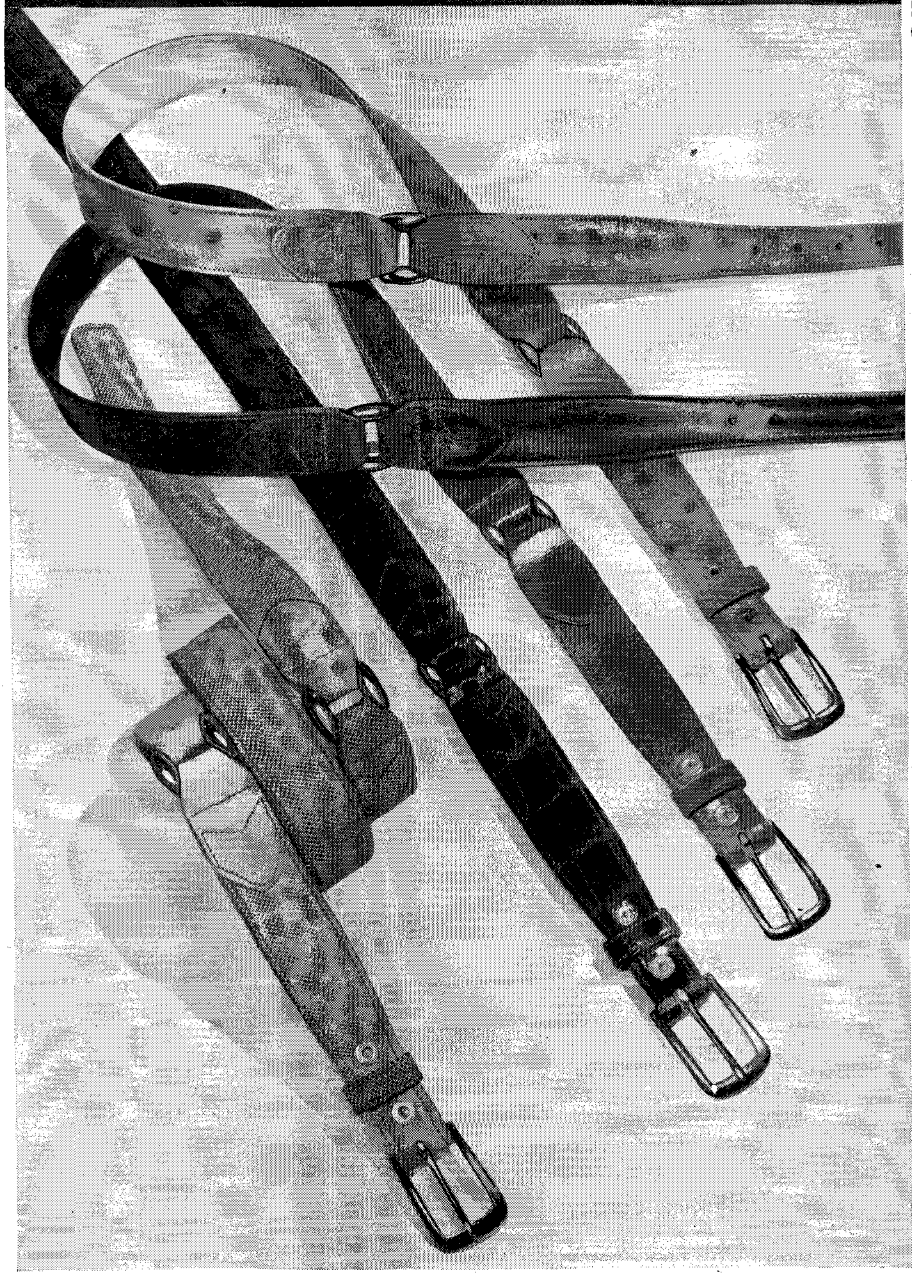

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**COMMENCEMENT DATES**—Annapolis, Friday, June 4; Smith and Yale, Monday, June 7; West Point, Tuesday, June 8; and N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 9.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**BASEBALL**—At YANKEE STADIUM: June 13-14, July 2-4, July 6-7, and July 15. . . . EBBETS FIELD: June 15-20, June 22-27, and July 6-11. . . . POLO GROUNDS: June 15-27 (June 28: Benefit exhibition game, Giants vs. Red Sox), June 29-July 1, July 5, and July 9-11.

**BOXING**—Rocky Marciano vs. Ezzard Charles, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. June 17.) . . . ¶ Orlando Zulueta vs. Johnny Gonsalves, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. June 18.) . . . ¶ Lulu Perez vs. Percy Bassett, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. June 25.)

**CREW**—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. June 19.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 19.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 30-July 3.)

**GOLF**—Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. June 15.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Men's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 17-19.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Ardsley Country Club, Ardsley-on-Hudson. June 23-25.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Southward Ho Country Club, Bay Shore. June 29-30.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Salem Country Club, Salem, Mass. July 1-3.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J. July 7-9.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Fairview Country Club, Elmsford. July 7-11.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Senior Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. July 14.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Ox Ridge Hunt Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 18-20.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 25-27.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. July 10.)

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: June 14-July 10. . . . ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 15-18. . . . SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: July 12-31.

**TENNIS**—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 21-July 3.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (County Tennis Club of Westchester, Hartsdale. July 5-11.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham. July 6-10.)

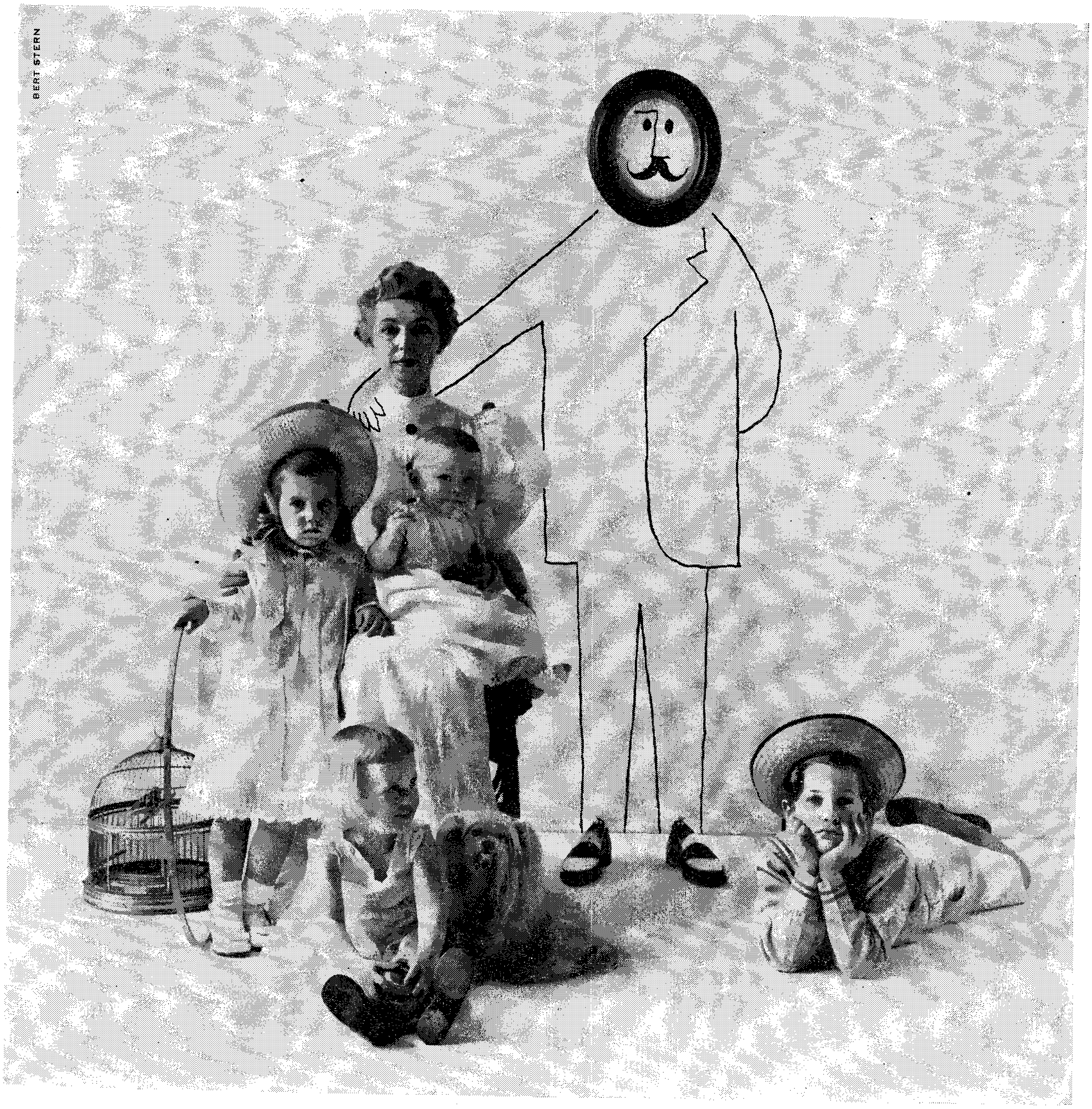
**YACHTING**—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 19.

**THEATRE**—Guy Lombardo's musical production "Arabian Nights," with Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, Mia Slavenska, and Lottie Mayer's Disappearing Water Ballet, will be presented nightly throughout the summer at the Marine Theatre, Jones Beach, starting June 24.

**MUSIC**—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 18-Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 21-July 31. . . . ¶ The first two in this year's series of New Haven Pops Concerts, in the Yale Bowl, June 22 and July 6. . . . ¶ Aspen Festival, at Aspen, Colo., June 28-Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, at Lenox, Mass., July 7-Aug. 15.

**OTHER DATES**—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 13; Vassar, June 14; Princeton, June 15; and Harvard, June 17. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Sunday; Monday, July 5, will be a holiday.

BERT STERN



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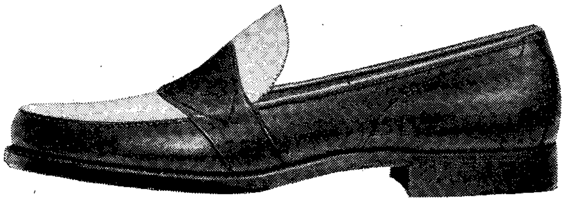

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**ANNAPURNA**—How things went with the French expedition, led by Maurice Herzog, that conquered one of the highest mountains in the Himalayas and paid terribly in personal suffering for the triumph. A gallant and colorful picture. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; June 8-9.)

**THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST**—More about mountain climbing. This is a fascinating movie about the British expedition that went to the top of the world last May. The picture is in color, and has a powerful commentary by Louis MacNeice. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 3, tentative.)

**DIAL M FOR MURDER**—An adaptation of the play dealing with a retired tennis player who has a homicidal urge to get rid of his wife. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, the picture is more static than his top-drawer efforts, but it is compelling part of the time. Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and Anthony Dawson are, respectively, splendid as the athlete, the unfortunate wife, and a hired killer. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100.)

**GENEVIEVE**—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics try a run from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife, the other takes a model, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Kenneth More, Dinah Sheridan, and Kay Kendall. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**JULIUS CAESAR**—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 6.)

**KNOCK ON WOOD**—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist who somehow gets entangled with a set of international spies. Obviously, the plot doesn't amount to much, but it does afford Mr. Kaye ample opportunity to run through a lot of his dizzying routines. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**THE LIVING DESERT**—Another Disney exploration into the world of birds, insects, and animals. This one, magnificently photographed, has to do with the wildlife indigenous to the Western deserts of the United States. Some of the creatures under surveillance are a bit hard to take (snakes, rats, tarantulas, bats, and the like), but the picture has the virtue of plenty of action and enormous detail. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 5, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 4-5.)

**THE PICKWICK PAPERS**—Sam P., Sam Weller, and all the old crowd in a movie that should please the Dickens buffs, even though it is quite lengthy. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

**ROMAN HOLIDAY**—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite wonderful out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 9.)

### REVIVALS

**THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE** (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting June 9.)

**DEAD END** (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530.)

**GONE WITH THE WIND** (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

**THE MALTESE FALCON** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 7-8.)

**A PLACE IN THE SUN** (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 8, tentative.)

**SHADOW OF A DOUBT** (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 7-8.)

**STAGE DOOR** (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 6-8.)

**TOP HAT** (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 6-8.)

**THE WESTERNER** (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Holiday, B'way at 47th, CI 5-5530.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Through June 6: "Rain" (1932), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan.... ¶ Starting June 7: "The Story of G.I. Joe" (1945), with Burgess Meredith and Robert Mitchum. (*Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.*)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**KNOCK ON WOOD.**

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The French Line" (in 3-D), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt.

**GLOBE**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through June 9 (tentative): "Barefoot Battalion" (in Greek), Maria Costi, Nicos Fermas.

**HOLIDAY**, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
**THE WESTERNER**, revival; and **DEAD END**, revival.

**MAYFAIR**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
**DIAL M FOR MURDER.**

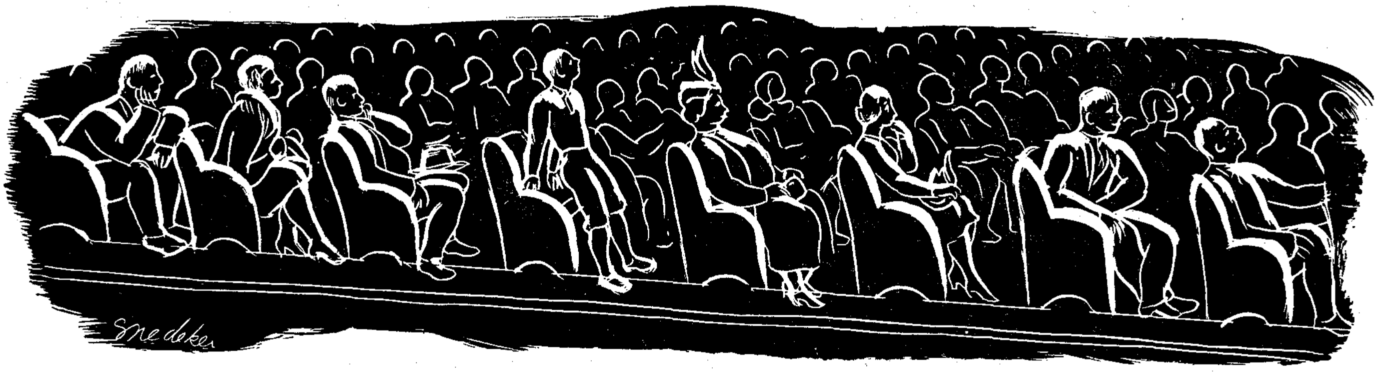
**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through June 9: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters.

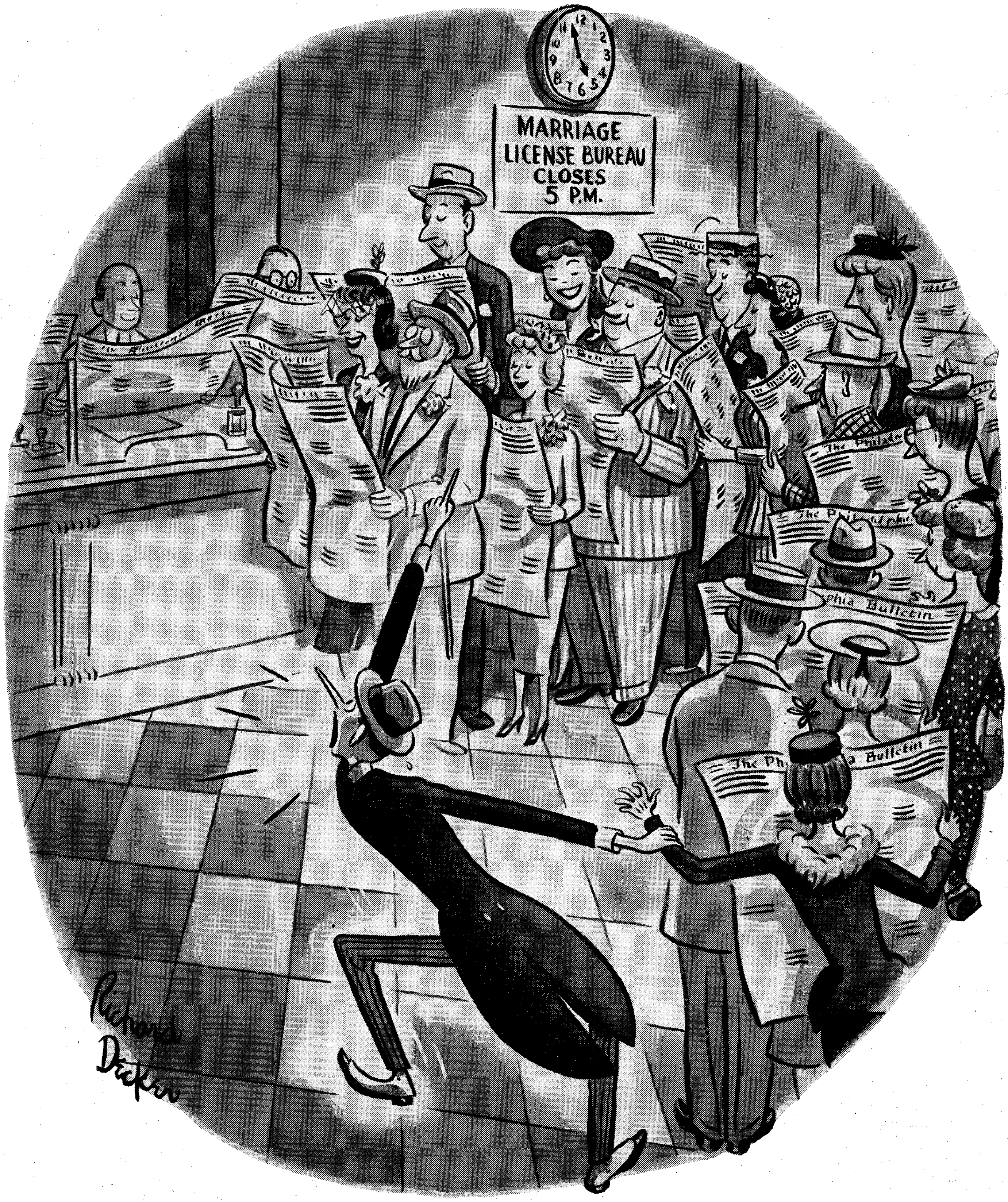
**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Secret of the Incas," Charlton Heston, Nicole Maurey, Robert Young.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**WORLD**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sensualitá," Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Amedeo Nazzari.

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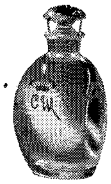

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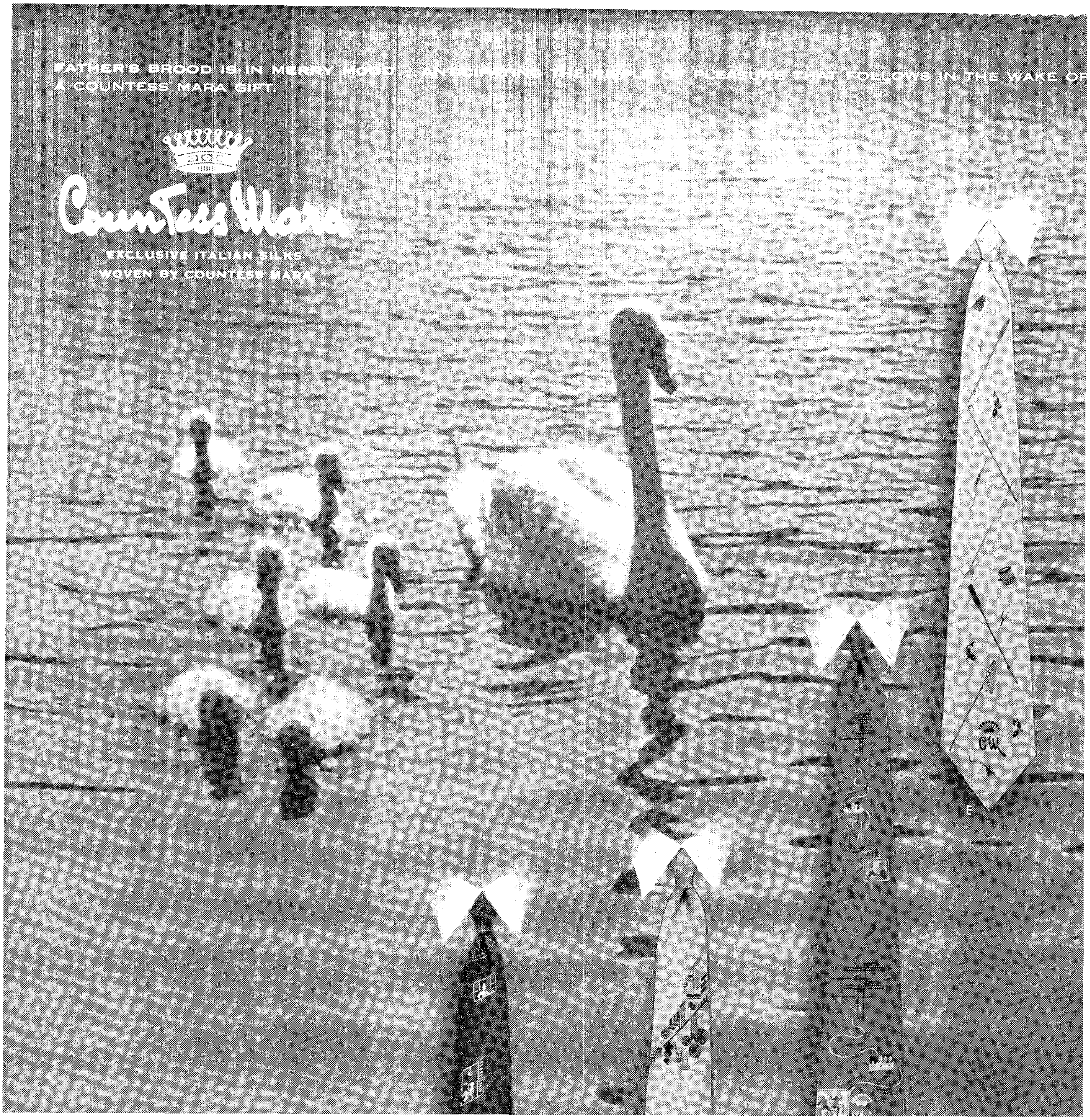
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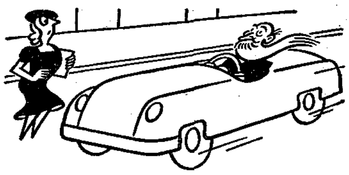
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

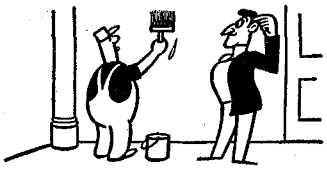
SPECIAL problems demand special solutions. One trouble with dying very old, for men who have made their mark, is not only that so often they may have outlived their achievements but that almost always they have outlived the newspaper obituary writers familiar with those achievements. Then where are they? Languishing tersely in the paid notices, like as not, at two dollars an agate line (no flowers; please contribute to the Geriatrics Institute), and no mention of committees, foreign decorations, and the part they took in the Hudson-Fulton Celebration; no editorials penned by fellow-members of the Century Club—lost forever the fanfare, so useful to compilers of future encyclopedias, that tempers the grief of the survivors of distinguished men cut down in the prime of life, or, anyway, under eighty. O.K. That gets us to the thing we had in mind when we started—a letter that Mr. Charles C. Burlingham, the admiralty lawyer, recently wrote to the *Herald Tribune*. "J. Archibald Murray, who died a few days ago in his ninety-seventh year," this ran, "was never looked upon by his friends as an ancient," and it went on to tell of Mr. Murray's continuing spryness—his drives about the city on business or for pleasure, his yearly flights to and from Bar Harbor, his humor and spirit. What did not emerge from Mr. Burlingham's letter is that he himself is in his ninety-sixth year—Harvard '79, to Mr. Murray's '78. Let the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times* call upon Mr. Burlingham and his quick contemporaries for obituaries of *their* contemporaries. Turn the nonagenarians over to other nonagenarians and all will be well.



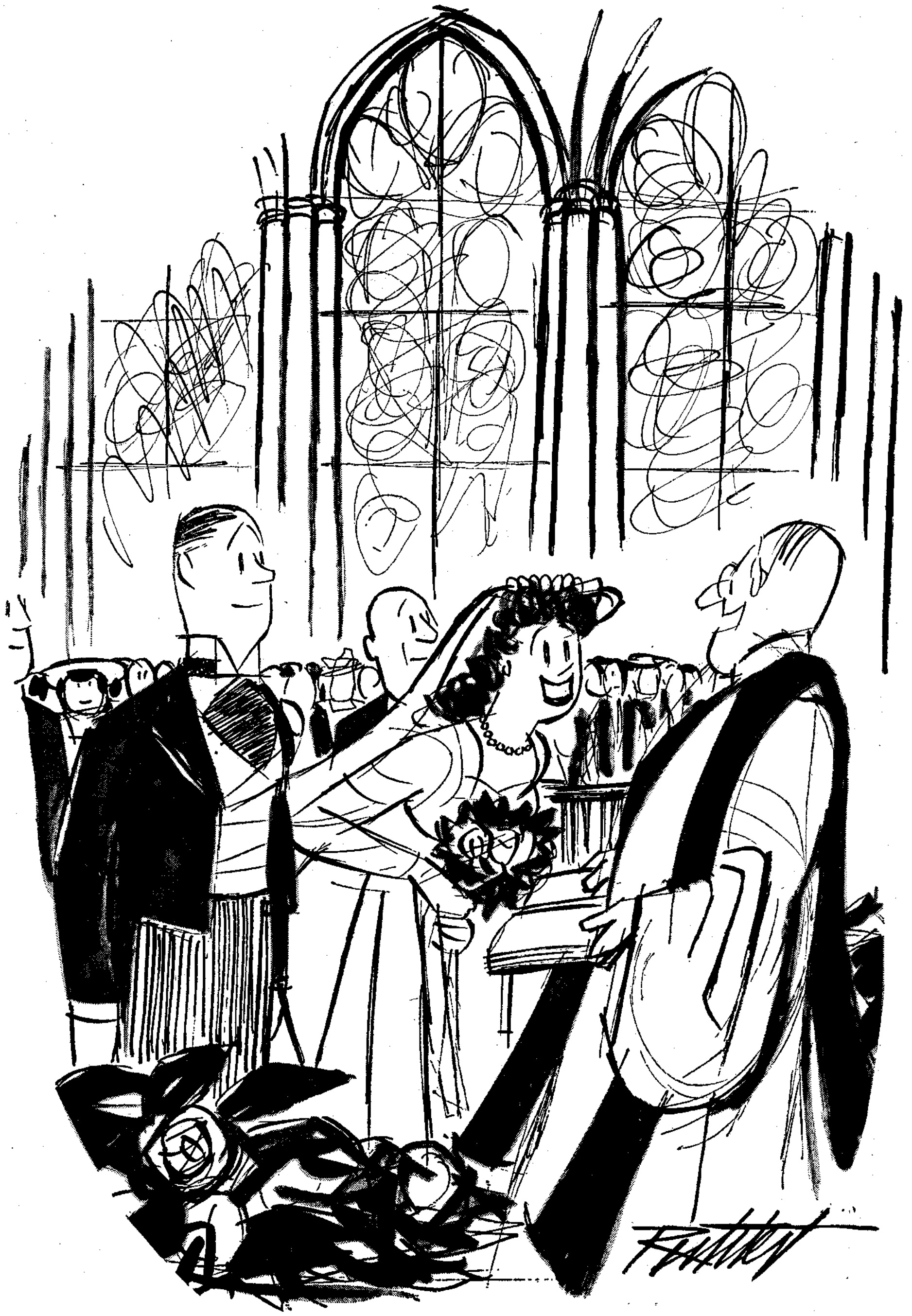
## *Natural*

OLIVETTI, the celebrated Italian manufacturer of typewriters and other office equipment, opened a salesroom on Fifth Avenue last week, and what a salesroom! *Fantastico! Mai vista prima!* A front door sixteen feet high, of solid Italian walnut, with shiny-brass Italian hinges; a couple of show windows on the same grand scale, one of which measures twelve by fifteen feet and is thought to be the biggest single sheet of glass on the Avenue; a floor of mottled-green marble, out of which, here and there, sprout mottled-green stalks of pedestals, topped by the neat, handsome products of the firm; a bas-relief, against one wall, fashioned out of sea sand and plaster and not an inch less than seventy feet long—these are some of the marvels that Olivetti means to make a resounding local splash with. (Up to now, the company, which founded its American branch in 1950, has been getting along with a New York headquarters that could have been almost anybody's New York headquarters, and what good was that?) We visited the showroom, which is just north of Forty-seventh Street, a day or so before it opened, while the last dabs of putty and paint were being hurled into place, and were so carried away by its air of Mediterranean high spirits that we could scarcely refrain from snatching a portable off a pedestal and racking up a "quick brown fox" or two.

We were shown about the premises by Miss Natalie Hoyt, the only lady builder we know. An associate of the contracting firm of Murphy-Brinkworth, Miss Hoyt has been in charge of construction on the Olivetti job, and we found her full of enthusiasm for its designers, the Milanese firm of Belgiojoso, Peressutti & Rogers. (Rogers is an Italian of English descent.) "Not that it's been easy," Miss Hoyt said. "Italians don't have as strict a notion of measured drawings as Americans do. Besides, the blueprints turned out to be in metres, instead of in feet and inches. And I think Italian architects enjoy ad-libbing more than ours do. Mr. Peressutti would come over from Milan to see how things were going, have an inspiration, and make a drawing of what he wanted on the nearest patch of bare wall. The next day, a painter would come along and paint over the patch, and nobody—not even Mr. Peressutti—would be able to remember precisely what the drawing had called for. And the Building Department! Don't get him started on that!"



As if on cue, up came Mr. Peressutti, accompanied by Costantino Nivola, the maker of the bas-relief. Peressutti looked as stormy as Nivola looked sunny. "Building Department!" he exclaimed. "How much more beautiful this room would have been without your Building Department! What we like in Italy is the natural. What you like in America is to imitate the natural. Stone is not stone, it is a decalcomania of stone. Here, in this long, narrow cube, we wished to give a sense of natural richness and interpenetration, like stalagmites and stalactites in some imaginable cave. If we have succeeded at all, it is in spite of your forbiddings." He indicated a short flight of stairs leading to a mezzanine at the rear of the room. The stairway had treads of exquisitely cut and polished pink marble. Incongruously bolted to the underside of the stairway were two ordinary steel



*"Please wait till I ask the question."*

• •

girders. "Please do not trouble to paint those girders," Peressutti commanded Miss Hoyt. "Let the world see how beauty is destroyed by law. Stairs of marble are not safe in one room of a skyscraper that is all steel, stone, and concrete. Oh, no! Someday, somehow, they might catch fire and melt away."

Miss Hoyt proposed that we talk about the bas-relief. Nivola, a former art director for Olivetti and a resident of this country since 1939, beamed. "It is fireproof, at least," he said. "It is also the biggest of my sand sculptures. I cast it in sections, at my place on Long Island, close to the shore. How is it created? I tell you. First off, in wooden forms I place wet sand and make my design. My tools are anything—a knife, a shell, my thumb. When the design is complete, I pour plaster of Paris into the sand mold. When the plaster hardens, there is my sculpture, wearing a face of nice, fuzzy sand." We asked him how the critics described his work. "They call it neo-abstract," he said. "What do you suppose that means? As for what I think my sculpture means, I think it means whatever you like. I call this big one 'Hospitality,' and why not? Is that not as good a name as any other?" Nivola went on to say that he devised his method of making sculpture in sand by chance, while playing on a beach with his family. "Many smaller sculptures I have poured right on the beach," he said. "It is necessary then, of course, to watch out for the tide. Once, Le Corbusier was visiting us. He was much impressed by my work on the beach and started making a design beside me. But that day, alas, the tide was too quick for us, and before the plaster had hardened, our sculptures were washed away into the sea. Le Corbusier was much displeased. It does not make him happy to lose the least of his handiwork. Myself, I feel there will always be plenty of sand, plenty of sea to wet it with, and in here"—he tapped his head—"plenty of designs."

"You are the lucky one," Peressutti said. "Sand, sea, and no Building Department!"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Solar Pawnbrokers, at Fifty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, has changed its name to 116th Street Pawnbrokers.

## *Corner-Cornerer*

ELEVEN years ago, we touched on the work of Mr. Richard H. Pough (pronounced Poe), then an Audubon Society staff man, in connection with the prosecution of illegal traffickers in eagle and other wild-bird feathers, and we recently ran into him again, head of the Museum of Natural History's Conservation and General Ecology Department, at a Linnaean Society dinner. "Pough's the predators' friend," a man at our left said, and we talked Mr. Pough into a biographical chat, learning that he was born in Brooklyn in 1904, the son of a Union Sulphur Company engineer, moved to St. Louis when he was fifteen, graduated from M.I.T., and worked in various businesses—the Southern Acid & Sulphur Co., Port Arthur, Texas; the Fulton Iron Works, St. Louis; the MacCallum Stores, Philadelphia—for ten years before he got into full-time conservation work. "I began to keep bird lists when I was ten," he said. "I was a director of the Brookline Bird Club when I was at college. I had a rather lucky job for a while at Port Arthur—night superintendent at the acid plant. I took cat naps at night and spent every day out birding. Port Arthur is a marvellous place for spring migrations and wintering waterfowl. In 1936, I sold my interest in MacCallum, which deals in photographic supplies, to my brother Harold—I have another brother, Frederick, who's a mineralogist—and joined the Audubon staff in New York. I was put in charge of persecuted species—notably hawks and owls. These predators are useful, and they were being persecuted senselessly. I've opened up hundreds of hawk stomachs and always found jack rabbits and rodents. Do away with predators and you destroy the balance of nature."

Mr. Pough, who in the early thirties was the sparkplug of a twelve-hundred-acre predator-and-other-bird sanctuary at Hawk Mountain, in Pennsylvania, joined the Museum in 1948. He is an ex-president of the Linnaean Society, president of the John Burroughs Association, and president of the Nature Conservancy, which has its national headquarters in Washington, D.C. "The Conservancy is encouraging local groups to set aside little samples of vegetation," he said. "We call them 'living museums of primeval America.' We want to keep these last little corners. What with building developments, lumbering, and swamp-clearing, there's no such thing as an out-of-the-way corner any more." Mr. Pough has helped preserve living museums on Fire Island and in the Adirondacks, and in 1949 he arranged for the Museum of Natural History to acquire Great Gull Island, off Orient Point, as a research station for the study of tern behavior. He is currently rounding up corners in or near Bedford, Stamford, Morristown, and New Brunswick. "Troy Meadows, near Morristown, is the finest fresh-water marsh in the entire Northeast," he said. "Half a million pintail ducks are there at times. The local branch of the Conservancy has picked up nine hundred out of a desired twelve hundred acres of the marsh. It's quite a job unravelling the ownerships."

Mr. Pough lives in Pelham, with his wife and two sons, nine and thirteen, and the whole family takes part in local bird expeditions. He is the author of two Audubon Bird Guides—one on land birds and one on water birds—which have sold close to four hundred thousand copies, and right now he is busy collecting material for a Hall of Forests that the Museum is constructing. His conservation activities have taken him to London, where the Duke of Devonshire invited him and his wife to a lunch given by the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves and announced that he had been elected a member. "'More dues to pay,' my wife whispered to me," Pough told us. "The Duke overheard this and said, 'Not at all. Honorary. All dues are taken care of by a legacy from Lord Rothschild. It pays for the lunch, too.' I've also been well received in the Bahamas, where I went to help save the flamingo. The governor asked me to lunch and introduced me to Admiral William Tennant, who was there on his first official visit since the war. I took the Admiral on a bird tour. He was an awfully good scout. And we had wonderful luck. I was able to show him a lizard cuckoo."

## *Critic*

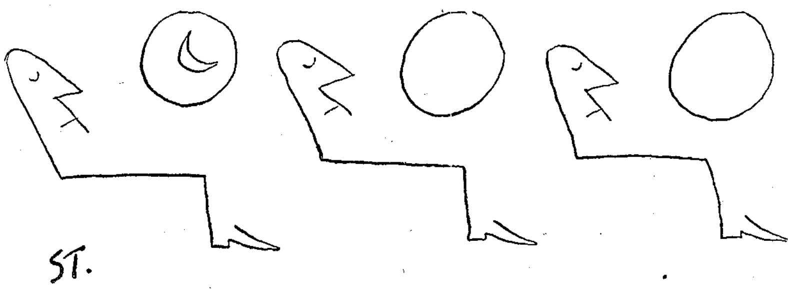
As you know, sooner or later small talk at parties gets around to maids. A lady we know was recently trying to loosen up a taciturn gathering with some tales of a large, aggressive servitor called Katherine. In the middle of her conversational gambit, our friend noticed that Katherine was loitering near her. "What is it, Katherine?" she inquired. "I'd like to hear," said Katherine, "how you're going to tell the stories this time."

## *Liberace*

Our man Stanley somehow managed to snag a ticket to the Liberace concert at Madison Square Garden last Wednesday evening, and he dropped by the office several days later, still shaken, to leave the following notes:

"It's love, and love alone, that makes the world go round. Arrived outside Garden fifty minutes before concert, scheduled to begin at 8:30. Huge crowds pouring into place, police prowl cars standing by on Eighth Avenue, in case of emergency. Shuffled through, clutching passport to accommodations: Side Arena, Section 120, Row D, Seat 13, $5. First concert I ever attended with accommodations in side arena. Countless men in inner lobby wearing white cards attached to white hats, reading, 'NOVELTIES $1 NOVELTIES.' Men peddling Liberace souvenir programs. Cries of 'Program! Official program! Here's your program! There is no other program!' Thought maybe I was at hockey game. Bought official Liberace program. One dollar. Directed to seat toward west end of Garden, overlooking platform on floor of arena occupied by giant grand piano—top up—and musicians' stands. Garden filling fast, mostly with women of forty-one plus, wearing glasses. Men present, too, but subdued-looking. Buzz of romantic expectancy in air. Settled down in seat, read souvenir program. Read 'LIBERACE (pronounced Liber-AH-chee) was only four years old when he seated himself for the first time at the family piano in Milwaukee and then proceeded to unveil the soul of a super-sensitive child as he played simple melodies seemingly with some strange and invisible guidance.' Rapidly turned pages to pictorial section. Saw picture of Liberace at home, sitting at edge of piano-shaped swimming pool. Saw picture of Liberace having Sunday buffet with Mother Liberace. Saw picture of Liberace giving autographs to fans. Also saw pictures of Liberace's brother, George Liberace. Read 'George has developed a flair for comedy.' Getting on toward 8:30. Excitement mounting. Musicians entered, took seats. Many women in Garden carrying binoculars. Program hawkers now shouting their wares inside Garden. Garden draped with American flags and red, white, and blue bunting; huge turquoise hanging at west end with piano symbol. All seats filled now, with exception of several in uppermost reaches of east end, at approximately 18,000 feet.

"Lights dimmed at 8:48. Magnificent stir throughout huge assemblage. George Liberace appeared, to applause, raised baton, conducted orchestra in something by Bizet. George looked tired. Multicolored spotlights focussed on southwest corner of Garden, where elephants emerge during circus. Tense moment. No sound in entire Garden, other than heavy breathing. The entrance! Liberace! Himself! A poem in white tie, white tails, white shoes, and pancake makeup! Auditorium beside itself. Scenes of pandemonium. Ladies waved handkerchiefs, chirped greetings, shouted welcome. Cries of joy! Great happiness! Liberace smiling like well-fed baby. His dark curls gleamed under spotlights. 'It's a dream come true,' he



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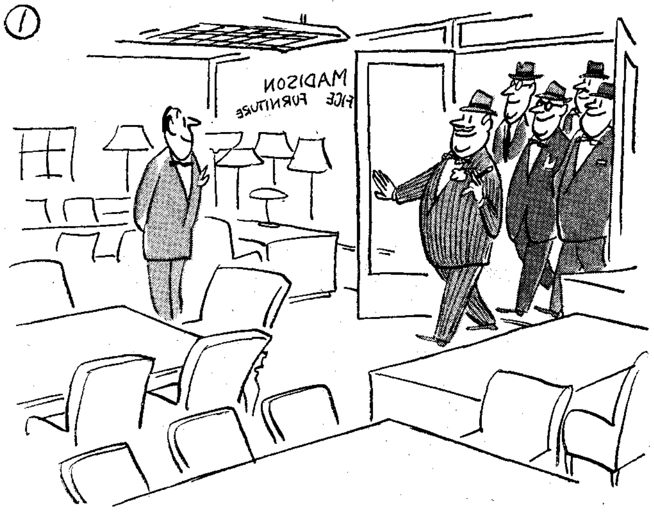

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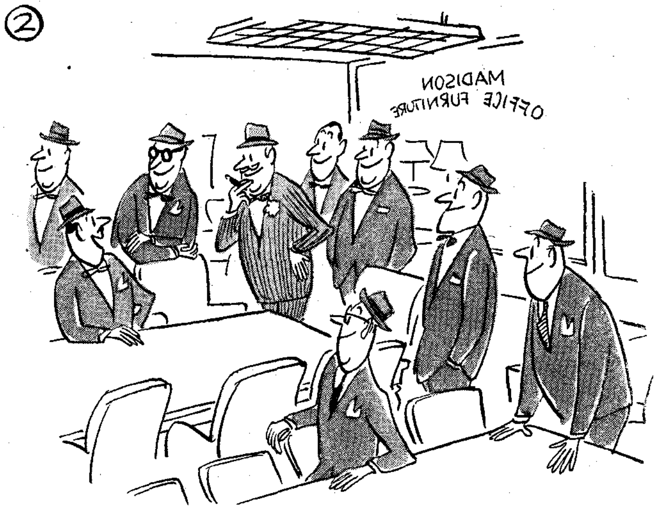


said. 'Playing here tonight! Did you count them, George?' George smiled wanly. 'I wonder if we could turn on all the lights,' said Liberace. All lights immediately turned on. Liberace able to grasp size of audience for first time. Obviously delighted. Sat down at piano, burst into 'Cornish Rhapsody.' Fast and loud. Strong fingers, this fellow. Loves to run them up keys, back down, then up again. Series of runs and flourishes. Pedal work difficult to analyze. Keeps pumping feet up and down and sidewise, as though he were on electric horse. Keyboard technique interesting. Bang, bang, bang; up, down, back up. Ended number with huge gesture—hands in air, high over head, and head thrown back. Triumphant. Women beside themselves. Shrieks and cries. Liberace still smiling. George looked tired.

"Liberace introduced entire orchestra, one by one. Said they were all great. Played Parisian number, played Mexican number (George shook gourds, slowly), played number of his own creation, sang song to himself, sang 'Cement Mixer (Put-ti, Put-ti).' All numbers pretty much the same—up keyboard, down keyboard, up again, bang, bang, bang. Talked about some of his television sponsors—a tuna firm, a railroad, a tissue company, a detergent outfit, and a beer crowd. Mopped his brow with handkerchief, said it was 'the beer coming through.' House beside itself with laughter. Talked about inspiration he had received from Paderewski. Said Paderewski last pianist to give solo concert in Garden. Said he wanted to dedicate next number to Paderewski and to Chopin. Said he and Paderewski had same ideas about music, played for happiness of masses. Masses applauded. Played some Chopin. At conclusion, Liberace introduced his mother. Fine-looking woman, under spotlight, in side-arena box. Liberace wept. Crowd wept.

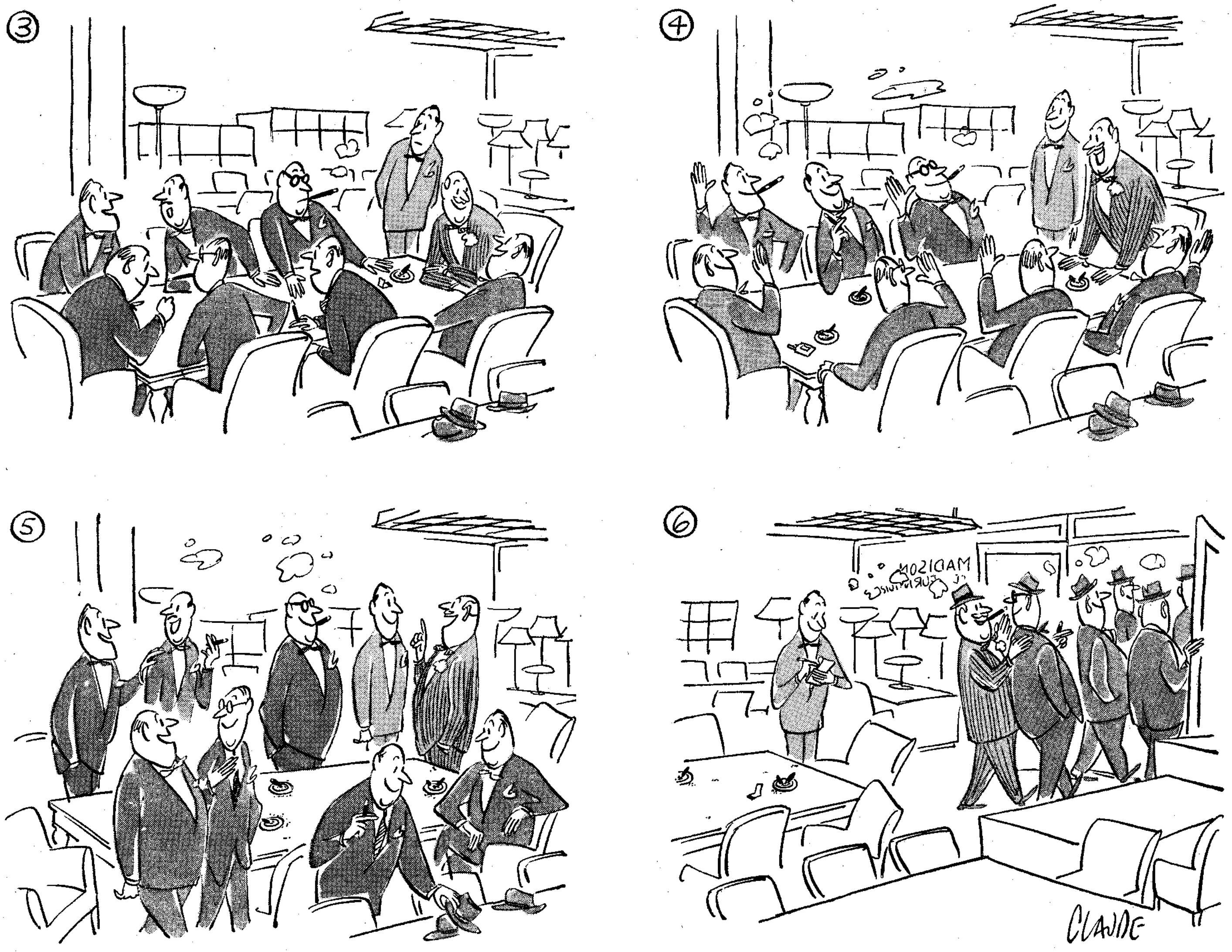
"Liberace announced intermission but promised to return and 'go real crazy.' Mother Liberace held court during intermission, leaning over box to shake hands with well-wishers. Photographers ever-present. Great scenes of affection and appreciation for Mother Liberace. Liberace returned after intermission in gabardine dress suit. More banging. Liberace disappeared for a moment, reappeared to do hayseed act, with Tattersall vest and farmer hat. Did a soft-shoe shuffle around stage. Reminded me of Paderewski, and old days at Garden. Auditorium hysterical. Liberace disappeared again for a moment, returned through elephant door wearing brocaded dinner jacket. 'I'm not the least bit tired, if you're not,' he said. More banging. Up keyboard, down keyboard, up again. Liberace called for request numbers. Ladies began to shriek titles. Liberace played medley. Recognized 'Tea for Two.' Sounded like 'Tea for Three Hundred.' Grand finale—head thrown back, hands over head. Thanked throng. Thanked mother. Promised to return and play in Yankee Stadium."

## *Something for Everybody*

A Westchester father of two has given us the benefit of an experience that we believe sheds absolutely no light on the recent Congressional-committee investigation of the effects of comic books on the young mind. He took his little ones into a local drugstore to buy them each a comic book, and led them to a big wooden rack where scores were displayed. "Pick out a funny one, Daddy, so I won't have a bad dream," said his daughter, seven. He selected an innocuous Donald Duck. Meanwhile, his son, four and a half, after scrutinizing the lot, chose one with a particularly horrendous cover and said, "Oh, I think I'll have a bad dream."

## *Lion*

THE national flag of Ethiopia—three broad horizontal stripes of, from top to bottom, green, yellow, and red—is flying outside the Waldorf this week, in honor of His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, who is inside. This is the first time it has ever flown at the Waldorf, which ordered the flag two months ago, upon learning that the Emperor was soon to be a guest, and stowed it away in the flag room, on the third floor, along with the three hundred and forty-two other flags that are kept on hand there, clean, pressed, and ready for use at the first hint of approaching greatness. The Ethiopian royal party is by no means outsize, by either royal or Waldorf standards. It includes the Conquering Lion himself; his youngest son, Prince Sahle, who is twenty-three; his eldest granddaughter, Princess Syble Desta, also twenty-three; the Ethiopian Ministers of War, Justice, and Foreign Affairs, all well past twenty-three; the Chief of Protocol; the Ethiopian Ambassador to the United States and his wife; the Embassy press attaché; His Majesty's private secretary; His Majesty's aide-de-camp; the aide-de-camp's assistant; the Director of the National Library of Ethiopia; the Director-General of the Ministry of Finance; the second secretary of Foreign Affairs; and four valets. The foregoing are Ethiopian citizens. Also in the party are His Majesty's physician, who is a Greek; Forrest Finley, an American public-relations man, who was laid on specially for His Majesty's visit; two Americans, named John Spencer and Albert Garretson, who, on the recommendation of the State Department,



have been serving as advisers to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, back in Addis Ababa; and an American lady named Mrs. Deborah Coller, who works for the Ethiopian delegation to the United Nations and is accompanying the party in order to help deal with vexatious matters like luggage, of which there are precisely one hundred and ten pieces, all tagged.

The three royal personages have quarters on the twenty-eighth floor of the hotel; non-royalty is scattered over five floors. His Majesty and His Majesty's valet are occupying the nine-room suite that on other occasions is the local foot-on-the-ground of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. As soon as the royal party was settled at the hotel, last Tuesday, His Majesty's granddaughter set out for Saks Fifth Avenue, where, in less than an hour and a half, she bought two evening dresses, a silk suit, a pair of shoes, a hat, a pair of gloves, and a handbag. When His Majesty was told, the next day, that Mayor Wagner had come to pay his respects, he was in a gray business suit. He thought it would be all right to greet the Mayor in mufti, but the newspaper photographers would have none of it, and he rather wearily but cheerfully got back into the field marshal's uniform in which he had arrived.

Upon consulting with members of our State Department, the Waldorf staff discovered that Ethiopians, as members of the Coptic Church, eat no pork and on Wednesdays and Fridays abstain from meat, shellfish, and such animal products as milk, butter, and cheese. The Waldorf therefore undertook to prepare a nice Wednesday lunch of filet of sole; in the nick of time, word was received from the royal party that for lunch it would like broiled lobster and sirloin steak. Our State Department had failed to tell the Waldorf staff that during the two months following the Coptic Easter nobody in Ethiopia fasts on any day. The Waldorf staff has suffered a further upset of its arrangements. Whenever a distinguished foreign visitor arrives, it is the practice at the Waldorf to have him served by a waiter who speaks the distinguished foreign visitor's native tongue. On investigation, it turned out that none of the waiters at the Waldorf could speak a word of Amharic, the Ethiopian tongue. Not that it matters to His Majesty, who speaks excellent French and creditable English; it is just that the Waldorf hates to fail at *anything*. In the end, the staff decided to assign to His Majesty a waiter who speaks French.

### *Wrong Slot*

HAVING learned that a TV network was reading produced and unproduced plays for possible adaptation, a playwright of our acquaintance submitted a comedy that had been presented on Broadway to a resounding lack of critical applause. Two weeks later, the script came back from the network, with a note from the head of the program department that said that he not only had seen the play during its fleeting engagement but had previously read it, made an investment in it, and lost every penny.

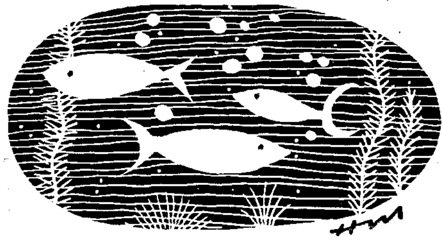
# POINT OF THE NEEDLE

As I look back on my school days in Worcester, Massachusetts—in the Providence Street grade school at the start of the century, and later in the Classical High School—I can see that these contemporary institutions were rather ineffectual in combatting the sombre fascination of the medievalism of my home. There we were—my parents, my two older brothers, and I—a family uprooted from a veiled and ancient and unhappy past, and plumped down, unaccountably, in the tenement district of an industrial city in New England. Our very birth dates belonged to the past, for my father had reckoned them by the Hebrew calendar and recorded them on the inside back cover of one of the volumes of his beloved Talmud. Consequently, we boys were all born in five thousand and something. The American myths I acquired in my school history books—George Washington and the cherry tree, and the others—were thin and anemic compared to the Biblical exploits I heard about at home. My father related the Old Testament stories as if they had taken place recently—as if they constituted his personal past. His own youth had been spent in hourly terror of persecution in a town in Russian Poland, and this terror had merged with more ancient fears and had flowed, finally, into the Biblical sea that was his refuge. How he had managed such a feat as to make the long journey from Poland to Worcester was a matter of endless speculation for me, and I constantly tried to delve into it, but with only fragmentary results. There was simply no relation between my father's world and the contemporary one. The streets of Worcester, my life with my playmates, the themes I studied at school were all marginal exercises. The Great Theme was at home, and it concerned God and the thick-textured history of the Jewish people. It was dark, fear-ridden, and oppressive, but it had the warmth and tenderness of companionship in a common danger. For all its fascination, it bred in me an acute longing to escape, and shake off those extra centuries my father had added to my life the moment I was born.

This escape for which I longed so passionately was provided for me—in part, at least—by the lucky accident of my intimacy with a friend of my brothers', whom I shall call Willie Lavin. For some unaccountable reason, Willie began to take an interest in me when I was very young, and during my entire boyhood he braved the jocularities of his older companions to befriend me. "How can you spend so much time with a kid?" they demanded of him. As I look back on it now, the pains Willie took with me pass all credence. When I had a sudden craving to learn to play the piano, he rented a room and a piano for me, got me a teacher, and paid for it all out of his own pocket. When I first began to write—this was not until I was about fifteen—he went over all my manuscripts, analyzing them, correcting them, and taking endless trouble to prepare them for submission to, and, of course, eventual rejection by, various publications. Later, when I graduated from high school, and plans were being made for me to go to work, he persuaded my family to send me to Clark College, in Worcester. After I had been there for two years, he accomplished, by main strength, a revolutionary feat. I had shown some interest in the drama, so he decided I must leave Clark and go to Harvard, to study dramatic writing under George Pierce Baker. This wanted some doing. Willie did it. And during all these years there was no intellectual problem, no practical dilemma, no psychological crisis at home that I did not dump in Willie's lap. He became, so to say, my liaison officer between the medievalism of our household and the latter-day world; he understood both worlds, and he enjoyed trying to reconcile them for me.

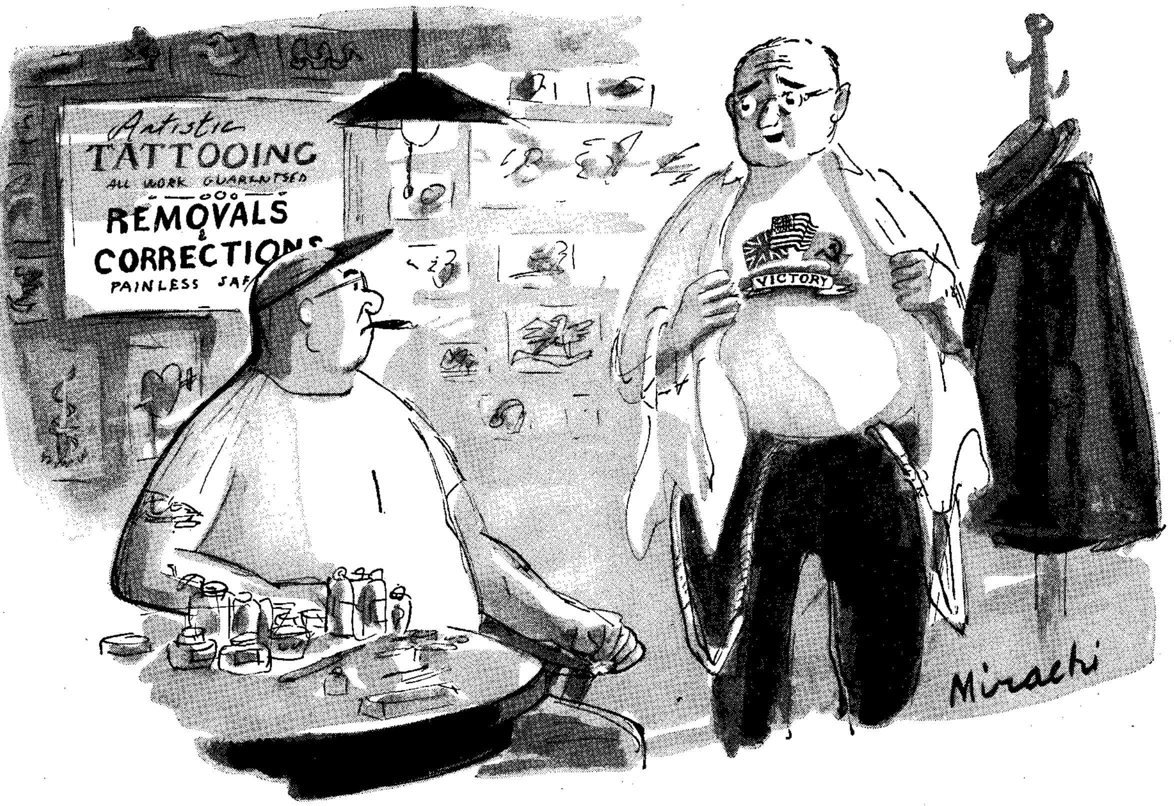
During all these years, Willie himself was very busy, first as a student at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, where he made an excellent record, and later as a chemist at the Worcester Water Works. While he was employed by the city, he decided to study law, and he did it by commuting to Boston four evenings a week to attend law school at Boston University. He got his degree in three years and passed the bar exams.

I don't know how Willie explained his preoccupation with me to his contemporaries, but he explained it to me by saying that it was "a question of planes." He adored my brothers and his other friends, he said, but he moved with them on a different plane from the one he shared with me. They were wonderful fellows, but Willie found them, as he put it, "a bit excessively down to earth." He said he couldn't discuss with them the things he discussed with me—abstract questions, for instance. I gathered also that I was a more patient listener than my brothers and their friends. Of course, I was young enough to have nothing to do but listen, whereas Willie's older friends all had jobs and were absorbed in their own lives.



My father was a sad, kindly, God-haunted man who did everything for his children that his meagre resources would allow. So long as we observed the ritualistic pieties—and these were fairly exacting—he overflowed with loving-kindness toward us. But he did sternly forbid us two exercises: we were not to try under any circumstances to discover the true name of the Lord; we were not to think about the problem of infinity. It is unlikely that I would have done much speculation in either of these areas if I had not been so explicitly forbidden. In the first, I would have accepted as sufficient for my needs the various names of the Lord I heard in common use around the house—Adonai, Elohim, Adoshem, Melech Haolom, and Ribono Shel Olom—but these, my father said, were mere pseudonyms. They were names, not the Name. This I must never try to discover, for in it lay coiled the ultimate, pent-up sunburst of truth. And unless I was prepared to receive this truth—a preparation achieved only by the rarest of saints—the mere fact of approaching it, the faintest hint of what it was, might be instantly pulverizing. He said that even some of the saints, men who had spent their lives delving for the Name and had led lives of purity and piety in order to be ready to receive it, had, in approaching the split second of revelation, been atomized—not, I understood, because of any impurity in them but because of their arrogance in believing that they deserved to know. The Name was the final kernel of knowledge and to possess it was to be destroyed.

My father also warned me that it was especially hazardous and reprehensible to try to ambush the Name by resorting to black magic and the occult arts. He cautioned me as sombrely and literally as if Providence Street were teeming with such diabolical opportunities. Actually, among my pals on the hill I encountered neither abortive saintliness nor thaumaturgy. When I brought up the subject of the Name with my friends, I was amazed to find how little curiosity they had about it—with the exception of Willie, of course. The



*"It seemed like a good idea at the time."*

boys of my own age seemed to be more than satisfied with the names of the Lord that were current, and even a bit jaded about them.

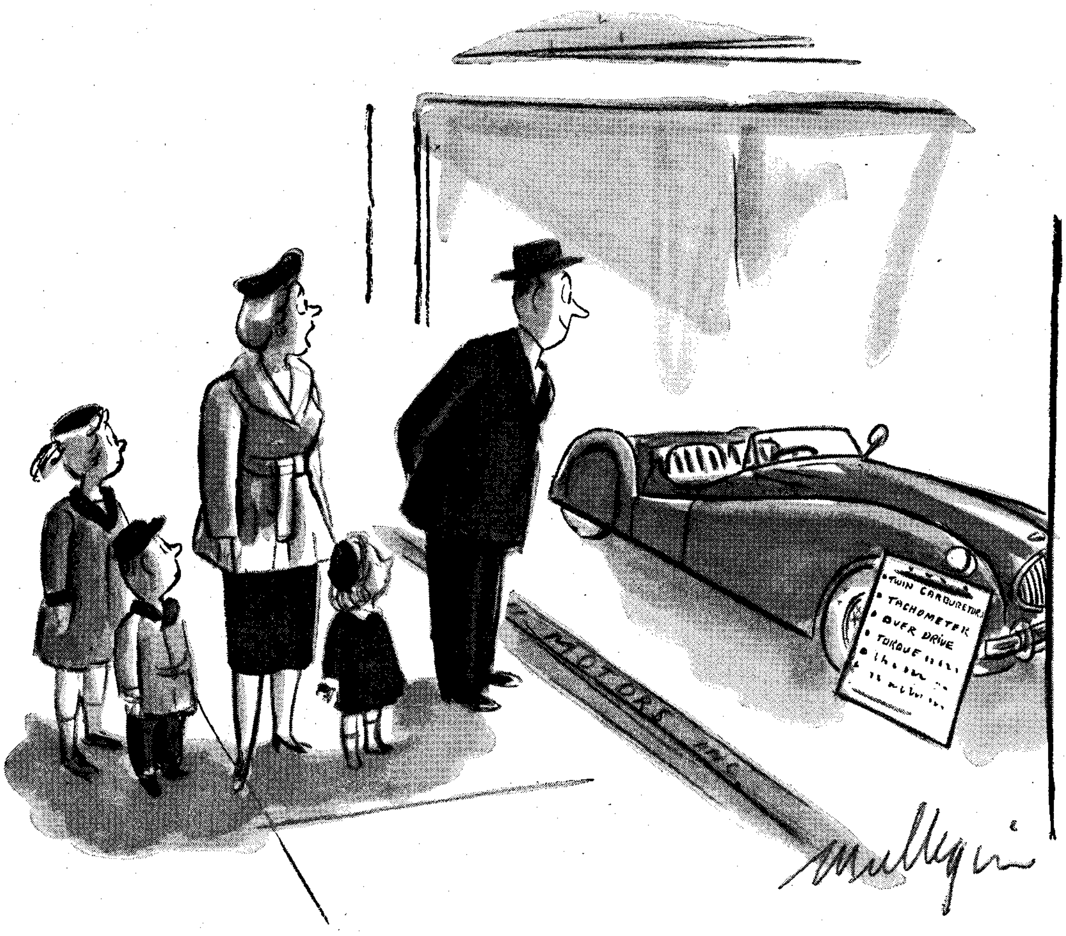
My father really worried unnecessarily; the data at my disposal for making so lethal a discovery were rather scarce, my curiosity had little to feed on, and in general I obeyed his prohibition against excessive research. I did experience a certain terror of inadvertently stumbling on the dread Name, by overhearing it, perhaps, or seeing it written in letters of fire in a dream—a dream from which I would never wake up. However, my fears were groundless, too; no intimation ever reached me, nor did the representative of any occult society suggest that I take part in illicit experiment. The only magicians I saw were at Poli's Vaudeville Theatre and they were engaged in less abstract exhibitions. The principal effect of my father's prohibition was to induce my resentment, for it seemed to contradict the exhortations I was receiving constantly in school, and from my education-ravished elders at home (including my father), to pursue knowledge inexorably and wholeheartedly. If the ultimate molecule of truth resided in the hidden name of the Lord, and if I was forbidden to seek it, what was the use of slaving over grammar and arithmetic? School seemed a waste of time altogether. This gave me a convenient excuse on lovely spring days to play hooky and walk to the lake or, in autumn, to escape to Newton Hill and hunt for chestnuts.

My father's second injunction—not to think about infinity—gave me considerable trouble. Infinity involved the perpetually receding end of things. Here we were, my father and I, at a fixed point in space—31 Providence Street, Worcester, Massachusetts. Above us was the visible sky. Above the sky, there was space, which went on endlessly through an unimaginable number of remoter skies. To use the word "endlessly" was in itself a verbal evasion, because it wasn't possible to imagine anything without an end. And yet it was equally impossible to imagine space as finite. This was indeed a dilemma. Those who thought about infinity too much, my father solemnly warned me, usually went insane. "Therefore," he always said in conclusion, "you must not think about it!" But I could see that he himself was pondering it. Vainglorious, I suggested that perhaps one might, one day, with sufficient concentration, get to the bottom of it. My father shook his head. The problem was not for mortals to think about, still less to solve, and the penalty for solution was identical to that attendant on discovering the true name of the Lord—instant annihilation.

Lying in bed at night, I found myself engaged in formidable engineering projects, constructing arbitrary terminals for the eons of space—high ramparts, nonporous to the invading tide of infinity. But, tremendous as these barriers were, my imagination leaped them, as did space itself. Space must, I thought desperately, be put a stop to; it couldn't be allowed to run on forever. Yet it did. What *was* forever? One couldn't imagine it, but one had to if one was to tackle the subject at all. "Forever" was a term in time, yet it could also be applied to the limitlessness of space. It was very bewildering. In an effort to compromise with space, to be reasonable with it, I decided to give it all the scope it wanted—trillions and trillions of miles—in the hope that somewhere it would call a halt. But it always wanted more. Wrestling with space gave me a headachy feeling; it made me toss about in bed at night; it was maddening. That was what my father must have meant when he forbade me to think about the problem at all. But I couldn't stop. I thought about it sitting in classes at school, when I should have been listening to my teachers.

Finally, wearied of these agonies of cerebration, I reached a point where I knew I couldn't bear it alone; I needed help. So one summer day when I was trudging to the lake for a swim with a boy named Freddie Eisenberg, I introduced the subject. Freddie was the star pupil of my class and an acknowledged intellectual. Appropriately enough, I put the dilemma before him while we were passing the insane asylum on Shrewsbury Street. Freddie was unsympathetic. He shrugged the whole thing off in an unaccountably callous manner. "I'll worry about *that* after we get to Jerry Daly's bathhouse," he said. "That's space enough for me!"

SINCE I couldn't whip up any interest in these pressing problems among friends of my own years, I was forced to take them to Willie. They were right up his alley. The day I brought up the subject of space and time, he invited me into Easton's Drugstore for a milk shake,



*"But, Charles, what about us?"*

• •

and there he met infinity head on. While he didn't, as I remember, actually solve the problem, he diminished it, somehow, by multiplying it. He didn't in any way duck the issue, but he widened the area and shifted the field; he relegated it to its proper place by revealing it as only one thread in the fabric of a larger mystery. Willie had a way of starting his discussions with impressive phrases: "I can well imagine a situation where . . ." "I venture the opinion that . . ." "I will go so far as to say that . . ." "Let us begin by reducing the problem to its component parts . . ." Or he would say, "There is no problem that will not yield to analysis," and then proceed to analyze. He was equally adept at swift reversals. "On the other hand," he would say, "I can equally well imagine a situation where . . ." As he warmed up to his subject, he had a habit of cracking his knuckles and rubbing his hands together as if he were washing them.

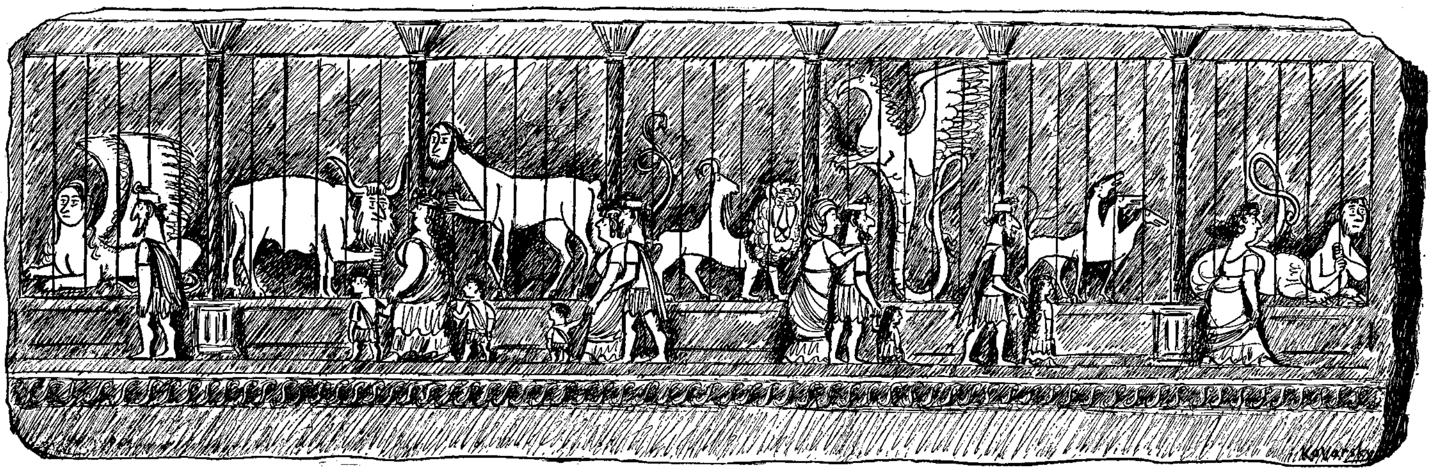
After the milk shake at Easton's, which somehow in itself made me feel better about infinity, Willie took me for a walk down Main Street to Court Hill, striding along briskly and analyzing fluently. "There are many infinities," he announced. "Take the matter of the Name, which bothers you so much. Personally, I'm an agnostic, but I can well imagine a situation where at the very heart of things there is a simple, cosmic, unifying truth. This is the Name. Or if you prefer," he added magnanimously, "God. *Everything* is an infinity. Take that fellow Kelly, who threw the steel bolt out the window at Mr. Reilly. I will go so far as to say that if you thoroughly analyzed Kelly's motives, you would stub your toe on another infinity—the infinity of responsibility."

In my father's rather melancholy conversation, there was a good deal about blood, and especially about the shedding of what he invariably referred to specifically as "Jewish blood." I knew from early on that Jewish blood had always flowed copiously, but I had never been much affected by this knowledge. My father's preoccupation with the subject bored me; it seemed like a peevish dwelling on old grievances, and I wasn't interested, because I didn't know what the grievances were. They had no actuality. But the attack on Mr. Reilly, to which Willie had referred, had suddenly dramatized my father's preoccupation. It happened one Saturday afternoon on Winter Street, in front of Lavin & Lupkin's, the drygoods store owned by Willie's father, where I sometimes worked on Saturdays as an errand boy. Mr. Reilly was a nice old Irishman with a beautiful head of silver hair and a flowing white beard. He was a peddler, and he used to come into Lavin & Lupkin's each Saturday afternoon to stock up for his peregrinations of the following week. That day, as he approached the store, someone threw a steel bolt at him from a window of Crompton & Knowles, a factory that faced the Lavin & Lupkin building. I happened to be in the basement of L. & L.'s at the time, wrapping bundles with Willie. My brothers were there, too; they had dropped in to see Willie. We heard a commotion on the street and ran out to find Mr. Reilly lying on the sidewalk with blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. My oldest brother and the Messrs. Lavin and Lupkin carried Mr. Reilly inside; Willie ran to get Dr. Nightingale. The Doctor came quickly and found that Mr. Reilly had suffered only a scalp wound, which he quickly stitched up. Within an hour, the victim was sitting happily in the office at the back of the store eating sandwiches, which I had been sent to get for him from the delicatessen down the street. Meantime, the neighborhood cop, a coreligionist of Mr. Reilly's, vowed that he would find the hurler of the bolt if it was the last thing he did.

The cop made good his word. Mr. Reilly's assailant proved to be a nineteen-year-old boy named Pat Kelly, of theretofore exemplary reputation. He confessed to his crime with a certain bravado, was arrested, and within a week was hauled up before Judge Utley. (Judge Utley bore the sobriquet in Worcester of "Thirty-Days Utley," because he habitually confined the punishment he meted out for minor offenses to that somewhat arbitrary period.) Willie and my brothers and I all went to the hearing, feeling very important, as witnesses, if not to the actual attack, at least to the events that followed it. The bolt thrower's defense was unexpected: he said the whole thing had been an optical illusion. He assured the Judge that he didn't know Mr. Reilly and had nothing whatever against him personally. Looking out of the factory window, he had seen him walking down the street and, because Mr. Reilly wore a long white beard, had concluded that he was Jewish, and had therefore thrown the bolt at him on general principles. The boy said this with such an air of guileless innocence—almost as if he had done a good deed without expectation of reward—that he was disarming. Had he known that his victim's name was Reilly, he said, he would have loved him dearly. I still remember Kelly's expression of utter bewilderment when Judge Utley was not instantly softened by an error so manifestly human and pardonable. Instead, the Judge rapped his desk sharply with his gavel and said, "Nine months in the penitentiary!" It was a sensational departure. The most the adherents of Mr. Reilly had hoped for was thirty days. Mr. Reilly, the cop, and my brothers exchanged warm and congratulatory glances, but I watched the criminal as he was taken away and saw an incredulous look on his face—the look of a man who had blundered into a topsy-turvy world.

The incident made a field day for Willie. He sat beside me at the hearing and noticed, as I did, the boy's expression of bewilderment. "I venture the opinion," said Willie on the way home, "that if you analyzed this Kelly's heredity and environment and the influences that have played on him from the time he was born, you would find that *they* threw the bolt—not Kelly!" Enlarging upon this idea, Willie worked himself up into a lather of speculation. He made an easy transition from the Winter Street incident (of about 1905) to the War Office in Paris, France, in 1899. Only the week before, Willie had taken me to Lothrop's Opera House, where I had seen my first play. It was a melodrama called "The Devil's Island," and the hero was a Captain Dreyfus. It couldn't have been a very subtle play, and yet I hadn't understood it at all. This did not keep me from being thrilled by it. There was a miraculous scene at the end of the second act where the Captain escaped from Devil's Island; you actually *saw* him getting into a boat and being rowed to a sloop waiting to transport him back to Paris. You even saw the sloop. The Captain wore a waxed mustache, and although he was sorely put upon by everybody—in an earlier scene his sword had been broken and the buttons cut off his uniform before a crowd of officers, themselves in brilliant uniforms—his mustache remained glossy and imperturbable. I had never seen such aplomb. The play had a villain called Major Esterhazy, who was discomfited in the end, whereas Captain Dreyfus got his sword and his uniform back and everybody loved him. Esterhazy's discomfiture had made me happy, but now when Willie brought the bolt thrower from Crompton & Knowles and the villain of "The Devil's Island" close together in a wonderful juxtaposition, I wasn't so sure. Willie went so far as to say that if you subjected Major Esterhazy to the same patient analysis he was prepared to give Pat Kelly, you would discover that outside, stronger forces, not Esterhazy, had wrought the evil against Captain Dreyfus. Ultimately, Esterhazy was innocent. Ultimately, the bolt thrower from Crompton & Knowles was innocent. To Willie, they were both nice fellows who had been badly used by their heredities and environments.

SOME years earlier, Willie had had a far harder time absolving me of guilt. I was quite a small boy then, and for weeks I suffered an anguish of remorse over my inexplicable cruelty to a cat of which I was fond. I had made friends with the cat—a yellow-furred, blue-eyed vagrant—and when I walked down Providence Street, he would follow me. Flattered by his fidelity, I sometimes lifted him up and carried him, and he seemed to enjoy that. He especially liked to accompany me on my hunts for odds and ends in the dump yard that was next to the Crompton & Knowles factory. The yard was a fascinating place, containing all sorts of oddments—zinc shavings, acid jars, heavy rubber bands that had fastened the covers of the jars, flat pieces of metal, oddly stamped. It was particularly rich in tinfoil, which we boys used to collect, roll up into balls, and send off somewhere for the few pennies it would bring us. The yard was iridescent with coal dust and the vivid discoloration of decay. On very hot days, the dust gave off a heat of its own and the rubber bands bubbled. The cat seemed to enjoy prowling about the yard as much as I did, though there could have been small nourishment in it for him. One hot summer day, after taking a rich bag, my pockets bulging with baking bits of glass and metal and rubber, I started home to sort out my treasures in the privacy of our back yard. The cat trotted happily beside me. Perhaps to compensate him for having found so little for himself when I had so much, I picked him up and carried him. It was terribly hot and the loot in my pockets burned against me. I began to feel a miserable discomfort, and the climb up Providence Street seemed insupportable. I stopped for a moment, grasped the cat firmly, and threw him head first onto the sidewalk. I heard his skull crack. The sound unnerved me so much that I could not bear to look down at the cat. I went on up the hill. The stuff in my pockets now felt heavy as well as hot and I began throwing it away. By the time I got home, I had nothing left. I kept hearing the sound of the cat's skull hitting the sidewalk. In the yard next to ours, there were some cherry trees, and that day the cherries were ripe and glowed in the sun. I climbed one of the trees, though it was forbidden, and picked a few cherries. When I got down to the ground, I threw them away and



ran back to find the cat. I knew exactly where I had hurled him down; it was in front of Cassie MacMahon's house. (Cassie MacMahon was a classmate.) When I reached the spot, the cat was gone. I never saw him again.

Willie had a hard time with me about the cat. For a long time, I wouldn't tell him what was wrong, but he knew that something was bothering me and he finally got it out of me. He called on his standbys, heredity and environment, to assist him in absolving me, but they didn't work as well as they did, later, for Kelly and Esterhazy, whose heredities and environments Willie did not know. Unfortunately, he knew all about mine.

My father and mother were both gentle people. My father, who was almost perpetually in mourning for ancient bloodletting, had an abhorrence of violence of all sorts. I implored Willie never, never to tell my father about the cat; his anger and humiliation would have been terrible. Somewhat in a corner, Willie turned from my parents, whom we knew, to their ancestors, whom we did not know. Among them, Willie hinted as tactfully as he could, there might have been an aberrant murderer. It was unlikely, but it was possible. Or perhaps I had done this cruel thing only out of curiosity, to see what would happen. If this was so, Willie said, it had been a purely scientific impulse. He kept telling me to put the incident out of my mind and stop worrying about it. But I did worry about it, because it revealed such unaccountable and dreadful potentialities within me. I kept hearing the sharp sound of the cat's skull on the brick sidewalk. I hear it still, after more than fifty years.

THE most precious possession in our Providence Street tenement was my father's many-volumed edition of the Talmud. The books were great tomes bound in calf, with marbled covers. My father had inherited them from his father and had brought them with him from Europe. I grew up with these books and saw them constantly, but since they were written in Hebrew, I was never able to read them, for though I studied Hebrew briefly when I was quite a small boy, I never got sufficiently proficient to read or understand the esoteric complexities of the Talmud. I used to stare at the pages, wondering what fascinating secrets they contained. I remember the look of those pages—grave, wide, solid columns of text in the center and, islanding them, equally solid columns of finer print. This finer print, my father explained to me, was the Rashi, or commentary on the text. Did it contain dissenting opinions, or what? I never knew.

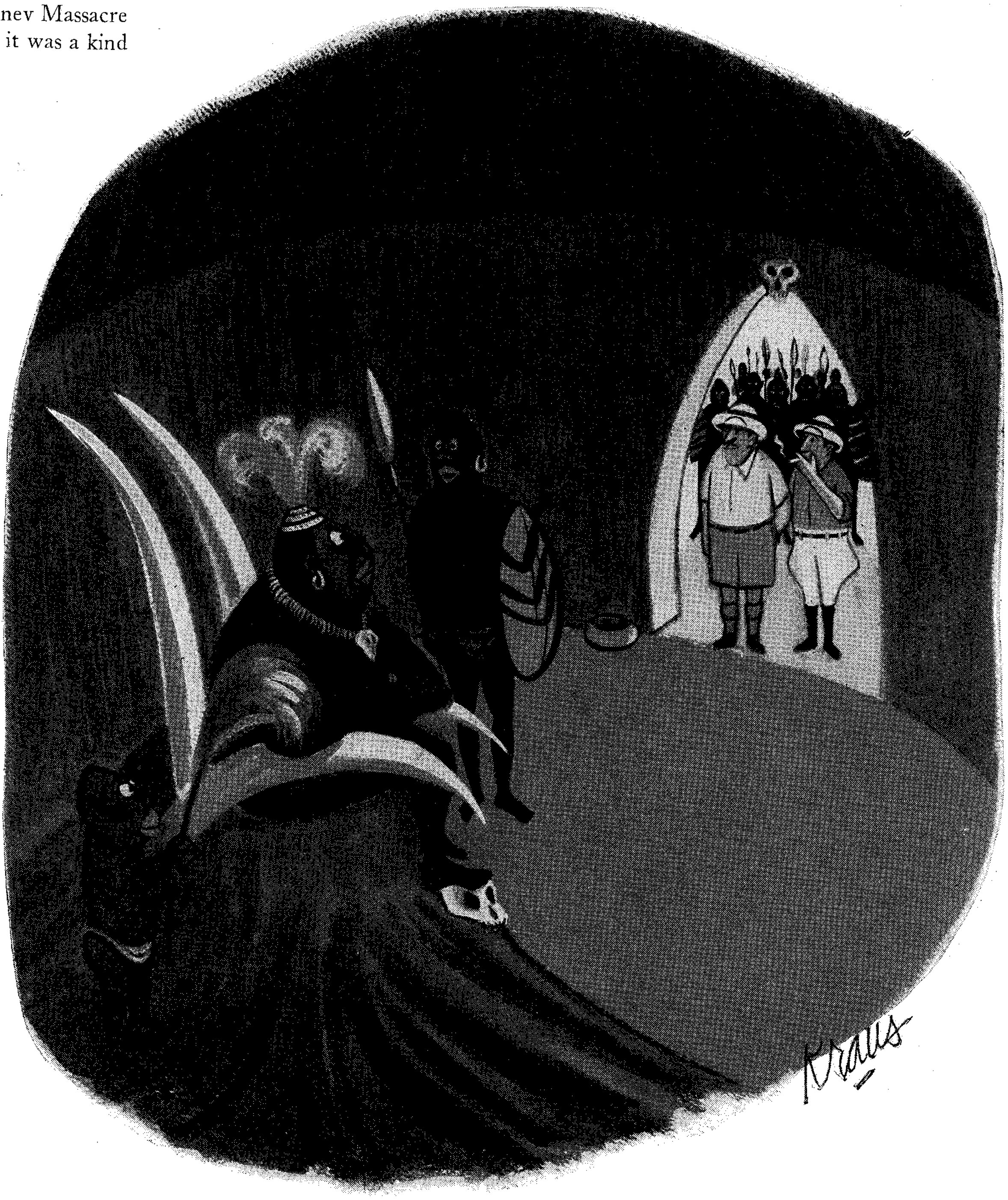
My father belonged to a small group of the Providence Street devout, headed by the learned and humorous Rabbi Silver, whose aim was to go through one of the volumes of the Talmud, text and commentary, annually. The group met once a month, in the afternoon, at the homes of the different members. I remember how my mother, on the one day of the year when it was my father's turn to play host, would sit in the kitchen, her own preparations made, waiting for the summons and hoping that some perfectionist was not being too difficult over the minutiae of interpretation. The tea and cakes and liquor could not be served and the festivities begin until the last page of the day's stint had been reached. The scholars sat in the dining room—the only time in the year, except for Passover, when it was used. Normally we ate in the kitchen; using the dining room was like opening the throne room of a palace. When the food was finally served, I was allowed in and given a piece of cake—I suppose as an encouragement to emulate my elders—but it was sometimes hours before I got this unearned reward. I used to peep in, but I would be shooed away until the last moot point had been settled. I remember, on one of these occasions, conceiving a strong dislike for the father of one of my playmates, because he was pedantic and kept raising questions. I still see the Rembrandtesque scene: The men sat around the table, the great books before them; it was late afternoon and the tension was so great that no one had bothered to turn on the lamp; the heckler was insistent; Rabbi Silver pushed his glasses back on his forehead and pondered; no one moved and the silence was intense; all eyes were fixed on Rabbi Silver, imploring resolution of this crisis of interpretation. It came. Rabbi Silver readjusted his glasses and spoke. Everyone was satisfied, even the heckler. The relief was tremendous. The books were closed and the scholars relaxed in their chairs, jolly and suddenly garrulous. My father nodded to me to tell my mother that the refreshments could be brought in. After that, it was all fun.

WITH some of my pals whose flats were furnished, as ours was, with many-volumed editions of the Talmud, I speculated on the contents of these mysterious books. We were like those medieval inquirers who theorized in a vacuum, without ever consulting nature. Since we could none of us read the text, there was really no other way to go about it. But scraps and fragments came to us from older boys, sons of the pundits for whom Talmud reading was a full-time occupation. These older boys were often satirical; it seemed to me they were even blasphemous. The books, they said, were not mysterious at all but discussed quite practical problems—what to do and how to behave in critical emergencies. For example, two men are walking along the street, coming from opposite directions. Simultaneously, they spy on the ground a valuable object. Each one makes for it. One says, "This find is mine!" The other makes an equally valid claim. What to do, since the object is indivisible? One scoffer used to insist that the problems discussed in the Talmud were remote and had little to do with everyday life in Worcester. He swore that one of the Talmudic situations pondered by our parents was this: A man is walking on a rampart; at the foot of the rampart an unmarried girl is taking the air; the man on the rampart slips and falls; regrettably, he falls on the girl, and she becomes pregnant. What, then, is the status of this fortuitous pregnancy? This particular skeptic felt that it was unprofitable to spend so much time on a problem so remote from Providence Street, where there were no ramparts. Whether this situation is actually discussed in the Talmud, I don't know, but I certainly grew up believing that the holy book was full of tidbits like that.

Still, generally speaking, I was tolerant, and even a little proud, of our Talmud—perhaps because, on the hill, my father's authority on it set him up as a sage and a scholar—and I liked to leaf through the volumes. The one in which my father had written our birth dates continued to bother me. They forced me to think unhappily about what was, apparently, an immense discrepancy between my present environment and my antecedents. There were no family portraits in the house, no evidence of any direct ancestors. The only portraits on our walls were engravings of Jewish saints who had lived in the Middle Ages. These appeared to be all the progenitors we had, and they weren't even relations. We seemed to have come right out of the Middle Ages. To be sure, we had one living grandmother, my mother's mother, who sat in a rocking chair in my aunt's flat, radiating affection, but before her day was a great anterior darkness. I asked my parents questions about their pasts but could find out very little. All I knew was that my father had embarked for America at Hamburg, with my mother and the two elder children, in the steerage of a boat that was headed for New York. Apparently what had troubled him most on this journey was the fear that he would be unable to observe the dietary laws. He had come to Worcester because my uncle was there. I asked this uncle why *he* had come, and he said because he had a cousin in Boston.

But if there was little talk about the family past, there was incessant talk about pogroms. I was bored with these pogroms. When the Kishinev Massacre occurred, in April, 1903, it was a kind of windfall for my father. He had sensed my apathy about sharing his indignation and his grief over the earlier pogroms, and now, with a certain sorrowful triumph, he pointed to the newspaper headlines on Kishinev and said, "That, my son, is a pogrom!" It had happened not far from his original home. But even then what struck me as grotesque was that my father, who had made a journey to escape a peril as formidable as this, could still have been worried about dietary laws. It seemed to me to show no sense of proportion. I felt myself drifting away from him.

Increasingly, I felt the weight on me of bygone blood feuds, of oppression from dead centuries. This malaise, too, I confided to Willie. He met it with gusto. It was a natural for him. He gave me an alluring invitation. "Take Kishinev," he said. I was inclined to refuse it, but he insisted. Willie was widely, if vagariously, read, and right after offering me Kishinev he offered me Saint Bartholomew's Day, of which I had not previously heard. "Part of the pattern of history," said Willie, with a large wave of the hand. "Kishinev is only a Saint Bartholomew's Day reserved for Jews!" He made it seem that there was a certain distinction in it. My complaint about the absence of family portraits and the obscurity of my antecedents he met with a disquisition on the mystery and infinity of the chain of birth. When I pointed out that my birth date was recorded in an incomprehensible language and by a vanished calendar, he was withering. "You were *born*, weren't you?" he demanded, making it seem like an incredible feat. According to Willie, it actually was an incredible feat. "I will go as far as to say," he went on rapturously, "that the simple statement you may read anywhere on any tombstone, 'Born 1888,' say—born anywhere, any time—is the most dramatic of all declarations. Think of the nexus behind it." Nexus was a word of which Willie was very fond. "Think of the nexus of dangers and the collusion of circumstances that have to be just right before you can say of anybody that he was born. Think of the accidents you have to escape, the menaces from man and from nature! In each individual, once he manages to be born, there is a majesty of ancestry that reaches back to the very



*"They landed in one of those new twin-engine, single-rotor Sikorsky helicopters—claim to be some sort of gods."*

beginnings of time. Let's say you did have family portraits. How far back could they go? If you had enough of them, you couldn't give them houseroom. You'd have to have a warehouse!" Willie managed to make me feel that to wish to have ancestral portraits was to be unbearably spoiled and snobbish and extravagant.

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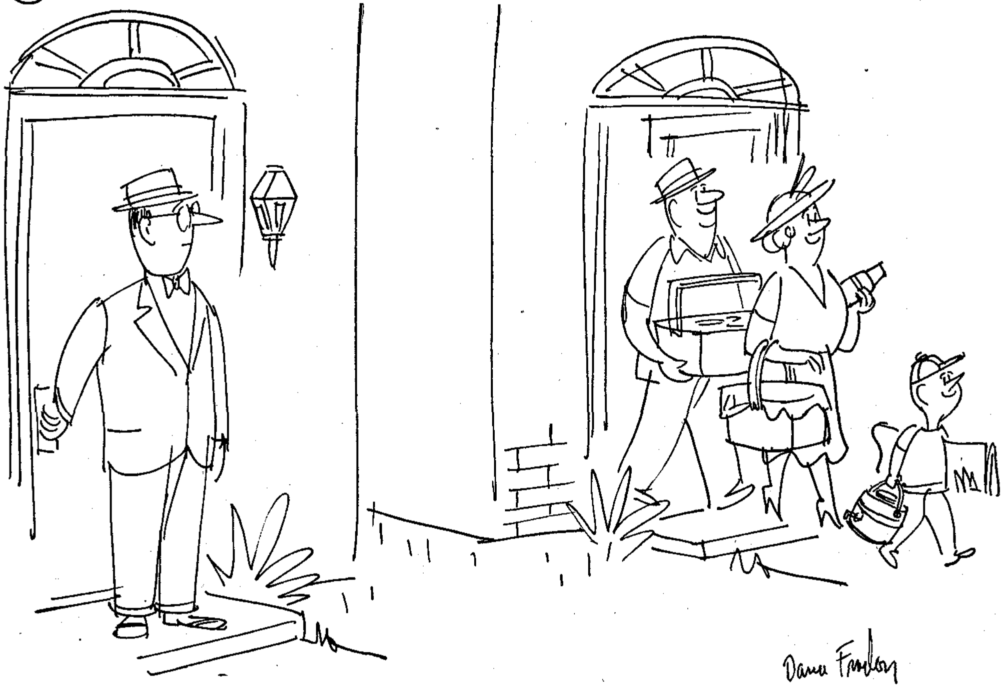

Willie's penchant for separating problems into their component parts got full play while I was in high school. He helped me in the inter-high-school debates and he gave me a major position on a little staff of researchers he organized, whose object was to win the large sums of money offered by the Boston papers at that time in their puzzle contests. Willie was a great believer in hobbies, and for a period the solution of these puzzles became his major hobby and an extracurricular activity for me. There were, I remember, a Proverb Contest, a Great Names Contest, and a Familiar Sayings Contest, among others, and the prizes offered by the *Herald*, *Globe*, or *Post* in their circulation drives were bigger, actually, than those offered nowadays by the radio and television Santa Clauses and far more satisfactory, since instead of winning pressure cookers, and deep freezes full of hams, you could win thousand-dollar and hundred-dollar and fifty-dollar bills.

Willie approached these contests scientifically, mobilizing all his resources to take them out of the hit-or-miss area of gambling and transmute them into a rational pursuit. I remember particularly our exhaustive researches for the Familiar Sayings Contest. Every day, there appeared in one of the papers—which one I now forget—an untitled drawing illustrating some saying, and you were supposed to supply five aphorisms, in the order of your preference, as your five captions for each picture. If you hit the right saying on your fourth choice and somebody else had hit it on his first, you naturally lost out. The final winner, after several weeks of daily effort, was to be the person who had the highest percentage of early guesses. Willie's surveys of previous contests had shown that the "mass average" of the winners was what counted most heavily; that is to say, the winners were not usually those who had the most firsts but those who had the greatest number of correct answers among their first three choices. Willie put in a lot of heavy reading on the laws of probability and averages, and we were soon moving in the high realm of numerical theory. We were equipped in every way: we kept elaborate card-catalogue files; we reduced the element of chance to a minimum; we were scientifically and theoretically right. But we didn't win that contest—or any other.

It was during my junior and senior years in high school that Willie encouraged me to take part, under his tutelage, in the inter-high-school debates. Here his special dialectic method—his "On the other hand I can imagine"s and "I venture the opinion"s—served him admirably, and, thanks to his coaching, I became the president of the Sumner Club, Classical High's debating society. If, for instance, the Sumner Club took the affirmative in a debate on the referendum and recall, or on whether capital punishment should be abolished, Willie would bone up on the negative, in order to prime me with answers to any points our opponents might raise. He and I used to work for hours together in the Public Library reading room, handing Poole's Index back and forth between us. Willie attended all the debates, and if the Sumner Club team won, Willie always came up to congratulate me, beaming as happily as Diaghilev might have done after a triumph of Nijinsky's.

It was because of Willie, as I have said, that my family decided to send me to Clark College instead of to work. Willie used to follow my progress in English under Dr. Loring Dodd, reading the themes I wrote for him and judiciously cogitating the Professor's marginal comments. When Dr. Dodd gave me a bad mark on a theme, Willie took it hard. Though Dr. Dodd did not know it, Willie was his unofficial assistant.

After I had been at Clark for two years, Willie began to read about George Pierce Baker and his new Drama Workshop at Harvard, which was then much in the news. I had started writing short stories, and Willie labored over them painfully, spending a long time placing commas; he was fascinated by commas and would go into a dithyramb on their loveliness. But since all my stories were swiftly rejected by the magazines Willie and I submitted them to, he thought maybe I should turn to the drama. Once the idea hit him, nothing would serve but my going to Harvard to study under Professor Baker. The transfer from Clark was difficult, but Willie arranged it and I moved to Cambridge for my junior and senior years. Our relations continued close. Willie was delighted when, after submitting an essay to Charles Townsend Copeland, I received a postcard from Copey admitting me to English 12, and he was positively triumphant when, in my senior year, after submitting a one-act play to George Pierce Baker, I was invited to join English 47, the playwriting course

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Willie had read so much about in the newspapers.

By then, Willie had married and was practicing law in Worcester. His wife, whom I knew well, since she grew up on Providence Street, was devoted to him, and she accepted his friendship for me with tolerance, as she accepted his other idiosyncrasies. Willie came often to Cambridge to see me, and during my holidays in Worcester I had high times and rampant discussions with him. We gave commas and theories of all sorts a brisk workout. However, during the summer between my junior and senior years at Harvard—the last months I was to spend in Worcester—I became aware, without being able exactly to put my finger on it, of some cloud that occasionally shadowed Willie's usual exuberance. For one thing, he was worrying about his inability to concentrate. He had theories about concentration, and, by the standard of what he called "ultimate concentration," he found himself woefully lacking. I pointed out to him that he seemed able to pass with ease the most difficult examinations, which certainly must mean that he could concentrate. Perhaps, although I was too young to realize it then, he had begun to worry about his inability to concentrate on anything except the abstract, and to realize that when he was faced with the workaday problems of practicing a profession, he shied off. One day in the fall of my senior year, he startled me by calling me on the telephone to ask if I could make an appointment for him in Boston with a reliable psychiatrist. I inquired around and was given the name of a well-known doctor, and made an appointment with him for Willie. I went with Willie to the doctor's office, and sat in the waiting room during the consultation. I could never find out much about what took place, but I gathered later that Willie felt the famous psychiatrist's views on his special problem were "superficial." Willie quit him after that one visit but went several times to see another Boston psychiatrist. Before long, he began to pull out of this particular depression and told me with a laugh that he'd found he couldn't even concentrate on a psychiatrist.

By the time of my graduation in June, a ceremony that Willie attended, he was his old self again. After that, I went to New York to live with my brothers, who were already established there in their own accounting firm, but I kept in constant touch with Willie by letter and phone, and we met during my frequent visits to Worcester to see my mother. My brothers were expert accountants, and perhaps it was their influence that made Willie suddenly determine to switch careers again. He had decided that accounting was a fresh field in Worcester and that his legal training would be a help in it, so he once more studied in Boston, and, at the end of his course, passed the difficult examination that qualified him as a certified public accountant.

Meanwhile, I was having a tough time in New York. As I was unable to get a job, I did graduate work at Columbia. After I had received my M.A. degree, I got an offer of an instructorship at the University of Minnesota, at twelve hundred dollars a year. I accepted it. Just as I was about to leave for the West, Willie made one of his visits to New York to see my brothers and me. He went first to see my brothers at their office, where they told him about my appointment. Willie took a poor view of it. In fact, he put his foot down. I must stay in New York and go on writing, he told them. It was extraordinary how firm and decisive Willie could be about any problem affecting *me*. Nevertheless, my oldest brother and I started out the next day to buy a round-trip ticket to Minneapolis, but when we discovered that the fare would use almost half of my first year's salary, we gave up the idea. Willie was delighted when he heard this; he rubbed his palms together and cracked his knuckles with elation.

In 1926, I sold my first play. Within an hour after I heard that it had been accepted for production, I was on the train to Worcester to tell Willie about it. No telephone call would serve for such great news. He came to the opening night in New York, and instead of going to the party given for the cast, I met him in Childs after the play. Willie was in fine fettle. He elaborated on the difference between the drama and other literary forms. I had, he decided, made a good choice, and I reflected, without saying so, that it was Willie's choice as much as mine.

Then I began to travel a bit, but before every journey I would telephone Willie in Worcester, and I always called him up within an hour of my return. We also kept up an incessant correspondence. At the end of one long absence from New York, I asked my brothers for a report on Willie. They said that they were worried about him, and told me that one day while they were walking with him and discussing accounting problems, Willie had stopped in the street to point out an advertising sign and ask them whether they could explain the mystery of a conjunction in the sign. Why was it there? One of my brothers said that it was just a connective word. Willie wouldn't let it go at that. He said he was increasingly troubled by the function of conjunctions, prepositions, and relative clauses in sentences. After a bit, he let it go and was his usual jolly self.

When my brothers told me this, I had that tantalizing sense of recurrence that so often afflicts one. Out of a drowse of memory, out of a very distant past, I heard again (did I remember it or didn't I?) a long wrangle between Willie and my father while I lay in my bedroom on Providence Street, supposed to be asleep but actually wide-awake and eavesdropping. I heard my father talking to Willie as he had to me, setting limits to certain fields of inquiry, and Willie valiantly rejecting any limits, which I had never had the courage to do. I began to remember more clearly: My father had said you mustn't, for example, speculate overmuch on infinity. I wondered whether Willie was now continuing his early defiance of my father. Had he merely shifted the focus from the cosmic to the infinitesimal, both illimitable? Was Willie suffocating from some constriction of curiosity that he couldn't work out of? In his arguments with my father, Willie had flouted mystery in favor of illumination. Was Willie now lost in mystery? Had my father been right to set limits and Willie wrong to ignore my father's "Keep Off" signs? For the first time since I had known Willie, I began to feel a deep malaise about him. Before long, I shook it off, telling myself that, after all, this was merely another manifestation of his lifelong fetish for analyzing things and breaking them down into their component parts.

ACREAGE
FOR SALE

IN one's later middle life, long journeys become perilous, because of the workings of mortality at home. To return and find that somebody one has dearly loved has died in one's absence gives one a sense of special loss, almost a feeling of having been callous, as if by not being present one had failed to prevent or delay the loss. I had this strange feeling after my mother died while I was on the way back from a trip to Europe; almost the same thing happened to me, years earlier and under the same circumstances, with Willie. In Willie's case, my sense of having deserted was particularly poignant, because his death was what is referred to glibly and superficially as "voluntary." In the summer of 1928, I was sailing from New York for Europe, and I had a long-distance telephone talk with Willie just before I boarded the ship. By that time, he was in his fourth career. Willie's father had sold his retail store to go into manufacturing, and Willie had abandoned accounting to serve as an executive in his father's factory. When I talked with him the evening I sailed, he was gay, and told me proud anecdotes about his two children. I was going to be very busy and would be moving about a good deal in Europe on that trip, with many changes of address, so we agreed not to write to each other while I was away.

Several months later, on my return, one of my brothers met me at the pier, as he did later when my mother died, and took me to my hotel. I went at once to the telephone to put in a call to Willie, but my brother stopped me. He told me that Willie was dead. He said that a few months earlier Willie had had some kind of nervous breakdown and had been sent to a neurological institution in Massachusetts, where it was confidently expected that he could be cured. He had seemed to be getting better and only a few weeks before my return he had had a cheerful visit at the hospital with his wife and children. The evening after that visit, he had broken the window of his room and cut his throat with a piece of glass.

Along with my grief, I felt a kind of terrible self-reproach; I could not repress the feeling that if I had been there, I might, by some miracle of friendship, have held off the steep, dark walls that converged on Willie to extinguish him. The residual medieval superstition that those who are afflicted by mental illness are possessed by devils dies hard. I have seen people who are sincerely sympathetic in cases of physical illness behave toward people suffering from mental diseases as though they were self-indulgent, capricious, or perverse. For one thing, those so bedevilled (the very word is a legacy of the superstition!) are often at large, stumbling through the ordinary thickets of social life, where, unprotected by the accoutrements of the sickroom, they have to endure criticism instead of being comforted by compassion. And yet their sort of mental suffering impinges on the most delicate and mysterious and impenetrable of our faculties—the faculty that is the source of idiosyncrasy, of the distinguishing trait, of what differentiates us from the inarticulate animals and from each other. Where the mind is touched, the taut string at the heart of the personality is plucked. If one could trace to its source the wild logic that compels those like Willie to their deaths, one would have solved the mystery of one of the infinities in which we swim.

I have asked many psychiatrists about Willie, and all of them have told me that he was probably a "schizophrenic." This is a cataloguing and descriptive word. What does it explain of the mystery that goes on within the human mind? The psychiatrists have also told me that autopsies in such cases reveal no lesion in the brain. It is perhaps an evidence of the persistence of the magic and mystery in my inheritance that in my rebellious and passionate grieving at finding myself in a world without Willie I recalled the talk I had had with him when I was a child and was troubled about the enigma of the Name. Willie had been well able to understand my tribulation then, and he had ventured the opinion to me, as I had to my father, that someday, somewhere, there would emerge an intelligence subtle enough and courageous enough to hear the true name of the Lord, even if it destroyed him. Had Willie, in his lonely hours, importunately sought the Name? Had he, I wondered, come too close?

—S. N. BEHRMAN

•

## EXIT, PURSUED BY A BEAR

Chipmunk chewing the Chippendale,
Mice on the Meissen shelf,
Pigeon stains on the Aubusson,
Spider lace on the delf.

Squirrel climbing the Sheraton,
Skunk on the Duncan Phyfe,
Silverfish in the Gobelins
And the calfbound volumes of *Life*.

Pocks on the pink Picasso,
Dust on the four Cézannes,
Kit on the keys of the Steinway,
Cat on the Louis Quinze.

Rings on the Adam mantel
From a thousand bygone thirsts,
Mold on the Henry Millers
And the Ronald Firbank firsts.

The lion and the lizard
No heavenly harmonies hear
From the high-fidelity speaker
Concealed behind the Vermeer.

Jamshid squats in a cavern
Screened by a waterfall,
Catered by Heinz and Campbell,
And awaits the fireball.

—OGDEN NASH

# GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

SOME Berlin friends of mine, whom I have recently been visiting, live across the street from a small *Konditorei*, and the other day I went there for a quick cup of chocolate. I took a table next to one where two old ladies were sitting. One of them could hardly have looked more sombre. She was dressed in black and had an air of bereavement so absolute, conclusive, and monumental—so unlit by any gleam from a prior state—that it seemed to imply a widowhood achieved, by a fluke, without benefit of matrimony. The other lady, on the contrary, was a dashing, even a hilarious sight. She had hair rigged up into quantities of little curls—some beige, some gray—with a pale-blue ribbon haphazardly looped through them and tied above one eye in a jaunty bow. She wore a complicated sort of dress, crisscrossed at unexpected places and angles. Bits of tulle gushed from it, and it was clamped down (for security as much as for style, I judged) by an assortment of large brooches. Her eyes were as bright and darting as a child's, and her withered cheeks were rouged with great recklessness.

Both ladies put down their coffee cups and stared at me. "*Schön, schön!*" said the jaunty one. Then, in English, "It is my favorite color."

The subject, apparently, was my sweater—a violet one. I said, "It comes from Ireland. I got it in Dublin."

The old lady who had spoken appeared to be galvanized with delight. "You are *Irish*?" she asked, then went on urgently, imperiously, "No, no—*ein Moment!* Don't tell me. I will guess. You are English, I think. And yet not quite English."

"*Englische*," said the widow, in a thudding voice.

"*So!*" said the other, her voice suddenly tart. "And what do you know about it, may I ask? You will tell me, I suppose, 'She has eyes of blue.' But so have the Finns. So have the Germans, if it comes to that. And you won't try to inform me that she's *German*, will you?"

"How can you tell I'm not?" I asked.

"You don't make enough noise," she answered.

Since I had barely arrived, it seemed rather a snap judgment. "As a matter of fact, English is half right," I said. "I was born in London. Now I am an American."

"*American!*" she cried. "But I— I, too! *I* am an American!"

"You are! Really?" I said. Her English was unplaceable; that is, it was the cultivated, unaccented English to be found, at certain levels, anywhere in the world.

"From Maryland," she said, and demanded, without a pause, "You know Swannee—yes?"

"Wannsee," the widow corrected her.

Coldly, the jaunty-looking old lady repeated, "Swannee. It is something American. You would not know." She turned to me. "And maple sugar?" she asked.

"Yes, I know maple sugar," I said, and since I was a bit mystified, I asked where she lived now. Was her home here in Berlin?

"Naturally," she said.

"I mean—have you been here for a long time?"

"Until the end of the war, I lived in Dresden," she said. "My husband was Commander of the Military Academy."

Obviously she meant the war of 1914-18.

"But during the last war were you here—in Berlin?" I asked.

"Of course. In Berlin," she said, and added, without any change of tone, "It was very noisy."

THERE was a pause. My chocolate came. "Where's my spoon?" the jaunty old lady asked. She searched in her lap, where there were a number of other articles, and found it. Having unearthed it, she casually dropped it back in her lap. "I live up three flights of stairs," she said. "And do you know what happened?" Daintily she leaned toward me, lowering her voice.

"Yes," said the widow.

"Not *you*—her! How can *she* know what happened to me?"

"What did?" I asked.

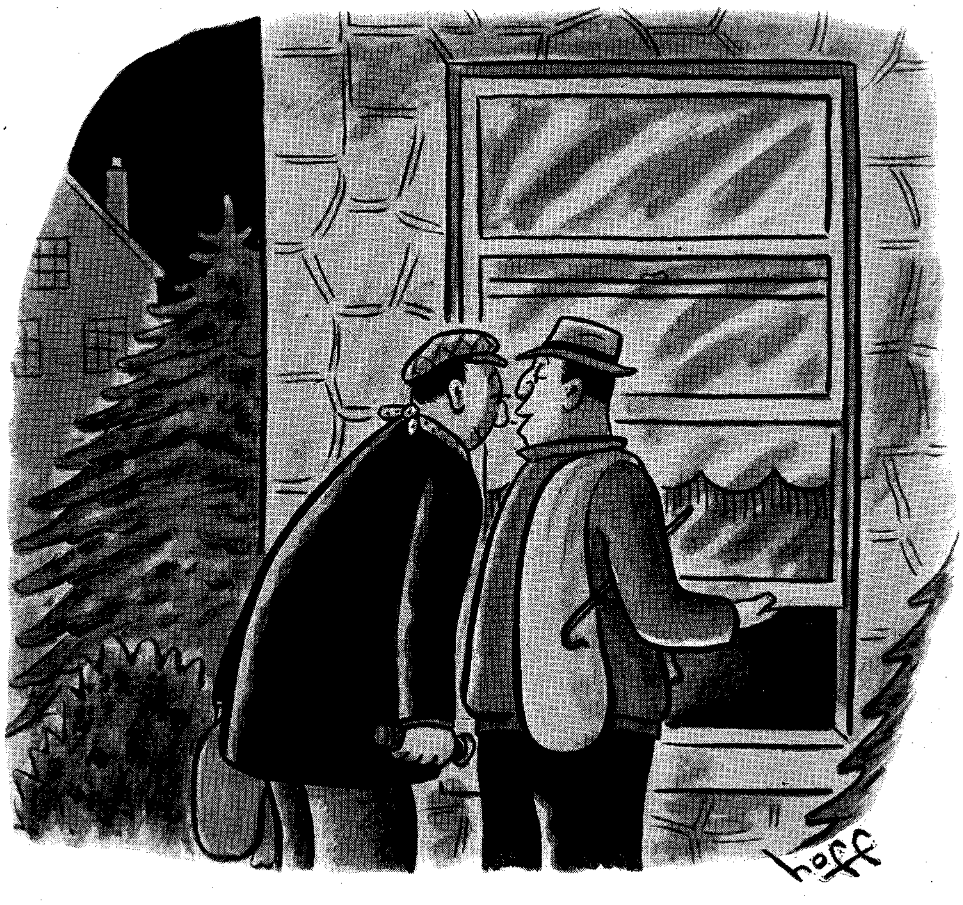
"One day, *I fell down all the stairs*—all down them—and fractured my hip," she said. "I have very delicate bones," she added fastidiously. "You saw the Coronation film, I expect?"

Yes, I had seen it.

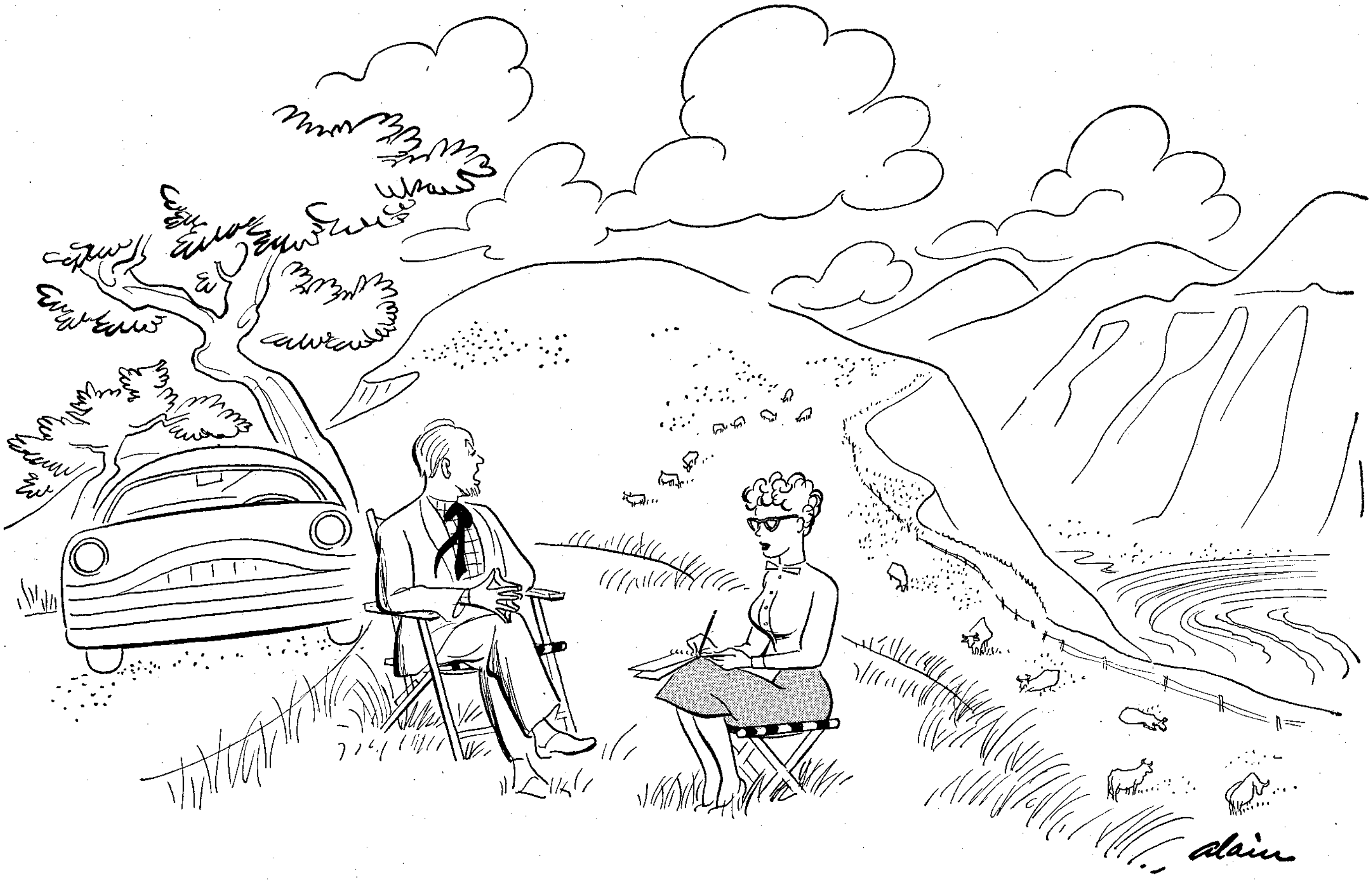
"That *huge* crown!" she cried. "It must have been an agony! You have been to Sherry's?" But before I could answer, she began, very lightly and uncertainly, to sing. " 'Good night, ladies. Good night, ladies. Good night, ladies.' What comes after that?"

" 'I'm going to leave you now,' " I said.

"So it does. Of course." She turned to



*"So I said to the wife, 'Maybe we can't have a home like this, but we can have some of the things in it.'"*



*"From these eternal hills my spirit rapt*
*Its never-failing draughts of color drinks,*
*Nor knows what pageantry . . ."*

• •

the widow and regarded her with mock concern. "Poor Elisabeth!" she said. "How distracted she looks!"

I thought the widow looked about as distracted as a hearse.

THE jaunty old lady turned back to me, and now she was conspiratorial, her voice sly. "Do you know what I am going to do?" she asked. "I am going to get a flat on the Kurfürstendamm. I have made up my mind. What I like are many people, all eating and talking, and music being played. And a great many lights, left on all night. *She* says she will leave me, so I say very well! *Skiddoo*, I say. I will get myself a cat. You are fond of cats?"

"Not very," I said.

"In Maryland, I had a very exceptional cat," she said. "Although a male, for he was called Thomas, he had eleven kittens."

"It is not possible," said the widow.

"You see?" said the other old lady. "My friend knows all things! You have eyes of blue, and so you must be English. You should profit from meeting her. You should ask her something. Ah, well. It is all quite useless. The only way to think, I have always said, is to clear out of the head everything one knows. From *Ireland*, did you say?"

"The sweater is from Ireland," I said. "I'm not."

"Naturally," she said. "I understood you. You are an American. We had an Irish tutor for the children once. He was extremely sad, so he became a monk. 'Will you be happier in a skirt?' I asked him—" She interrupted herself to speak sharply to the widow. "What's the matter, Elisabeth? What are you doing?"

The widow, who had summoned a waitress, said she was merely ordering another cup of coffee.

"And I will have another meringue," said the jaunty old lady.

"But you have yet to finish the one you have," said the widow.

"I do not eat like a wolf, or a savage," the other one said scathingly. "Naturally I have yet to finish what I have." Imperiously she ordered a second meringue.

I asked her when she had last gone back to America.

"Back?" she repeated.

I said, after a moment, "Have you not been back?"

"Oh, no! Of course not."

"Not ever?" I asked. "Not since—"

"Eighteen ninety-seven," she said. "But why—why didn't you?"

"How could I?" she said. The fresh coffee came, and the meringue. "Aha!" she said, with a kind of sprightly malice. "Only an American cat could be a male and have eleven kittens. You know maple sugar?"

"Yes, I know it," I said. "I've been up in Vermont at sugaring time, when it drips from the trees and is boiled in vats."

"You hear that, Elisabeth? You didn't know that!" She leaned toward me again. "You would suppose, wouldn't you, that it would break her neck?"

"Her neck?" I asked.

"That crown," she said impatiently. "Far too large. The Kaiserin wore something much more suitable."

I finished my chocolate. I had an appointment. As I stood up, the jaunty old lady stopped dead in the midst of a sentence. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Where are you going?" Her voice was suddenly sharp.

"I'm afraid I must leave now," I said. "A friend is waiting for me."

She looked stricken, all at once—entirely lost.

The widow reached out and quietly took her hand. "It is all right, Lily," she said. "I am here. It's all right."

—DORIS PEEL

# THAT WAS NEW YORK

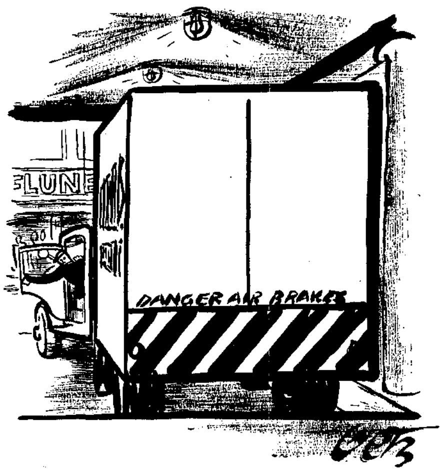
## THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE—I

AT nine o'clock on the sultry evening of July 3, 1870, Elizabeth Richards Tilton, a small, dark-haired woman of thirty-six who was the mother of four children, returned unexpectedly to her home at 174 Livingston Street, in Brooklyn Heights, and, in her bedroom on the second floor, confessed to her husband, Theodore, that she had committed adultery with her pastor, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, who was then the most celebrated preacher in the nation. Mrs. Tilton, who had been at the family's summer place in Schoharie, recuperating from an illness, told Tilton that her illicit relations with Beecher, whom she had revered and loved as her minister for many years, had begun in the fall of 1868, when she went to him in search of consolation after the death of her young son Paul, and had gone on for a year and a half, until that spring. Mr. Beecher, she said, had repeatedly declared that he and she shared a divine and valid love, and that their full expression of it was as proper as a handshake or a kiss. Mrs. Tilton, a deeply devout person, told her husband that though she had come to regret the deceit of concealment, which she thought of simply as "nest-hiding," she had felt herself justified before God, for she had been assured by Beecher, "a great and holy man," that their affair was not sinful—that, in fact, God would not have permitted it if it had been.

The pressure of conscience that finally drove Elizabeth Tilton to confess to her husband led to the greatest scandal of the time, culminating in two church councils, or hearings, and a spectacular public trial that had the spellbound attention of the whole country. The immediate results, however, were anything but spectacular, perhaps because Tilton had suspected for some time that his wife's affection for her pastor was more than platonic. At all events, Tilton, who was editor of both the daily Brooklyn *Union* and the weekly *Independent*, the foremost religious publication in America at the time, promised his wife that he would not say or do anything to harm Beecher.

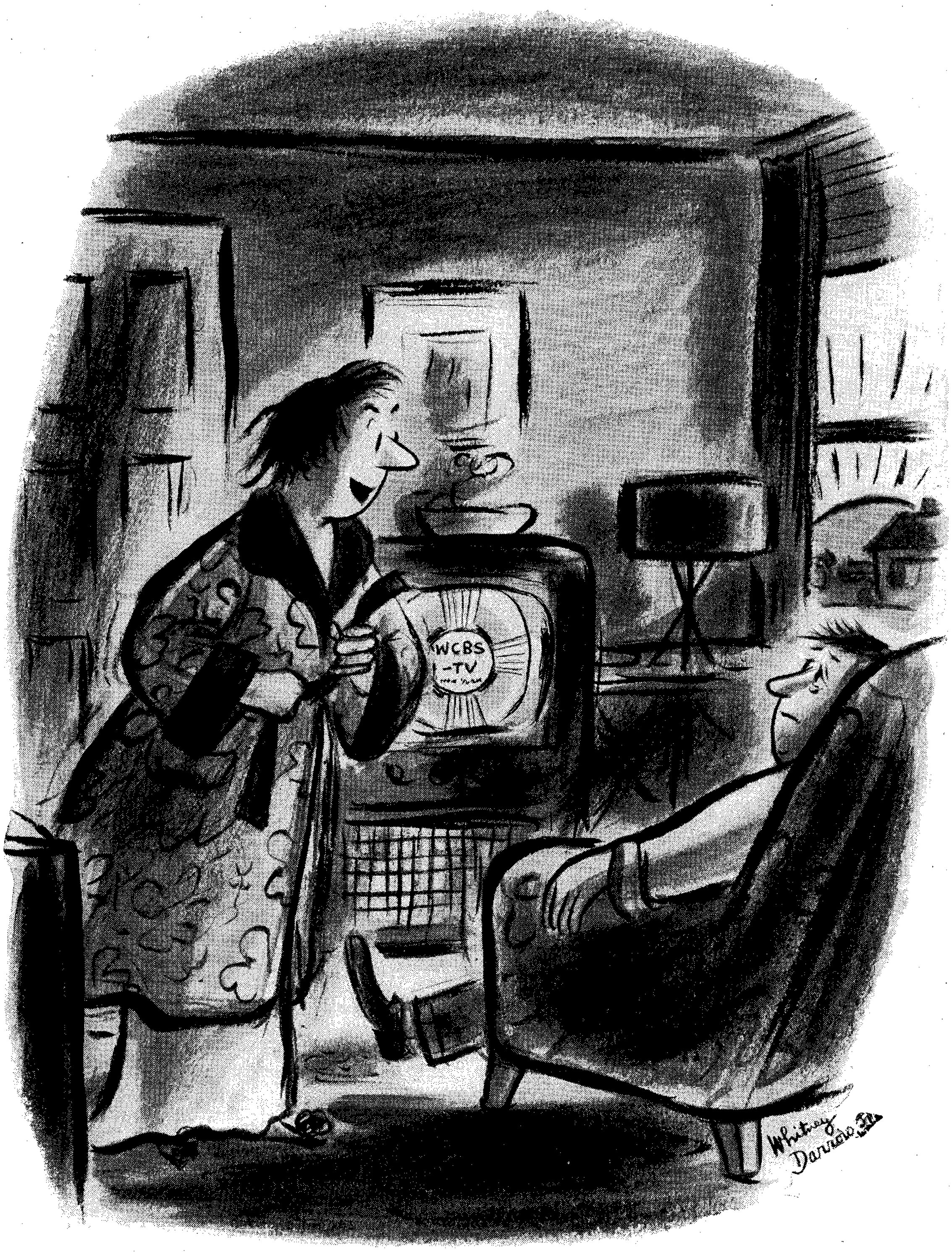
Even without the issue of infidelity, a peculiar relationship existed among the three. The Tiltons had been married by Beecher in his fashionable Plymouth Church, on Orange Street, in Brooklyn Heights, in 1855, and he had been a frequent and welcome visitor to their household for years before there was any question about his exceeding his status as a divine. He and Tilton had also had close professional contact on the *Independent*, and in crusading for many liberal causes, among them the abolition of slavery. In the crusading field, Tilton had risen from the position of Beecher's protégé to that of a full partner, and while on occasion their views differed, he later recalled having regarded the minister as "my man of all men" and having "loved that man as well as I ever loved a woman." It was in the light of this past and after consulting the Gospel According to Saint John for spiritual support that Tilton resolved to condone what his wife had done, and try to restore her "wounded spirit."

The following day, Beecher went to Woodstock, Connecticut, to spend the Fourth of July at the summer home of one of his parishioners, Henry C. Bowen, who was a retired drygoods merchant and one of the wealthiest men in Brooklyn. Although he was not aware of it, it was a piquant thing for him to do under the circumstances. Bowen, a sallow, bearded, sunken-eyed man, was the owner of both the *Independent* and the *Union*. He had been the person chiefly responsible for bringing Beecher to Plymouth Church in 1847, a move he came to regret when his wife, Lucy Maria, shortly before her death in 1863, confessed to him that *she* had committed adultery with the minister. Like Tilton later, Bowen had resolved to say nothing about the matter; Beecher preached at Mrs. Bowen's funeral, and Bowen continued to occupy the most expensive pew in the church he regarded as his own creation. As time went on, however, a certain coolness had become apparent between Beecher and Bowen; for one thing, the *Independent* discontinued its long-standing practice of printing Beecher's weekly sermons. Friends in Plymouth Church tried to bring the two men together again for what they considered the welfare of the community. Early in 1870, their efforts were partly successful when Beecher, kneeling by a chair, with a hand on Bowen's bony knee and tears rolling down his face, declared, "Bowen, we must be friends," and said that an open break between them "would kill me." They agreed to bury the past, and Bowen, to show his good faith, promised to resume printing Beecher's sermons in the *Independent*. Bowen, however, was not wholly reconciled, and from time to time he hinted to friends that he knew things that would drive Beecher out of Brooklyn. Why he did not speak up is a matter for speculation; it seems probable that he was motivated by pride and influenced by the pastor's great reputation. The latter was of material concern to the rich new aristocracy of Brooklyn Heights, for the fame of the pastor of Plymouth Church was indubitably helping to raise real-estate values in that community. Moreover, Bowen shared the attitude of many solid American citizens of the time, who felt that it was best to cover up and say nothing about any scandal that threatened their class. Whatever the reasons for his silence, on that Fourth of July at Woodstock he listened to Beecher deliver an impassioned patriotic address before an audience that included President Grant, and then joined him and some others in a friendly foot race on Woodstock Common. Bowen and Beecher finished last, puffing and laughing, with their arms around each other.



IN the summer of 1870, Beecher was fifty-seven and at the height of his career. He was earning between thirty and forty thousand dollars a year—half of it as pastor of Plymouth Church and the rest by lecturing and writing. In the twenty-three years since Bowen had brought him to Brooklyn from a pastorate in Indianapolis, he had succeeded admirably in his declared aim of developing "that social, contagious spirit which we call a revival of religion." His church came to be known as "Beecher's Theatre," and on Sunday mornings, Orange Street was packed with visitors who had crossed the river from Manhattan on early-morning Sunday ferries that were nicknamed Beecher Boats. At ten-twenty, after all the regular pewholders were seated, non-members were allowed to fill the rest of the church's twenty-five hundred seats. The crowds came as much to see Beecher perform as to hear his sermons. Beecher seldom used the pulpit, which was made of olivewood from the garden of Gethsemane. At the start of the service, he would quietly step out of a small door in the front of the auditorium with a black leather hymnbook in his hand and seat himself in a plain armchair on a flower-decked platform in the center of the rostrum. Here he had room to display his dramatic talent when he stood up to preach. Mimicking, thundering, imploring, berating, he would make his audiences laugh and cry. Frequently he would weep himself. He had a wide assortment of anecdotes, and used grotesque facial contortions to act out dialogues and pantomimes. Once, pretending to be catching a trout, he cast an imaginary fly, hooked an imaginary fish, dodged up and down as he reeled in, and finally landed his quarry. It was all so vivid that a man in the front row stood up and shouted, "By God, he's got him!" Beecher took a highly vocal stand on all the controversial issues of the day, and although some people felt that he had been a little late in taking a firm position against slavery, he eventually played an important role, in his own peculiar way, in the fight to free the Negroes. On two occasions, he followed his Sunday sermon with appeals for money to help buy the freedom of a pretty young slave girl who stood on the platform beside him. These scenes were completely hysterical; men and women in the congregation shouted and wept as they threw their watches and bracelets into the collection baskets.

Beecher was of medium height, with broad shoulders and a deep chest that gave him a powerful look despite a tendency to fatness. "There is nothing in his appearance indicative of days of fasting and nights of prayer," a biographer wrote. He had a ruddy moon face and large gray eyes under a high, wide brow. His nose was fleshy, his mouth was full and prominent, and he wore his graying hair long. He was not handsome, but he had a magnetic quality that almost everyone who met him responded to. It was said of him that "the men admire him, the women adore him, and the children all love him." An impulsive man, given to sudden inspiration, he generally composed his sermons only an hour before delivering them, in order to retain the full excitement of creation. "Some men like their bread cold, some like it hot," he said. "I like mine hot." Plymouth Church was Congregationalist, a denomination that allows its ministers some latitude in their interpretation of theological matters. Beecher took full advantage of this latitude. He opposed all didactic creeds—to him they were "husks that conceal the corn"—and preached a mixed doctrine that sounded Calvinist one week and Universalist the next. In neither dress nor manner did he resemble other minis-



*"Well, how was 'The Late Late Show'?"*

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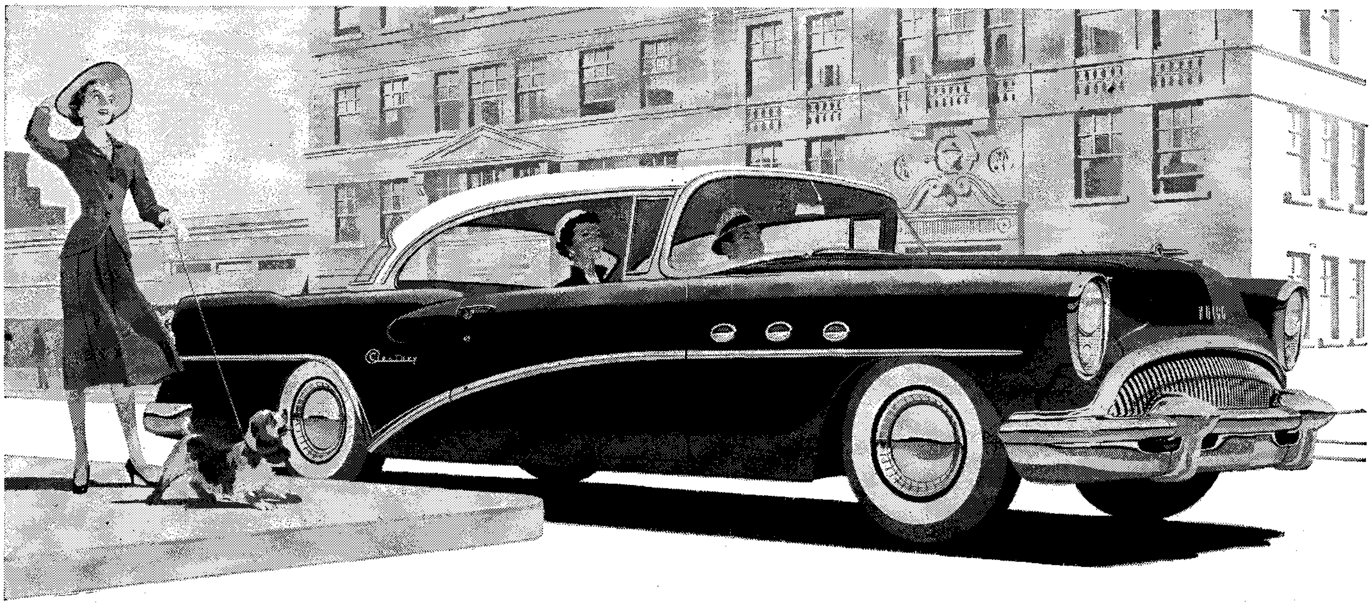

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ters; he wore no clerical collar, and he affected broad-brimmed, soft felt hats, which he had made to order, and square-toed, Puritan-father shoes. "Did I, when I became a minister, cease to be a man or a citizen?" he once roared. "No! A thousand times no! Have I not as much interest in our government as though I were a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a banker, a farmer, a ditch-digger, or a wood-sawyer? Out upon this idea that a minister must *dress* minister, *walk* minister, *talk* minister, *eat* minister, and wear his ministerial badge as a convict does his stripes!"

Beecher inherited his revivalist ways from his father, Lyman Beecher, a Presbyterian who fought the Antichrist in various communities on Long Island and in Connecticut before moving on to Boston, and finally Cincinnati, where he was accused, and acquitted, of heresy because he sought to temper Presbyterian doctrine with Congregationalism. The elder Beecher, too, was at his best when operating at fever pitch, and he used to keep a pile of sand in his cellar to shovel about when he was overwrought. After preaching, he would return home and relax by dancing the double shuffle, an old New England barn jig, for his seven sons, all of whom eventually followed him into the ministry, and his four daughters. As a boy, Henry Ward suffered from a stammer, which made him so uncertain of himself that he did rather poorly in school; as he grew up, he shook off the stammer, and by the time he went to Amherst he was a nimble student. After graduating from college, he attended Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, for three years, and then married Eunice Bullard, the prim daughter of a New England Puritan family he had visited while at Amherst. At the age of twenty-four, he began his ecclesiastical career as a rural pastor in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he swept out the church, built the fires, and preached violently against drunkenness and the Devil to a tiny congregation. From there he went to Indianapolis, where he continued his battle against vice. His peculiar appeal for women—after he came East, it was to bring him an average of a hundred lovesick letters a day—had already begun to manifest itself. A young girl who lived next door to the Beechers in Indianapolis remembered him years later as "a great, good-natured, talented, romping booby of a boy" and recalled "many a romp on summer evenings," when "girls and preacher rushed pellmell after each other around the parsonage, and Mr. Beecher stationed himself at the rain barrel and, using his straw hat for a dipper, baptized the girls thoroughly, though quite independently of the ceremonies of the church." In 1847, Beecher accepted Bowen's invitation, which was bolstered by dozens of persuasive letters, and moved to Brooklyn, bringing with him his wife and their three children. Six more children were born in Brooklyn.

At the time the Beechers arrived, Brooklyn was growing tremendously. In the first half of the century, its population jumped from fourteen hundred to a hundred thousand. Some of the finest houses in the East were rising on the Brooklyn shore of the Bay, for in 1814, when steam ferries were put in service to connect the community with the lower tip of Manhattan, many bankers, brokers, and merchants had started moving to Brooklyn Heights. In contrast to the bustle of Manhattan, life on the Heights was orderly and simple. Families went to bed early, except on evenings when there were church gatherings. Soon after Beecher arrived, Plymouth Church became a center of Brooklyn's social life.

During their first few weeks in Brooklyn, the Beechers stayed with Bowen and his wife, who lived in one of the best houses on the Heights—a spacious, colonnaded Colonial mansion that covered half a block on Willow Street. They then moved into a three-story frame house on Columbia Heights, four blocks from the church. On the ground floor in front was an old-fashioned parlor with panelled walls, and in back, overlooking the Bay, was Beecher's study, with a large, flat-top desk, flanked by several high-backed chairs, in its center. Beecher would begin his day at six, often seeing visitors before his usual breakfast of Spanish mackerel and coffee. He would write and read all morning, and in the afternoon, from two to four, see more visitors. Strangers and friends alike received the full benefit of his expansive sympathy, which he called "love without stint." There were always at least half a dozen visitors waiting at two o'clock, and from time to time Beecher would emerge from his study, like a doctor, to usher the next supplicant in with a hearty "How are you, old fellow?"

Mrs. Beecher not only ran the house but took care of her husband's finances and business mail, which left him free to devote his full energies to ministering. A forbearing woman without humor, whom Brooklynites secretly called the Griffin, she was scarcely the perfect mate for so exuberant and effusive a man. She was both jealous and contemptuous of the emotional response he aroused so easily in other women, and he was apparently quite well aware of her attitude. One Sunday shortly after he began paying extraministerial attentions to Mrs. Bowen, he preached a sermon on the subject of marriage. "Domestic unhappiness comes from the fact that people do not know or do not enough recognize the peculiarities of each other's natures," he said, and went on to speak of the difficulties that ensue when "a flaming, demonstrative nature" has to deal with "a cool, undemonstrative" one. There could be little doubt that the pastor was a lonely man at home.

When Beecher came to Brooklyn, Theodore Tilton was twelve years old, a tall and extremely handsome youth, with Grecian features and soft, expressive eyes. The son of a shoemaker who came from an old Leicestershire family, he was born in New York in 1835. He joined the Plymouth Church congregation when he was eighteen. After leaving the Free Academy, the forerunner of the College of the City of New York (a classmate described him as "having an intensity both at work and play that was frightful"), he became a reporter for Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* and rapidly gained a reputation as one of the city's most promising young journalists; later, he switched to the New York *Observer*. Tilton much admired the freewheeling style of Beecher's sermons and took down whole sections of them verbatim (he was an expert at shorthand) in reporting them for the *Observer*. Beecher, who had a well-developed appreciation of the value of publicity, was delighted to have such an enthusiastic amanuensis. Another of Beecher's young parishioners was Elizabeth Richards, who was a schoolmate of one of his children. It was looked upon as a most felicitous occasion all around when, in 1855, Tilton and Miss Richards were married in Plymouth Church. Long afterward, Beecher remembered them as "one of the fairest pairs I ever married." While not really beautiful, Miss Richards, a serious, sentimental, religious-minded girl who weighed scarcely a hundred pounds, had lustrous dark eyes, dark hair that she wore in ringlets, and a small face that glowed when her feelings were stirred.

The following spring, Bowen offered Tilton a job as assistant editor of the *Independent*. A "family" religious paper, the *Independent* jousted against all forms of vice and corruption, and Tilton, who had just refused a posi-

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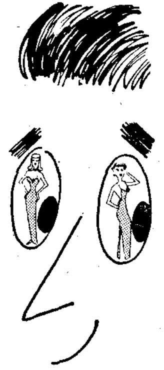

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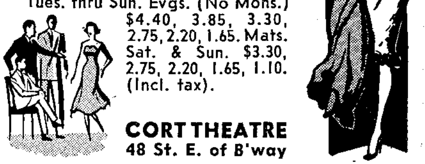
tion on another newspaper because he would not work on Sunday, proved to be just the man for the job. It was his idea to print Beecher's sermons in full, a policy that vastly increased the minister's following and raised his stock as a lecturer. Tilton also broadened the *Independent's* scope to include poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and articles on social and political questions by such intellectual leaders as Wendell Phillips, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, William M. Evarts, William Lloyd Garrison, Greeley, and the Hungarian patriot Kossuth. He contributed editorials that showed him to be an ardent Abolitionist and a supporter of women's rights, and wrote poetry, too—chiefly love poems and poems for children.

Tilton and Beecher worked closely together, and every Wednesday, after they had read the proofs of Beecher's sermons in the *Independent's* offices in Manhattan, they would ramble for hours among the city's bookshops and picture galleries. Thinking it all over one midnight in 1865, Tilton sat down and wrote to his pastor:

> My friend, from my boyhood up you have been to me what no other man has been—what no other man can be.... The intimacy with which you have honored me for twelve years has been (next to my wife and family) the chief affection of my life.... You are my minister, teacher, father, brother, friend, companion. The debt I owe you I can never pay.... Whether you had been high or low, great or common, I believe that my heart, knowing its mate, would have loved you exactly the same.... Our friendship is yet of the earth, earthly, but it shall one day stand uplifted above mortality, safe, without scar or flaw, without a breath to blot or a suspicion to endanger it.

That was a fair example of the epistolary style of the day.

One thing marred this friendship: Mrs. Beecher hated Tilton. She knew he had influenced her husband to support liberal causes that she violently disapproved of and thought were none of his business, such as the right of women to vote. In 1861, one of the Beechers' sons, an officer in the Army, was cashiered for having taken part in a barroom brawl, and Tilton took it upon himself to get him another commission—a favor that Beecher appreciated but that his wife deeply resented as an intrusion into their private affairs. After that, Tilton never entered the Beechers' house when she was there, and she never entered his. Beecher, however, continued to visit the Tiltons freely. He loved their place—a rambling and comfortable house with a wide, columned porch, winding staircases at both front



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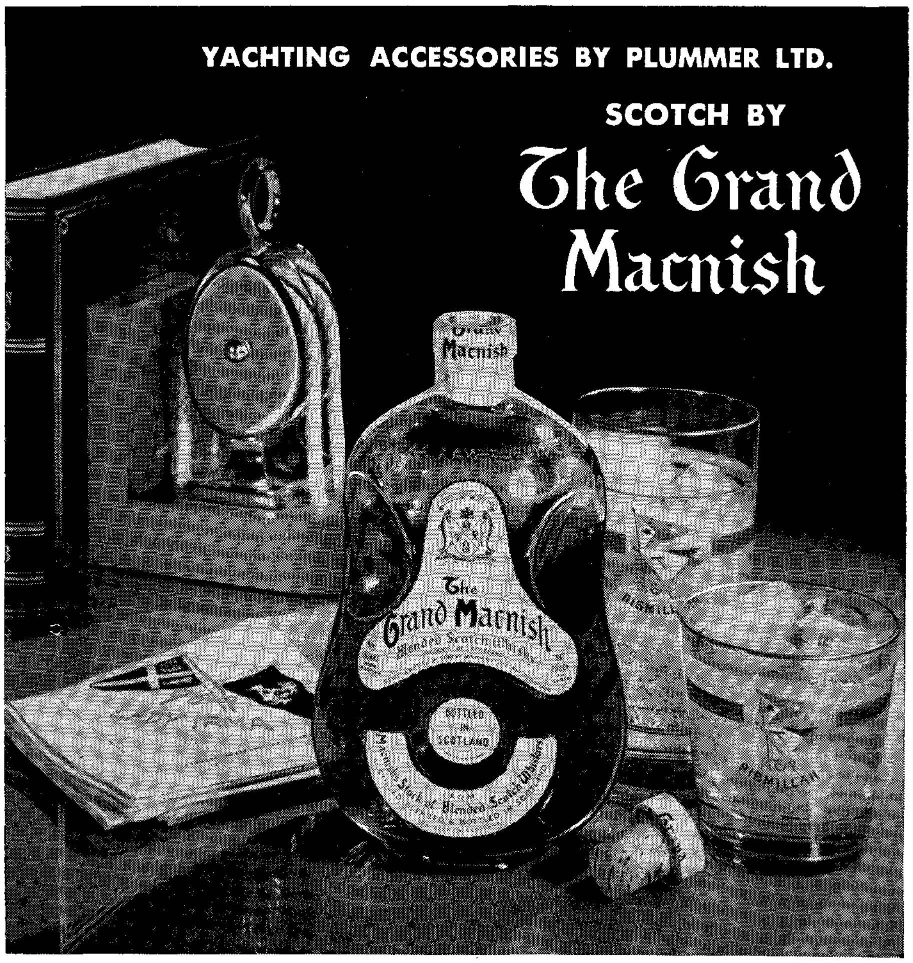
and back, and an elegant parlor, in which distinguished guests like Greeley and John G. Whittier often held forth. Pieces of devotional art were scattered all over the place, giving callers a good idea of Mrs. Tilton's outlook on life. "Oh, Theodore, God might strip all other gifts from me if he would only give me a wife like Elizabeth and a home like yours!" Beecher once said to Tilton. He was not reticent about his dissatisfaction with his own home, and often talked with the Tiltons about "the hungry needs" of his heart. Tilton kept inviting him over, and once, when the preacher politely begged off, chided him for his "neglect," adding, "There is one little woman down at my house that loves you more than you have any idea of." During the winters, Tilton was out of the city a good deal of the time, for he, too, was in demand as a lecturer, but his absence had no effect on the frequency of Beecher's visits. The pastor was writing a novel called "Norwood," and he wanted to read each chapter to someone as he went along. Mrs. Tilton was pleased and proud to listen. One passage, dealing with the romantic thoughts of Rose Wentworth, the heroine, about her husband, read:

> It would seem as if, while her whole life centered upon his love, she could hide the precious secret by flinging over it vines and flowers, by mirth and raillery, as a bird hides its nest under tufts of grass, and behind leaves and vines, as a fence against prying eyes.

LONG before she had a precious secret to hide with vines and flowers, Mrs. Tilton was writing some singularly revealing letters to her husband as he travelled about the countryside, from New England to the "Far West" of Iowa and Minnesota. In December, 1866, addressing him as "My Own True Mate," she wrote:

> My beloved, I have been thinking of my love for Mr. B. considerably of late, and those thoughts you shall have.... Now, I think I have lived a richer, happier life since I have known him. And have you not loved me more ardently since you saw [that] another high nature appreciated me? It is not possible for any human creature to supersede you in my heart.... But to return to Mr. B. He has been the guide of our youth.... During these early years, the mention of his name, to meet him, or, better still, a visit from him, my cheek would flush with pleasure—an experience common to all his parishioners of both sexes. It is not strange, then, darling, that on a more intimate acquaintance my delight and pleasure should increase. Of course, I realize what attracts you both to me is a supposed purity of soul you find in me. Therefore it is that never before have I had such wrestlings with God, that He would reveal Himself to me.... It is true that I live in an agony of soul daily;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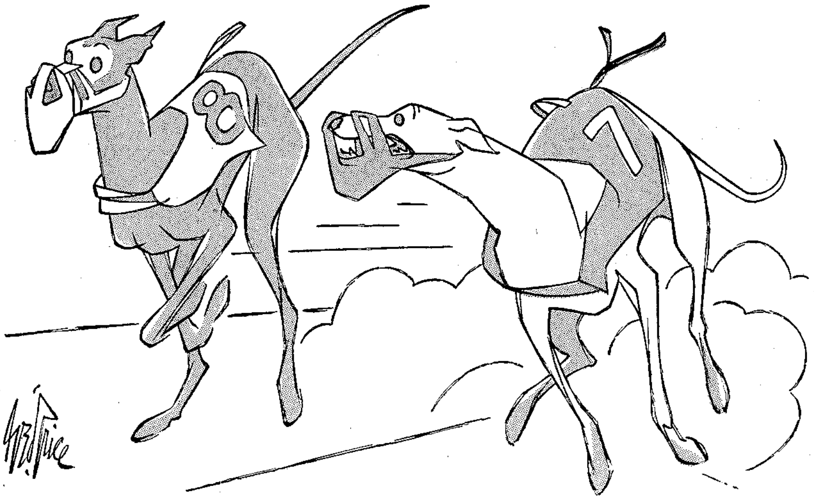
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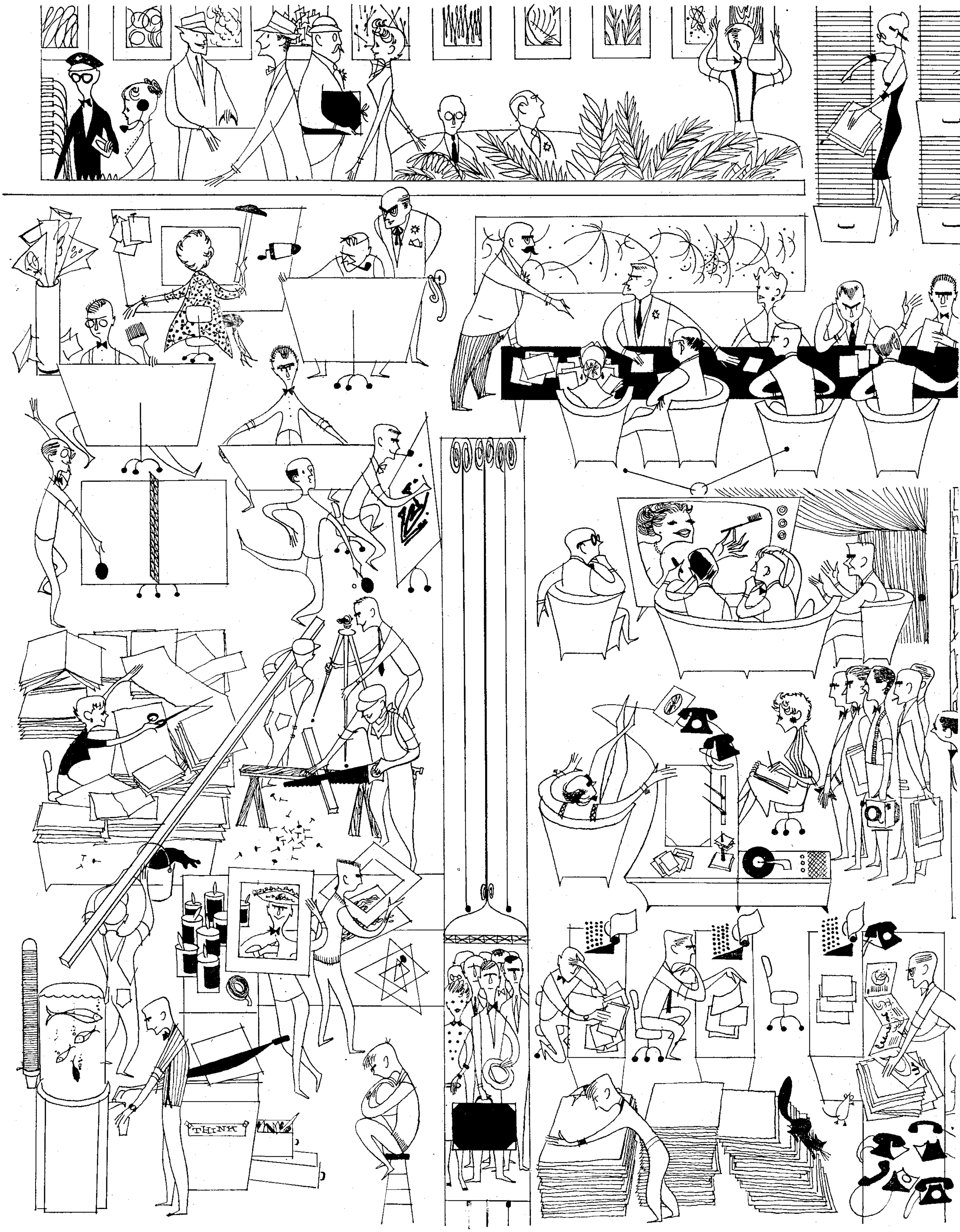
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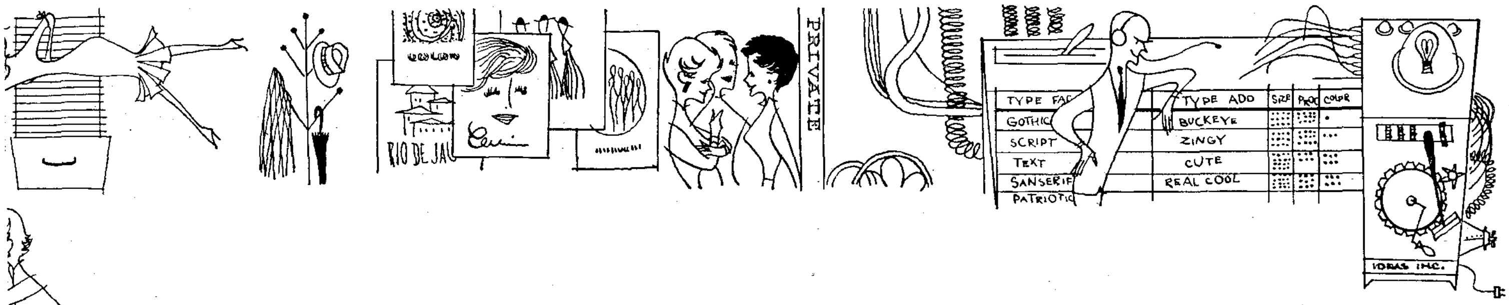

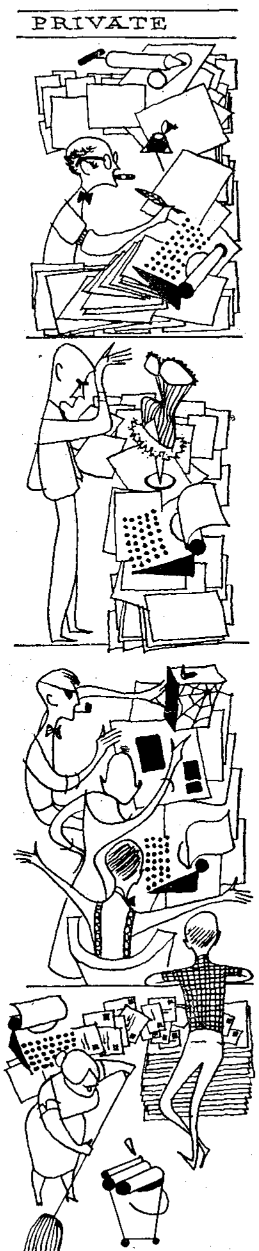

# Dear to us always,
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You know them all . . . from the pretty blonde at the reception desk to the last late-working lad in the mail room . . . for these are your people and this is your stage . . . if you are *in* advertising — or employ it.

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In the last 12 months Campbell-Ewald has added 22 new men and women to its creative staff alone. One was an automobile dealer. One ran a retail store in a medium-sized city. One was a publicity director. One ran his own agency for twelve years. One owned and operated a radio station in a small town. One was an artist, one a teacher, one worked in a brewery!

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SCHEME TOO!!!
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Happy Returns

Way back in July, 1952, a large manufacturer of air conditioning equipment wrote us. He said he was happy with the coupon returns from his first four advertisements in Nation's Business and that we were, at the moment, some 50 percent ahead in returns against the next magazine he was using.

More than a year later, he was nice enough to write us again. His letter quoted a lot of figures, which we have no right to pass on to you, so we won't. But he did say we were the best magazine on his list, and by that, of course, he meant the most productive.

This year, in April to be exact, we heard from him again. He told us he is happy about the whole thing, that he has received several hundred inquiries already and that "this is a better return so far than any other publication in our current campaign."

We can hardly wait for 1955. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

> nevertheless, I am profoundly happy in my privileges, opportunities, and blessings.

A month later:

> Mr. B. called Saturday. He came tired and gloomy, but he said I had the most calming and peaceful influence over him. . . . I believe he loves you. We talked of you. . . . It would make me very happy if you could look in upon us without his knowing it.
>
> The children are passing through the stages of the hooping cough very comfortably—thanks to homeopathy. . . .

And then:

> Oh, how my soul yearns over you two dear men! . . . I commit you both to God's love. . . . Why I was so mysteriously brought in as actor in this friendship, I know not, yet no experience of all my life has made my soul ache so verily. . . . I do love him very dearly, and I do love you supremely, utterly, believe it. Perhaps if I by God's grace keep myself white, I may bless you both. I am striving. God bless this trinity!

Eight months before she surrendered her last defenses to Beecher, she wrote to Tilton:

> About eleven o'clock today, Mr. B. called. Now, beloved, let not even the shadow of a *shadow* fall on your dear heart because of this, now, henceforth, or forever. He cannot by *any possibility* be much to me, since I have known you. . . . Do not think it audacious [of] me to say I am to him a good deal. . . . You once told me you did not believe that I gave you a correct account of his visits, and you always felt that I repressed much. Sweet, do you still believe this? I strive in my poor word-painting to give you the *spirit* and impression which I give him, and he [gives] me. It would be my supreme wish and delight to have you *always with me*. This trinity of friendship I pray for always.

Tilton, moving around from hotel to hotel, seems, not incomprehensibly, to have been beset by doubts from the start. In 1866, discussing a plan to have his wife meet him while he was on tour (the plan did not work out, as it happened), he wrote to her from Dubuque:

> I don't expect . . . to be lonesome much longer, for I am to meet you in Chicago. Now that the *other* man has gone off lecturing (as your letter mentions) you can afford to come to *me*. . . . Leave home, children, kith, and kin, and cleave unto him to whom you originally promised to cleave. You promised the *other* man to cleave to *me*, and yet you leave *me all alone* and cleave to *him*. "O Frailty! thy name is woman!" If you can get anybody to pour tea for you, and to take sauce from the servants, and to receive pastoral visits, I shall expect to meet you . . .

Tilton, whose religious upbringing had been strictly doctrinaire, was also troubled because he was beginning to experience inner doubts about his feeling for the church. He wrote at length to his wife on the subject of his diminishing faith in the divinity of Christ, and signed himself "Your Heterodox Husband." In another letter, he wrote that "the old religious teachings, the orthodox view, the dread of punishment, the atonement, have less and less power over my mind." Tilton's growing apostasy was intensely painful to his wife, whose devoutness prevented her from even receiving guests or allowing her children to play with toys on church days. She had always wanted her husband to become a clergyman, and Tilton himself once remarked to a friend that she should have married a minister, adding, "I think she regarded Mr. Beecher almost as though Jesus Christ Himself had walked in." Shortly before she stepped over the line into adultery with Beecher, she and her husband outdid each other in letters of self-recrimination. Tilton saw himself as "a hypocrite, a deceiver," and his wife wrote back, "I am haunted night and day by the remorse of knowing that, because of my harshness and indifference to you, you were driven to despair—perhaps sin. . . . I am the chief of sinners!!"

How close to sin Tilton may have been driven was never made certain, although when the scandal broke, Beecher's allies did their best to prove that it had been pretty close. They claimed that the seventeen-year-old daughter of a congressman had accompanied Tilton to Winsted, Connecticut, where he gave a lecture, and that employees of his hotel there said that they saw the girl and Tilton sitting together in front of a fire and that her dress was undone. Tilton denied it. "I never saw her with her dress unbuttoned," he declared. On the other hand, Mrs. Tilton testified at the first church council arising out of the scandal that her husband had once told her he wouldn't hesitate to take up with a woman while off on lecture tours, if he felt like it. The phrase "free love" was just coming into common use, and although Tilton characterized it in an article he wrote as "a beautiful term designating a revolting thing," he was much in favor of liberalizing the divorce laws. In an open letter to Horace Greeley, he declared that "I would no more permit the law of the land to enchain me to a woman whom I did not love, or who did not love me, than I would permit the same law to handcuff me as a slave to a master on a plantation."

At the time of Mrs. Tilton's confession, the Tiltons had living with them, in addition to their own four children, a girl named Bessie Turner—"a little waif of a thing," Tilton called her—who had been commended to the Tiltons' care by one of Mrs. Tilton's old Sunday-school teachers. Bessie had joined the household in 1864, at the age of thirteen. She stayed ten years, and by the time she left, she was a handsome, self-possessed young woman. Her account at the trial of Tilton's conduct around the house was highly damaging to him. Bessie said that Mrs. Tilton had "a lovely and amiable disposition" and was always ready to indulge her husband's whims—offering him small, choice oysters at breakfast, and producing his slippers at night—while Tilton was "a very selfish man, very hard, very fastidious, very difficult to please, very dogmatical in his manner, very irritable and unsociable in his disposition." Tilton, said Bessie, had a way of wandering through the house in his night clothes, taking pictures from the walls and rehanging them in different places, and would go "from one bed to the other, trying all the beds in the house before he could make up his mind which one he would sleep on." Twice, she continued, he chased her out of her bed so that he and his wife could occupy it, saying to Mrs. Tilton, "Darling, suppose we try Bessie's bed a little while." One night in 1867, according to Bessie, Tilton came to her bedside and "stroked my forehead and my hair and said . . . how nice and soft my flesh was. . . . 'Why, Bessie, my dear, you are painfully modest,' he says. 'Why, those caresses, those are all right; people in the best society do all those things, and it is perfectly proper.' And I said I could not help what they did in the best class of society; that I had my own ideas of what was proper and what was modest. . . . He then laid down, and asked me if . . . I would not like to be married. I said that I supposed when the time came—the right man came along—perhaps I would get married. But . . . there was one thing very sure, I didn't think I would ever have a literary man for a husband." Tilton denied all Bessie's accusations as "pure fiction," but a fair-sized section of the public felt that what she said was too graphic to be written off as simply the product of a young girl's imagination. Another fair-sized section of the public suspected, however, that she had been coached by Beecher's friends to attribute to Tilton the same language and techniques that he attributed to the pastor.

IN August, 1868, when the Tiltons' infant son Paul died of cholera, Mrs. Tilton felt more than ever in need of Beecher's consoling presence. She and the pastor first committed adultery on October 10th of that year, a date she described in her diary as "A Day

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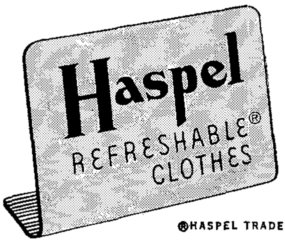

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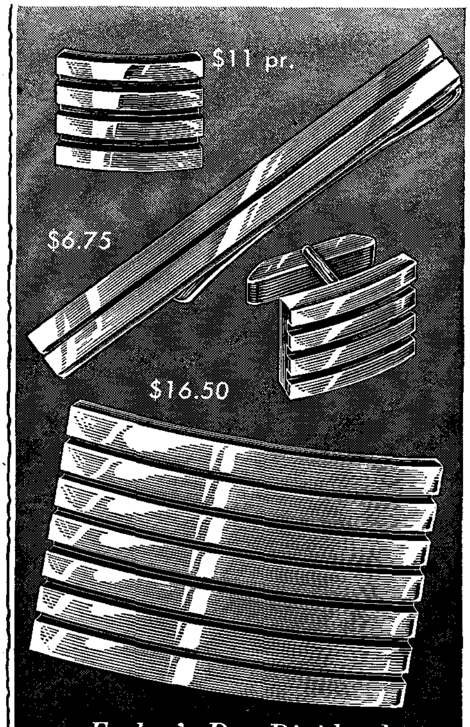
Memorable." During five weeks in 1869 when Tilton was absent, Beecher called at the house twelve times. He and Mrs. Tilton went shopping together, and he gave her a variety of presents, which Tilton later discovered locked in a closet. They included perfumes, fancy soaps, stationery, a picture of Mary holding the body of Christ, a collection of photographs of Beecher, and copies of some of his books, among them a new edition of his "Sermons." In the spring of 1870, when Tilton was away again, Beecher publicly took Mrs. Tilton driving in his buggy. Their adulterous relations had become infrequent, Mrs. Tilton subsequently told her husband, but Beecher was always persistent. Despite Beecher's reassurances, Mrs. Tilton was no longer convinced, as she had once been, *that those relations were divine and proper.*

When, on the eve of the Fourth of July, Mrs. Tilton returned from the country and confessed to her husband, she spoke, as he later told a friend, in "words of religious emotion" that left him "just blasted." "Both of us spent the night alone in the midst of this nightmare. In the morning, I went early to my office in the Brooklyn Union Building, but I could not write. At last I said, 'That man is growing old. I will punish him only to this extent—Elizabeth shall go and tell him that I know from her own lips which pattern of godliness he is.' " Having thus decided to be "in my secret self a conqueror," Tilton said, "for two weeks I lived in a kind of ecstasy. The greatness of the temptation I had put away—the magnanimity of the life I was leading, the sacrifice—made me radiant, so that I wrote without labor."

Mrs. Tilton promised that she would tell Beecher about her confession, and went back to Schoharie. Early in August, when Tilton was away, she returned to the house on Livingston Street and sent a message to Beecher, who was spending part of the summer on a farm he owned near Peekskill, asking him to come to her at once. Beecher hurried down from Peekskill. He found Mrs. Tilton lying on a sofa in a room on the second floor. "She seemed to me like one that wanted to talk, and didn't," he said later. "I then prayed with her . . ." Mrs. Tilton could not bring herself to confess her confession, and after their prayers, Beecher left. He called again the next day, but she was too upset even to see him, so he took the train back to Peekskill, and presently went to the White Mountains, where he was accustomed to stay two months



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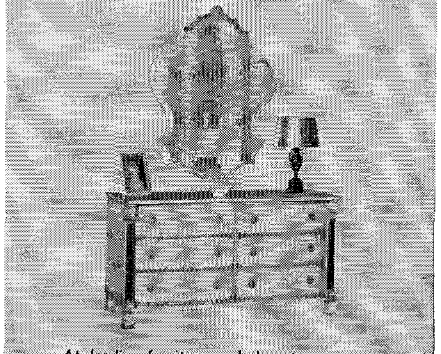

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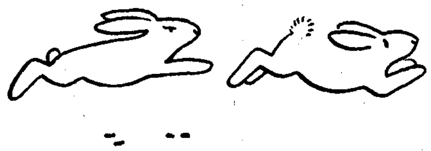
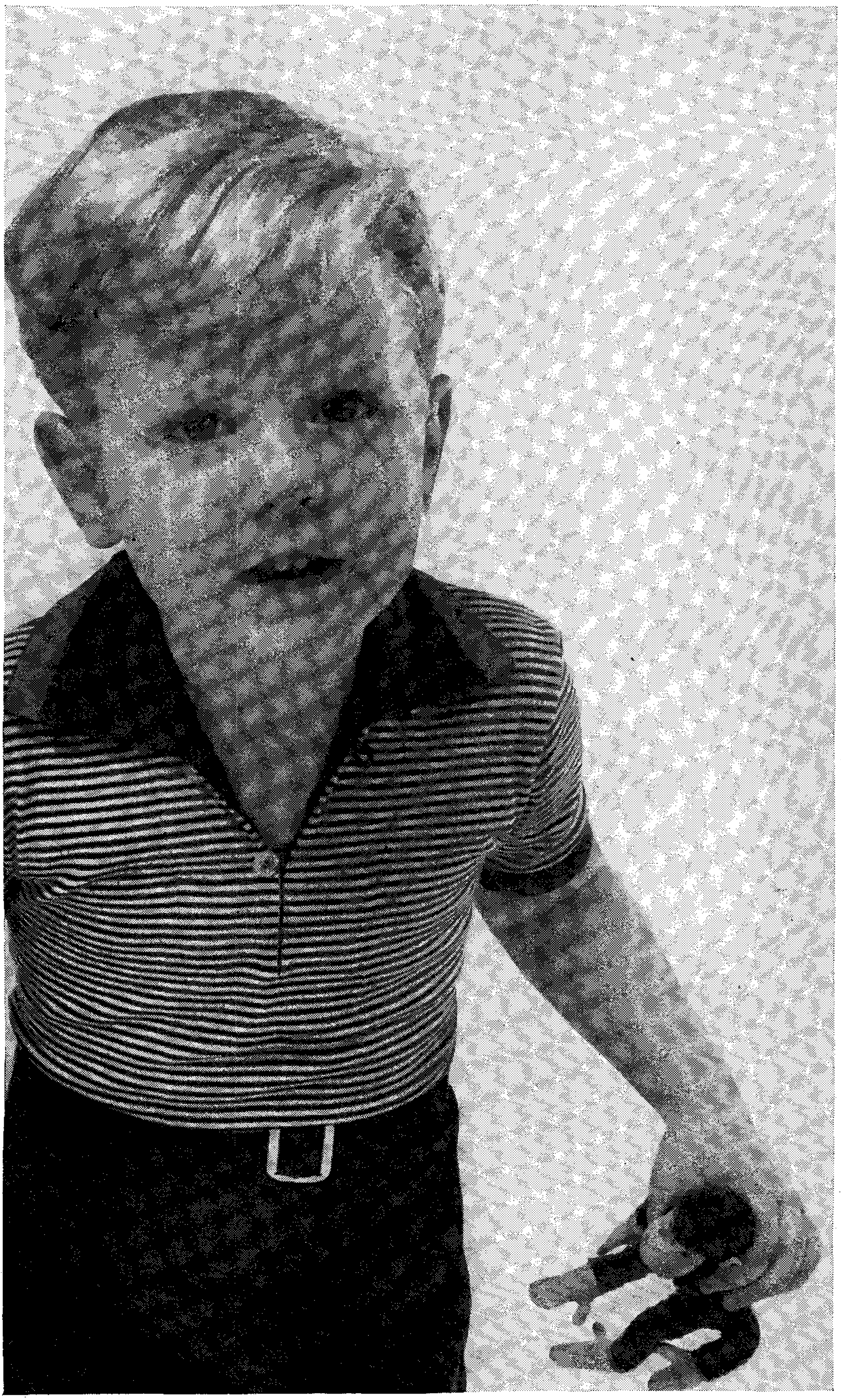
every summer because he suffered from hay fever.

Tilton spent most of that summer brooding alone in Brooklyn. As time went on, he lost the feeling of ecstasy that had followed his decision to say nothing and have his wife reveal his knowledge to Beecher; the affront to his pride abraded him more and more. Finally, he went to see two old friends—first, Oliver Johnson, a man of the highest probity and character, who was associated with him on the *Independent*, and then Martha Bradshaw, who was a deaconess of Plymouth Church—and unburdened himself to them, relying (with reason, as it turned out) on their discretion and silence. They were the first outsiders to hear the story. The next people to hear it were three ladies of equally staunch character—Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Laura Curtis Bullard, all of them active feminists with whom Mrs. Tilton had been associated in the fight for women's rights. One evening in the fall, Mrs. Bullard and Mrs. Stanton went out to dinner with Tilton while Miss Anthony stayed in the Livingston Street house with Mrs. Tilton, who was feeling ill and nervous. At dinner, Tilton emphatically told Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Bullard what he thought of Beecher. "Oh, that that damned lecherous scoundrel should have defiled my bed . . . and at the same time have professed to be my best friend!" he cried, according to Mrs. Stanton's account of the incident. "Had he come like a man to me and confessed his guilt, I could perhaps have endured it, but to have him creep like a snake into my house, leaving his pollution behind him, and I so blind as not to see, and esteeming him all the while as a saint!" At eleven o'clock, Tilton returned home alone. Miss Anthony later said that when Tilton appeared, he grew so angry over some remark about the lateness of the hour that he seemed about to strike his wife. She said that she stayed with Mrs. Tilton all that night, and that Mrs. Tilton had tearfully told her about her infidelity. The sixth person to learn of the adultery was Mrs. Tilton's mother, a notably violent and unstable woman, who was confided in by her daughter. On the spot, apparently, she gave way to an automatic maternal reaction and shut her mind to her daughter's fall from grace. Instead, she





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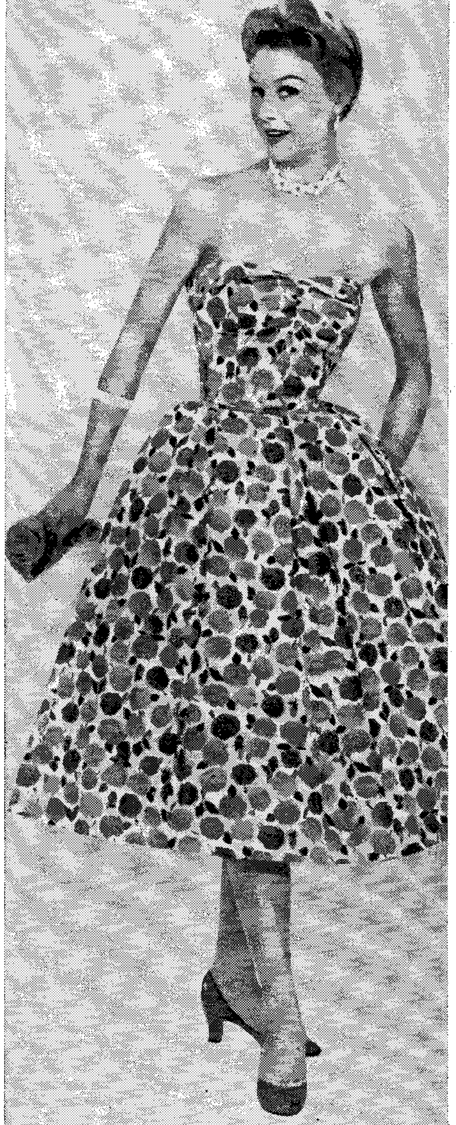

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set about destroying her son-in-law's reputation, and enlisted Bessie Turner's aid in spreading gossip about Tilton's alleged infidelities around town.

In October, 1870, Mrs. Tilton fled from her troubles to the house of some friends in Marietta, Ohio. From there she wrote a letter to her husband that supporters of Beecher ultimately found highly embarrassing. It read, in part:

> For the agony which the revelation has caused *you*, my cries ascend to Heaven night and day that upon mine own head all the anguish may fall. . . . Even so, every word, look or intimation against Mr. B., though I be in no wise brought in, is an agony beyond the piercing of myself a hundred times. His position and his good name are dear to me. Once again I implore you for your children's sake, to whom you have a duty in this matter, that *my past* be buried—left with me and my God.

Mrs. Tilton returned home early in November. On the twenty-fourth of December, she had a miscarriage and took to her bed. It was not to be a pleasant or tranquil holiday season for Tilton, either. On the day after Christmas, Bowen, who had been listening with considerable alarm to the incandescent gossip being disseminated by Mrs. Tilton's mother, remarked to Tilton that he had not been attending church much lately. At this, Tilton lost control of himself and told Bowen that he would never again attend Plymouth Church. He went on to explain why; Beecher, he said, had been guilty of "improper behavior" toward Mrs. Tilton. All at once, Bowen saw the opportunity he had long been waiting for to avenge himself on Beecher. He immediately joined in Tilton's attack on Beecher, charging the pastor with, among other things, having seized a well-known lady writer, "thrown her upon the sofa, and accomplished upon her his deviltry, then left her," and wound up by shouting, "You ought to proceed against him instantly!" After some wavering, Tilton wrote the following note and asked Bowen to deliver it to Beecher:

> DECEMBER 26, 1870,
> BROOKLYN
>
> HENRY WARD BEECHER:
> SIR:
>
> I demand that, for reasons which you explicitly understand, you immediately cease from the ministry of Plymouth Church, and that you quit the City of Brooklyn as a residence.
>
> THEODORE TILTON

At five o'clock that afternoon, Bowen handed Beecher the note and watched him intently as he read it. "This is sheer insanity—this man is crazy!" Beecher exclaimed. To Bowen this reaction was either a remarkable bit of acting

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or, more likely (as he testified later), evidence of genuine amazement. In any case, he instantly reversed his field and pledged his support to Beecher. After all, he no longer had much liking for his editor—there were the maledictions of his mother-in-law, which were bad for circulation, and Tilton's admitted doubts about religious doctrine, which were even worse—and it seems quite clear that he was not averse to goading both men into destroying each other. Now he joined in Beecher's attack on Tilton. Five days later, he fired Tilton from both his jobs.

On the night of December 26th, Tilton told his wife about the letter he had sent to Beecher. He also told his closest friend, Frank Moulton, a well-to-do Manhattan importer who lived, with his wife, Emma, in a house on Remsen Street, not far from the Tiltons'. Mrs. Tilton was distressed at the prospect of an open clash between her husband and Beecher. Because she was still confined to bed by her miscarriage, she asked Tilton to bring Beecher to the house, so the three of them could talk the whole thing over. Tilton refused, and on December 29th, in desperation, she finally did what she had been trying for six months to bring herself to do: She wrote a letter to Beecher telling him that she had confessed to her husband. She gave the letter to Tilton, who carried it around with him until the evening of the next day, when he took it to Moulton's house, entrusted it to his friend for safekeeping, and asked him if he would call on Beecher and bring him back with him. Moulton, a tall, red-haired, striking-looking man of thirty-three who had a high sense of rectitude, reached the Beechers' house just as the preacher was about to leave for his weekly Friday-night prayer meeting. Moulton was not a member of Plymouth Church and knew Beecher only casually. As Beecher greeted him, he said, "Mr. Beecher, Mr. Theodore Tilton is at my house and wishes to see you."

Beecher replied, "This is prayer-meeting night; I cannot go to see him."

"Well," Moulton said, "he wants to see you with regard to your relations with his family, and with regard to the letter that he has sent to you through Mr. Bowen. You better send somebody down to your prayer meeting for you."

After thinking the matter over for a moment or two, Beecher sent his excuses to his prayer meeting. The two men walked to Moulton's house, and Moulton led Beecher into a room on

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the second floor, where Tilton was waiting. "I have brought Mr. Beecher at your request," Moulton said, and then bowed and went downstairs to his parlor to wait.

Both Tilton's and Beecher's later accounts of the meeting agree that neither of them greeted the other. The minister crossed the room without speaking and sat down in an easy chair. Tilton, also without speaking, walked to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he took a seat directly opposite Beecher. "I presume, sir," he began, "that you received from me a few days ago, through Mr. Bowen, a letter demanding your retirement from your pulpit and from the City of Brooklyn?"

"I did," Beecher said.

Tilton paused. "I have called you here tonight in order to say to you that you may consider that letter unwritten—unsent—blotted out—no longer in existence." Beecher bowed his head and murmured his thanks. "Your thanks should not go to me but to Elizabeth," said Tilton. "It is in her behalf that I hold this interview, and whatever I shall say here or in consequence of this meeting is not for your sake, nor for my sake, but for her sake." What took place next was the subject of considerable argument four years later at the trial. Tilton swore that he read Beecher extracts from Mrs. Tilton's letter, which he had jotted down on the back of the envelope before turning over the original to Moulton. In the letter, he declared, Mrs. Tilton had written "that . . . there had been during a long course of years a friendship between herself and her pastor; that this friendship . . . had been in later years more than friendship, it had been love; that it had been more than love, it had been sexual intimacy; that this sexual intimacy had begun shortly after the death of her son Paul; that she had been in a tender frame of mind consequent upon that bereavement; that she had received much consolation during that shadow on our house from her pastor; that she had made a visit to his house while she was still suffering from that sorrow, and that there, on the 10th of October, 1868, she had surrendered her body to him in sexual embrace; that she had repeated such an act the following Saturday evening at her own residence; that she . . . repeated such acts at various times . . . from the fall of 1868 to the spring of 1870." For his part, Beecher swore that Tilton had charged no more than that "I had . . . insinuated myself into his family, and . . . in a sense superseded him and had taken his place, so that in matters of religious doctrine and in matters of the bringing up of his children and of the household, his wife looked to me rather than to him; that I had caused her to transfer her affections from him to me in an inordinate measure . . . that I had corrupted Elizabeth, teaching her to lie, to deceive him, and hide under fair appearances her friendship to me . . . that I had made overtures to her of an improper character." These antithetical statements were never resolved, for the letter in question could not be introduced into evidence; it had been destroyed three years before the trial, at a moment when it had seemed that the scandal would be hushed up for the benefit of all concerned. Beecher was aware of the destruction.

As the interview in Moulton's house terminated, Beecher asked Tilton's permission to visit Mrs. Tilton for what he said would be the last time. Tilton hesitated, and then consented. He told Beecher she was sick and heartbroken, and warned him not to "chide her" for writing the letter. "If you smite her with a word, I will smite you in a tenfold degree," he added. Moulton accompanied the preacher to the Tiltons' house and left him at the front door. The Tiltons' housekeeper let Beecher in, and he went up to Mrs. Tilton's room. Mrs. Tilton, who was under a nurse's care, lay upon her bed, "white as marble, with closed eyes, as in a trance, and with her hands upon her bosom, palm to palm, like one in prayer," Beecher later recalled. He drew a chair up to her bedside. This is the way he was to describe the scene in court, weeping as he spoke:

> I said to her: "Elizabeth, I have just seen your husband. . . . He has been making many statements to me, and charges, and he has sent me to you in respect to some of them, that you should verify them." I then said: "He has charged me with alienating your affections from him. He has charged me that I have corrupted your simplicity and your truthfulness. He has also charged me with attempting improprieties. . . . Are these things so, Elizabeth?" She— There was the faintest quiver, and tears trickled down her cheek, but no answer. . . . And she opened her eyes and said: "My friend, I could not help it." "Could not help it, Elizabeth! Why could you not help it? You know that these things are not true." "Oh, Mr. Beecher," said she, "I was wearied out. . . . He made me think that if I would confess love for you, it would help him to confess to me his alien affections," or words to that effect. "But," I said to her, "Elizabeth, this is a charge of attempting improper things. You know that that is not true." "Yes, it is not true," she says, "but what can I do?" "Do! You can take it back again." She hesitated, and I did not understand her hesitation. "Why can you not take it

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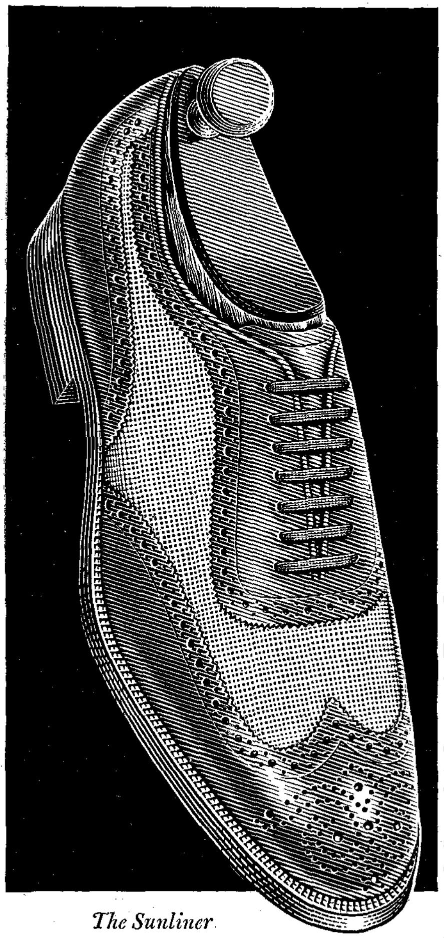

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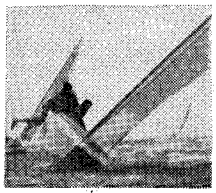
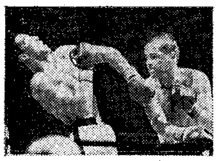




back? It is not true.” She said something about she would be willing to do it if it could be done without injury to her husband, which I did not at all understand. “But,” said I, “you ought to give me a written retraction of that written charge.”

Beecher swore that Mrs. Tilton then “raised herself” and without any help from him wrote the following note; she, however, later said that he had dictated it:

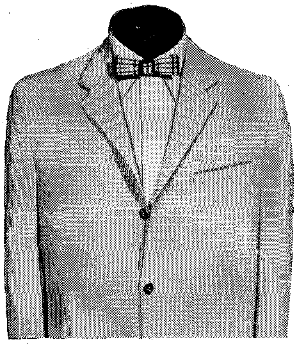
> Wearied with importunities, and weakened by sickness, I gave a letter inculpating my friend, Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to do it, almost forced, when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret it and recall its statements. E.R.T.

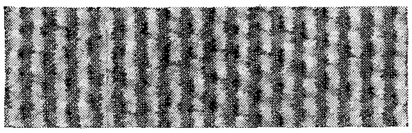
It was almost ten o'clock when Beecher left Mrs. Tilton and went back to Moulton's place. Moulton accompanied Beecher to his home, but Beecher said nothing about the retraction in his pocket.

Around midnight, Tilton returned to the house on Livingston Street, and the nurse heard him arguing with his wife. Mrs. Tilton never denied that she voluntarily wrote the following letter that night:

> DECEMBER 30, 1870—MIDNIGHT
>
> MY DEAR HUSBAND:
>
> I desire to leave with you before going to sleep a statement that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher called upon me this evening, asked me if I would defend him against any accusation in a council of ministers, and I replied solemnly that I would, in case the accuser was any other but my husband. He (H.W.B.) dictated a letter, which I copied as my own, to be used by him against any other accuser except my husband. This letter was designed to vindicate Mr. Beecher against all other persons save only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter because he said with pain that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29, “had struck him dead and ended his usefulness.”
>
> You and I both are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxieties. Affectionately,
>
> ELIZABETH

THE role played by Moulton, who became famous as the Mutual Friend in the Beecher-Tilton case, was prompted by his conviction that if the truth became known, “a great national calamity would ensue,” which “would tend to undermine the very foundations of social order” and “lay low a beneficent power for good in our country.” To avoid this, Moulton strove for four years to save both Beecher and Tilton “from the consequences of their acts, whether of unwisdom or passion.” He got his next chance to help on the morning after the multiple events of December 30th, when Mrs. Tilton





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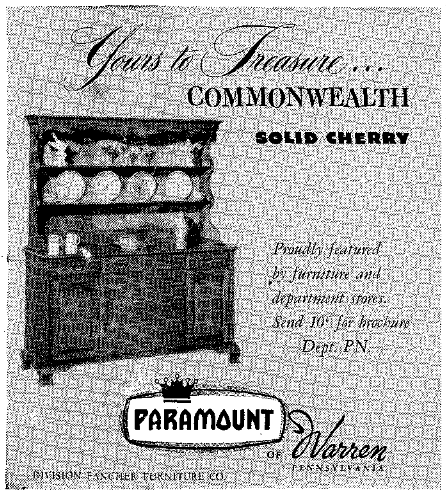

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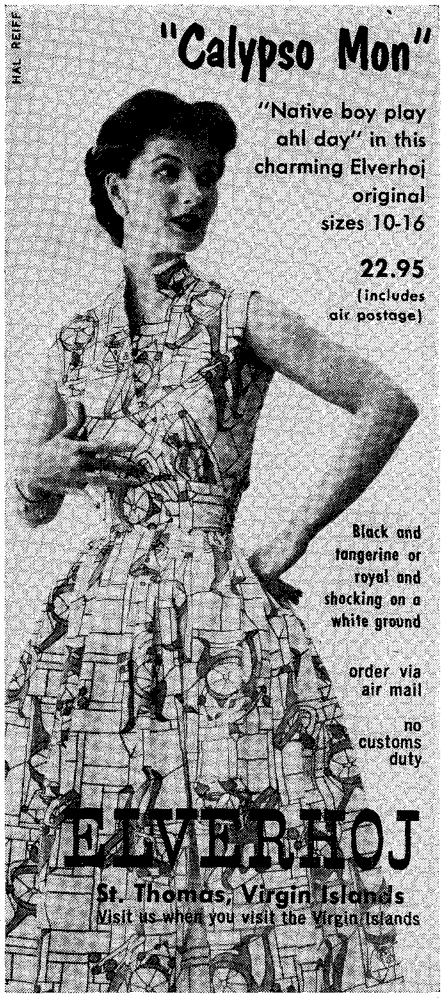

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wrote him a note from her sickbed and asked him to try to get back from Beecher the retraction she had written. She said she wanted to burn it. That evening after dinner, Moulton went around to Beecher's house. He had in his pocket a small pistol, which he always carried because his business obliged him to make frequent trips into the rough areas of the New York docks. He told Beecher, "I think you have been guilty of a great meanness in getting the permission of a husband to visit his house and then going there to his wife and procuring from her what you know to be a lie." Here Moulton took his pistol out of his pocket, laid it on his knee, and patted it. Beecher protested that the retraction would be his only defense if Tilton brought formal charges against him, but after declaring himself to be "on the brink of a moral Niagara" he handed it over, as a means of helping Moulton keep Tilton quiet. Beecher was never able to explain satisfactorily in court why, if he had been wrongfully accused, he willingly gave up his "sole shield of defense," as Tilton's lawyers called it, to a man he scarcely knew. Moulton swore that Beecher had said to him, "Since you know the truth, I . . . throw myself upon your friendship."

On New Year's Day, Moulton went to Beecher's house, at the preacher's invitation. He said later that the pastor wept "in misery" for the crime he had committed against the Tilton household. After listening for some time to the preacher's words of self-abasement, Moulton suggested that Beecher write to Tilton and "express to him the grief you feel, and the contrition for it," adding that he thought Tilton "would be satisfied with that." Beecher asked Moulton to get a pen and some paper, and then "dictated," Moulton said, what became known in the case as the Letter of Contrition. At the trial, Beecher denied dictating it, and claimed that Moulton had simply taken notes on what he said, and that the language was Moulton's, not his. The letter, as published in the trial testimony, read:

In Trust with F. D. Moulton
My Dear Friend Moulton:

I ask through you Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other hearts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead; but others must live and suffer.

I will die before anyone but myself shall be implicated. All my thoughts are running toward my friends, toward the poor child lying there and praying with her folded

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Legal Upset

It's almost a daily ritual for me to lunch with two other lawyers, so we can talk things over and enjoy a spot of Old Smuggler, writes John Carruth of Beloit, Wis. Recently, one of my companions was telling about a humorous "faux pas" in court that day, just as I was taking a long sip on my drink. Unable to control my laughter, I spilled part of the drink over my chin, tie and shirt. Assuming his sternest courtroom manner, my friend decreed "I fine you a dollar a drop and costs for wasting Old Smuggler."

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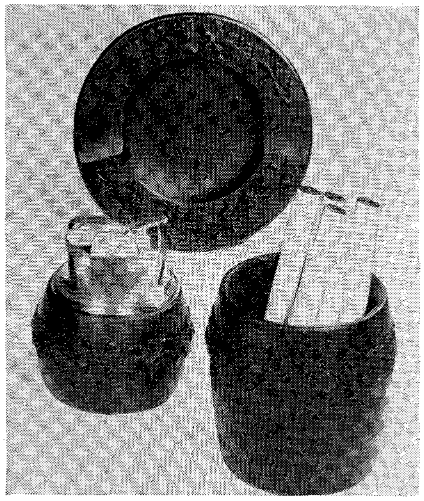
> hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God that He may put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me.
>
> I have trusted this to *Moulton* in confidence. H. W. Beecher

It was five o'clock and the supper bell was ringing, so Beecher hastily wrote his name, as he said, "on the edge of the paper and remote, as nearly as I could, from the text." The writing of this letter became the most controversial episode in the Beecher-Tilton trial. Beecher's public defense of himself was that Mrs. Tilton had lied about his improper advances and that Tilton had made the mistake of believing her. But he was singularly inept at the trial in his efforts to explain why he had not categorically denied the falsehood in the apology. "I thought I was doing it," he said, but when the letter was reread to him and he was asked to point out where it showed any denial of guilt, he changed his course and replied, "That is not my document," although he agreed it expressed his "sentiments." Both Mr. and Mrs. Moulton swore that Beecher, from the day he signed the Letter of Contrition, never tried to deny in private conversations with them that he had committed adultery with Mrs. Tilton.

FOR several months after the tumultuous events of that Christmas Week, Beecher, Moulton, and Tilton executed a curiously sedate *pas de trois*, the object of which was to heal past rifts and obliterate unhappy memories. To make up for Bowen's firing of Tilton, Moulton and some of his business associates put up ten thousand dollars to start a new weekly, called the *Golden Age*, which Tilton would edit, and Beecher mortgaged his house so that he could give the publishers five thousand dollars to keep the magazine going. It was agreed all around that the gossipy Bessie Turner was not helping matters any, so she was packed off to Ohio, with Beecher paying most of her expenses. Once Beecher, meeting Tilton in Moulton's parlor, on a sudden impulse held Tilton's face and kissed him. Again, in Mrs. Tilton's bedroom, a session at which Beecher pleaded with Tilton to renew their friendship wound up most affectionately. "I kissed him and he kissed me," Beecher later recalled, "and I kissed his wife and she kissed me, and I believe they kissed each other."

In the course of a general orgy of letter writing, Tilton wrote to Moulton, "In several conversations with me, you have asked me about my feelings toward Mr. Beecher. . . . I say, therefore, very



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cheerfully, that, notwithstanding the great suffering which he has caused to Elizabeth and myself, I bear him no malice, shall do him no wrong, shall discountenance every project (by whomsoever proposed) for any exposure of his secret to the public, and (if I know myself at all) shall endeavor to act toward Mr. Beecher as I would have him under similar circumstances act toward me." Beecher wrote to Moulton, "Many, many friends has God raised up to me, but to no one of them has He ever given the opportunity and the wisdom so to serve me as you have. . . . Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by your kind mediation, Theodore, Elizabeth, and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case; but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things?" Beecher wrote to Mrs. Tilton, "When I saw you last, I did not expect ever to see you again or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than were my own thoughts. . . . His [Moulton's] hand it was that tied up the storm that was ready to burst upon our head. . . . May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconciliation . . . and bless you, Theodore, and my most unhappy self?" Mrs. Tilton wrote Beecher, "In all the sad complications of the past year, my endeavor was to entirely keep from you all suffering. . . . My weapons were love, a larger, untiring generosity, and *nest-hiding!*" And she wrote Tilton, "Oh, my dear husband, may you never need the discipline of being misled by a good woman, as I was by a good man!"

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first of two articles on the Beecher-Tilton case.*)

•

PEACOCK CAFFE—149 W. 4th St. Coffee cafes are taking root in New York. The Peacock was started by Grace Bradt, concert singer and husband, Rosario Murabito, the sculptor; takes its setting out of Renaissance, Italy.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

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[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

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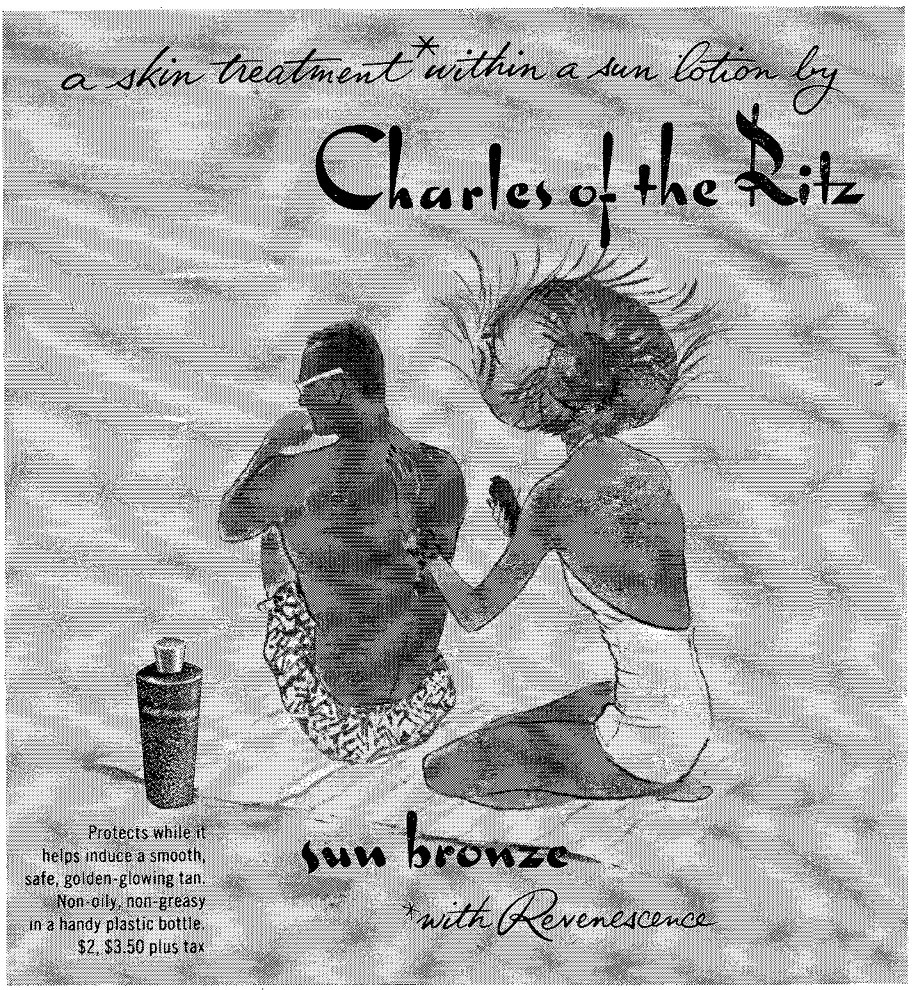
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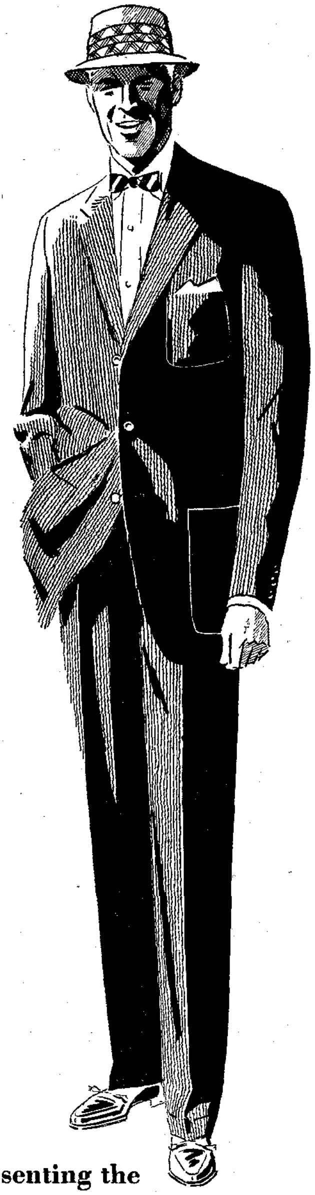

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Popular Records*

ALONG about the middle of a new Victor record offering a condensed version of the current Broadway musical "The Golden Apple," a beguiling song entitled "Lazy Afternoon" turns up. It is most welcome, for the songs and recitatives that make up the show—there's no dialogue in it—have been pretty dull up to this point. Here, for a few luminous minutes, the words and music of "The Golden Apple" catch fire and bring out the best in each other. Then the spell is broken, and the listener is back with the commonplace, there to stay until the end of the record, which takes about an hour to play. With this shining exception, the libretto, by John Latouche, is a garrulous, self-conscious mixture of humorless, sentimental balladry and doggerel heavily laden with references to Homeric legend, turn-of-the-century America, the early days of vaudeville, the current social scene, and sex. After I had groped my way through this maze, wondering what "The Golden Apple" is all about, I began to suspect that Latouche had been reading nothing but history books and gossip columns for such a long time that somewhere in his energetic mind a safety valve popped open and the whole mess came pouring out—in rhyme, as it happened. This brings us to the composer, Jerome Moross. In a skillful, but on the whole undistinguished, effort to cope with this verbal outpouring, he has employed a wide variety of popular-music forms, composing both hymnlike and folklike music for the balladry, and ragtime tunes, barroom waltzes, vaudeville flourishes, blues, beguines, and so on, for the doggerel. Midway through the second half of the record, he and Latouche come close to hitting pay dirt again, with a piece called "Goona-Goona," a burlesque of Hawaiian songs. The wailing strings, the raucous singing of Bibi Osterwald, supported enthusiastically by a mixed chorus, and such firmly anchored lines as "Snug as two baboons in a bamboo tree, I'll bamboozle you and you'll bamboozle me" have a tonic effect, but it's all just a trifle too arch. Now and then, an attempt is made to clarify the action and bridge the gaps by having Jack Whiting, one of the principals, recite some explanatory couplets, but they don't help much, and the attempt is abandoned toward the end. I can't for the life of me understand how "Lazy Afternoon" got into this thing, but I can tell you how to get it out of it. Kaye Ballard, who sings it here in a ripe contralto, presents it in exactly the same manner on a new Decca single, accompanied by a different but entirely adequate orchestra.

AN interesting and generally stimulating concert of ten Gershwin tunes is heard on another new Victor record, performed by André Previn, a dazzling young pianist, against a background of guitar, bass, and drums. His interpretations are thoughtful and varied. To give you a few examples, "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York" is played with a slow and surprisingly attractive Latin beat; the zigzagging melody of "Nice Work If You Can Get It" is neatly pointed up by accented offbeats; the repetitive opening measures of "They All Laughed" are amusingly speeded up in one chorus; and "Strike Up the Band," the last piece in the set, is presented in five choruses taken at a breakneck pace to produce a fine display of Previn's formidable technique. He is undeniably a bit of a showoff, and sometimes his precision work puts the music—especially the more tender pieces—at a disadvantage. This is even true of "I've Got a Crush on You," although Previn's performance of it leaves no doubt about his special fondness for that number. In the second chorus, he switches over to the celesta and makes sensitive use of its delicate tones, but a small alteration in the melody, delightful the first time it is heard, is repeated so many times that it tends to become an annoyance. The other selections are "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Maybe," "Looking for a Boy," "Love Walked In," and "How Long Has This Been Going On?"

ON a new London record, Ted Heath and his slick English band play an engaging orchestral arrangement of Thomas (Fats) Waller's "London Suite." This is a collection of six piano pieces, each only a few minutes long, that convey Waller's impressions of various London districts. They are an innocent and appealing lot. On the other side of the record, the same orchestra breezes through six other tunes that Waller had a hand in writing, among them the ever popular "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Honeysuckle Rose."... What amounts to about half of one of Victor Borge's current performances at the Golden Theatre is presented on a new Columbia record, and although most of the numbers are incontrovertibly classical, I suppose that, when you get right down to it, this one belongs in the popular category and warrants attention here. It was pieced together from recordings made of three Borge shows, and the laughter of the audience can be clearly heard. Anyone eavesdropping outside my living room the other night, when I played the record, would have heard me laughing, too. Since I was alone at the time, I offer this as a tribute to Borge's enormous comic gifts.... Up to now, Chet Baker, a young trumpeter who is highly thought of among the devotees of cool jazz, has been heard only with small combinations, and perhaps, unlike me, you have been waiting anxiously for him to pit his wistful horn against the sweeping measures of a string section. At any rate, Columbia must feel that you have, because it has just issued a record offering twelve examples of his tootling with a fairly large orchestra made up principally of strings. A dexterous but monotonous horn man, Baker shows up badly in this company. There are other points of interest along the way, however, principally some clever tenor-sax playing by Zoot Simms and an arresting instrumental entitled "The Wind," which is the work of Russ Freeman, the pianist in the orchestra and a close professional associate of Baker's.... Benny Goodman's rousing accompaniments for an old Disney movie, "Make Mine Music," have been transferred from the sound track to a Capitol record. The sound is excellent, and "After You've Gone," in which he is heard with Teddy Wilson (piano), Sid Weiss (bass), and Cozy Cole (drums), is among the best things he has ever done. This crew also takes part in "All the Cats Join In," a big-band instrumental, and this is a fine job, too. The same record also offers a considerably lesser performance, "There'll Be Some Changes Made," by one of Goodman's more recent trios.

THERE are a few new singles you might like to hear about:

MORE LOVE THAN YOUR LOVE and VENEZUELA—Les Baxter's chorus and orchestra. The first piece, from Arthur Schwartz's score for "By the Beautiful Sea," is a mild thing, but it is written with a grace and fluency uncommon in today's popular

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songs, and the Baxter bunch sing and play it appreciatively. The second piece is routine. In later releases of this record, "The Sea Song," from the same show, has been substituted for "More Love Than Your Love," but I'd still recommend the earlier one. (*Capitol*)

HAPPY HABIT and HANG UP—Dolores Gray, with orchestra. Two more numbers from "By the Beautiful Sea." "Happy Habit" has a bright tune and a passable lyric, but "Hang Up" is labored. Miss Gray sings both with professional enthusiasm. (*Decca*)

360 SPECIAL and CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Pete Rugolo's orchestra. The first of these, a new Rugolo original, is an agreeable swing instrumental. The other, a David Rose composition that has been around for some time, is flamboyantly melodic and a bit artificial. (*Columbia*) —D. W.

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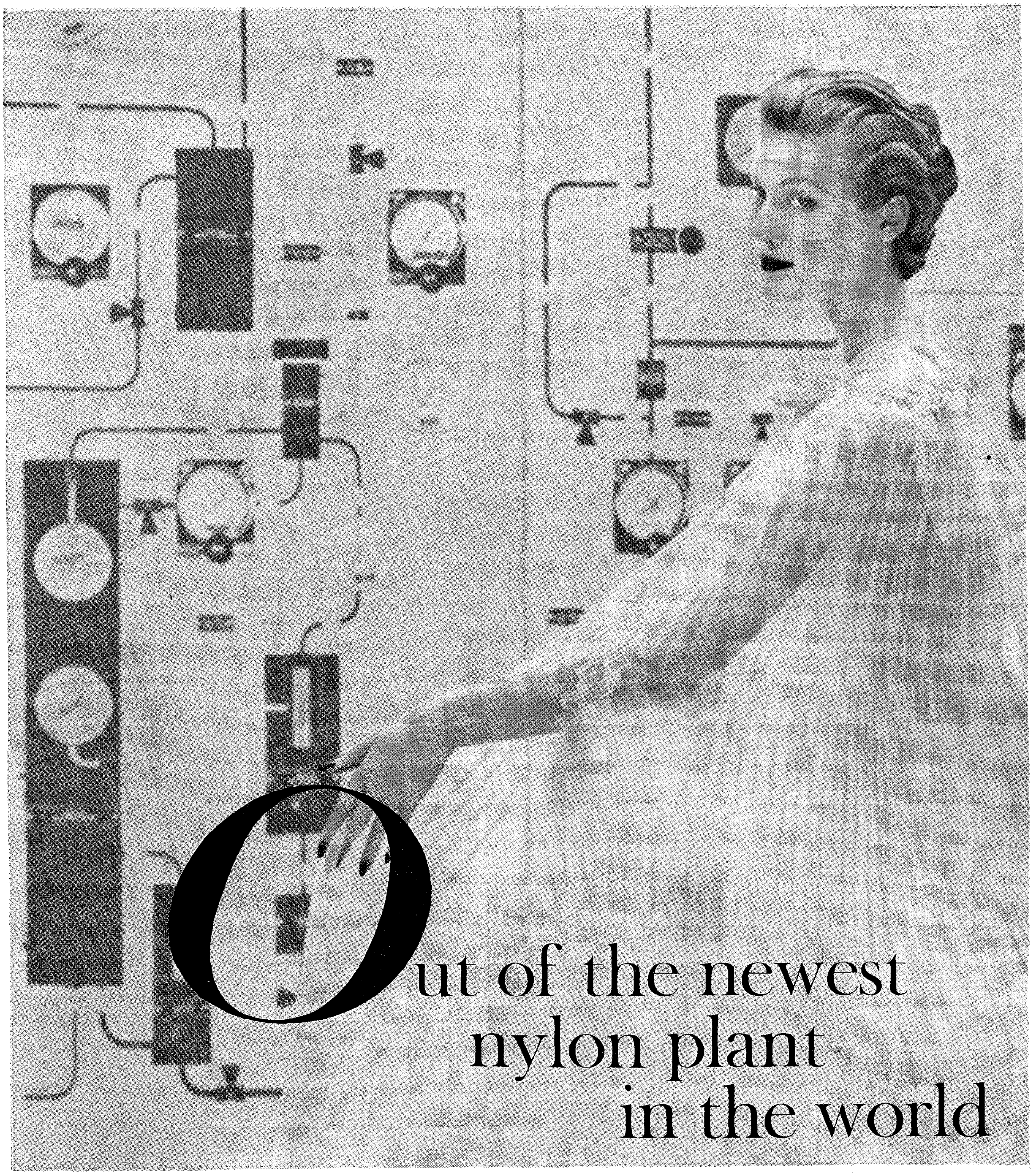

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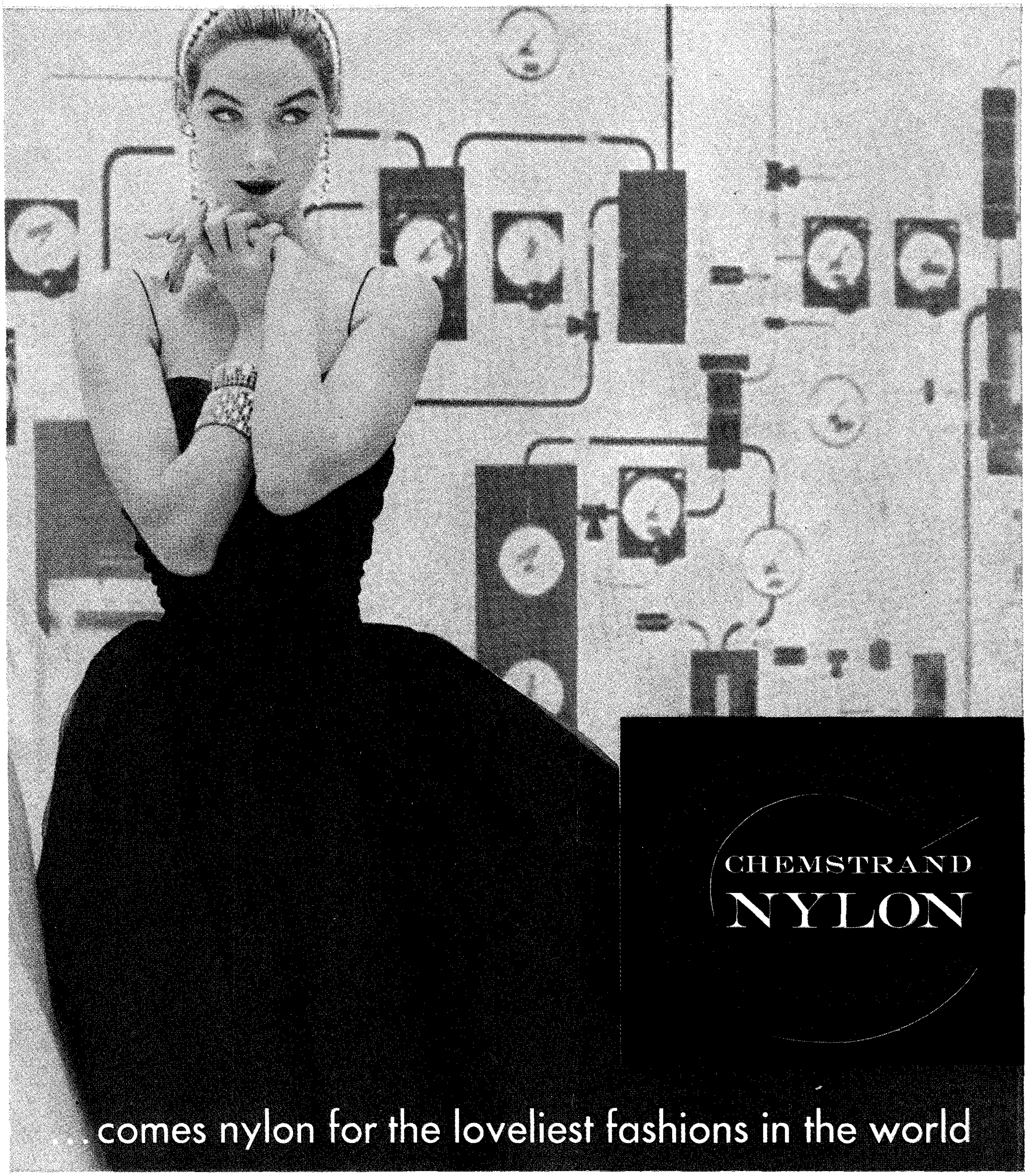
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

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"DIAL M FOR MURDER," which was scheduled to be Alfred Hitchcock's first three-dimensional movie, has finally been released as an orthodox, no-glasses picture, for which we may be thankful. As you probably know, "Dial M for Murder" is a durable item, having been presented first as a British television show and then as a long-lived play on Broadway. It is a smooth confection, and it has been changed very little in its translation from theatre to film. Mr. Hitchcock, in dealing with it, is satisfied to confine his camera pretty much to an apartment of no great size (as he did in the picture called "Rope"), and although he keeps it busy enough exploring the place, every now and then I began to wish that the script would give him a chance to cut loose with one of those spectacular chases he used to specialize in. But despite the fact that the picture is actually not much more than a photographic rendition of the play, it does work up some lively melodrama.

The principal figure (I assume that there's *some*body who doesn't know the plot) is a retired tennis champion who is living on the bounty of his wife. Oppressed by the fact that he doesn't love the lady, and stimulated by a desire to take over her capital, our man decides that it would be a good idea to have her killed. Since he's a fellow with fairly intricate mental processes, he goes about his project in a fairly intricate way. His first step is to hire a seedy college classmate—at Cambridge, so help us—to do his dirty work for him, but all the rest of the steps are gummed up when he and his classmate get their signals mixed, and their homicidal plans are ruined; in fact, the classmate himself is ruined, for the lady gets her pretty hands on a pair of scissors while he is trying to throttle her. In spite of this contretemps, the tennis player goes right on plotting against his spouse, but in the long pull, as you might expect, he gets his comeuppance.

In the role of the disgruntled athlete, Ray Milland is convincingly pathological, and Grace Kelly, who plays his wife, makes a sympathetic figure, even though she seems at times to be unconscionably obtuse. Anthony Dawson, who was the hired killer when "Dial M for Murder" was on Broadway, also has the role in the movie, and he is altogether satisfactory. Some complaint might be made about the garrulity of the film—for the first thirty minutes or so, Mr. Milland and Mr. Dawson have an uninterrupted colloquy—but things speed up once the murder wheels are set in motion, and eventually the piece becomes grimly diverting.

"JOHNNY GUITAR" is the maddest Western you are likely to encounter this year. It has not only male but female gunfighters. In one strange scene, Joan Crawford, who is supposed to be the proprietor of a saloon as reliable as McSorley's, takes on Mercedes McCambridge, who plays a tough cowtown gun moll, in a pistol contest—I forget just why; I believe it's because Miss McCambridge and some of her low-down associates are sore at Miss Crawford for driving the local badmen out of business with her virtuous establishment. It was probably inevitable that sooner or later somebody would try to change the pattern of Westerns, but I can state authoritatively that this twist is doomed. Back to *Kinder*, *Küche*, *Kirche*. The picture, by the way, derives its title from the name of a pal of Miss Crawford's, who functions as her defender—a supererogatory post if ever there was one. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

This may not seem very profound, but it is precisely because we overlook it that we fail to see how consistent Dr. Einstein is. He does not, either in physics or politics, talk about relativity as though everything were as relative as everything else; as though the theory of relativity itself were relative, but relative to nobody knows what. In other words, he does not talk bosh.—*Dr. Frank Kingdon in the Post.*

Let it be a lesson to all of us!

•

### THE NEW ARMY

[*Memorandum of the Springfield Ordnance District, Springfield, Mass.*]

DISTRICT MEMORANDUM NO. 12-54
SUBJECT: Disposal of Paper Cups

It has been requested by the Springfield Armory that, for sanitary reasons, all paper cups be rinsed out before disposal in waste baskets.

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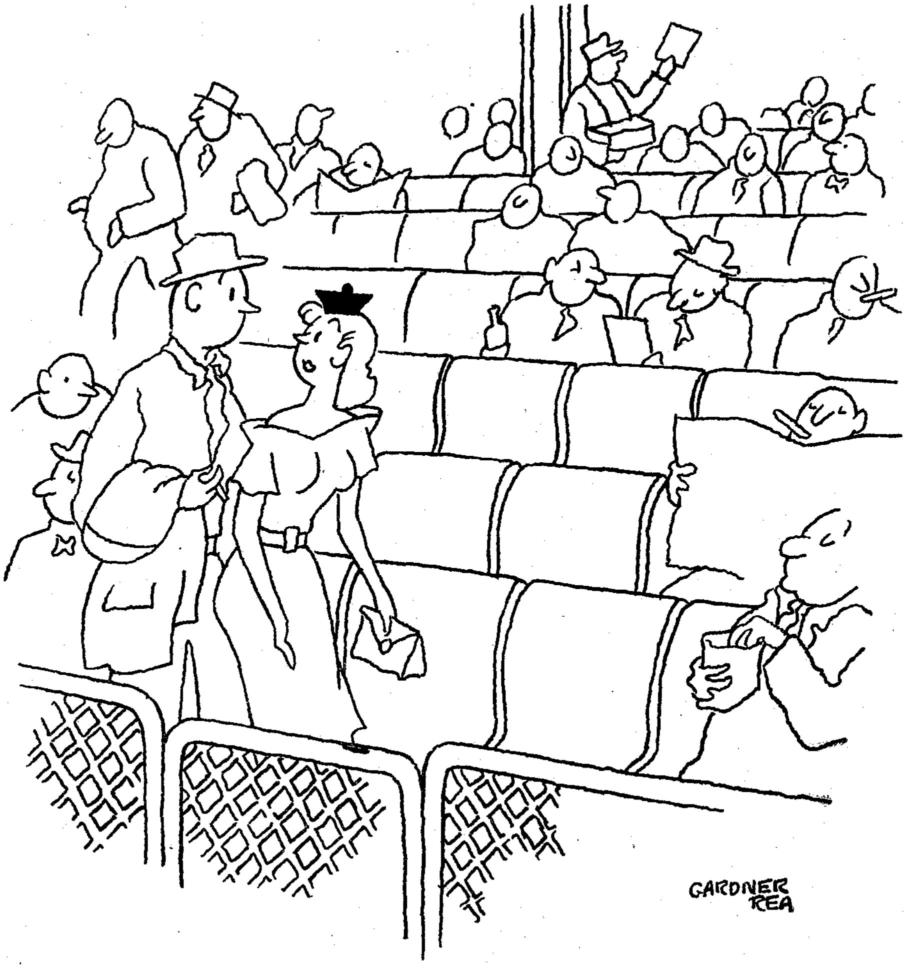
## THE TESTING OF M. THUILIER

THE "Michelin Guide to France," or "Guide du Pneu Michelin," to give it its formal name, is unique among commercial guidebooks in that it makes a virtue of losing money, and by doing so at the rate of some tens of thousands of dollars a year, it has achieved a reputation for thoroughness, discrimination, and incorruptibility that is also unique. There are quite a few other guides to France, some specializing in scenery and some in gastronomy, but none of them have the resources, the scope, or the authority of *le Guide Michelin*. A new edition of two hundred thousand copies, bound in serviceable bright-red cardboard and averaging close to nine hundred pages (there are eight hundred and ninety-one this year), is put on sale each spring. The book sells for seven hundred and fifty francs (about two dollars and fifteen cents), and the proceeds give the editors a fair amount of money to play around with before they start running into their deficit, which, of course, is charged off to advertising for the Michelin tire.

An imposing amount of information, a good deal of it conveyed in timetable style, by symbols that even a child could translate, is packed into the Guide, which is seven and three-quarters inches long, four and a half inches wide, and an inch and a quarter thick. It lists nine thousand hotels, and grades them according to their pretensions, facilities, quality, and prices, noting whether the service charge is included in the bill or is extra, and how much it comes to if it is extra. It also directs the tourist to points of interest and to garages equipped to service his make of car (also indicating where he can get repairs done at night and on Sunday). It contains a map of all France's highways; street maps of nearly seven hundred cities and towns, showing the quickest way to get through them; a wine map, with a list of the best years; a cookery map, which takes special notice of places where the food is served in a particularly pleasant setting; a map of historic and natural curiosities, with advice on the best seasons to enjoy them; and a map of isolated hotels where one can get away from it all. And it tells what time the frontiers close, when the ferries run, and what roads are snowbound in what months. For all its comprehensive scope, however, the Guide owes most of its popularity and much of its considerable power to its painstaking, unsentimental ranking of places to eat. Of the thousands of restaurants listed in this year's edition—and there are many thousands it doesn't consider worth listing—the one-star rating ("A good meal for the district") is given to six hundred and eighteen restaurants, two stars ("Excellent cuisine; worth a detour") to fifty-three, and the top grade of three stars ("One of the best tables in France; worth a special journey") to only twelve. In France, a man with a three-star restaurant grows rich, a two-star man will prosper, and the man who loses his single star may go out of business.

The first edition of the Guide came out in 1900, and a new one has appeared every year since except during the two World Wars. The idea was thought up by André Michelin, a cartographer who had gone into the tire-manufacturing business with his younger brother, Edouard. While Edouard produced the tires, André, an enthusiastic bicyclist, pedalled about the country looking for ways to make Frenchmen use more of them. He is credited with having invented the road number; at any rate, he established it, by persuading the government to enlarge the numerals it painted on posts along the highways for the guidance of road menders. Between 1906 and 1913, André and a staff of cartographers mapped the roads of France, turning out a series of forty-seven accordion-folded sheets, which became the basis for another popular Michelin publication, "La France en 38 Cartes." This uses a scale of two hundred thousand to one and is probably the best set of road maps sold anywhere in the world. In 1908, the indefatigable André also installed a tourist service in the Michelin establishment in Paris to distribute his maps and the Guide, plan trips for motorists, and, among other things, put up signposts wherever the government had neglected to. This service now provides ninety-two maps of France, including special maps for cyclists, who use some seven million Michelin bicycle tires a year, and for skiers and canoeists, who presumably use cars—and tires—to get to their hills and rivers. Michelin also puts out twenty-seven maps of other



*"You mean we're going to have to enjoy two games this afternoon?"*

European countries and Africa; fourteen regional guidebooks to France; seven motor-trip guidebooks; four guidebooks to tourist centers (Chartres, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Normandy); and a little guide to the hotels and restaurants of Paris, which appears in both French and English editions. The maps make money, and the smaller guides just about break even, thanks to the fact that some of their material comes out of the mother Guide.

From being simply what its name says, the Guide has grown so much in influence over the years that it now has practically dictatorial status. Its prestige is such that even a man who carries a copy—he can put it in his coat pocket, if he doesn't mind the bulge—seems to command respect. In the hands—or bulging significantly in the pocket—of a traveller, the Guide is a badge of discernment and the best guarantee he can have against being cheated. To the hotel and restaurant industries, the Guide is both a counsellor and a gadfly. Michelin inspectors turn up without warning to see whether the standards the book attributes to a place are being maintained; if they are not, down goes the rating in the next edition. The Guide takes no back talk from the hotel trade, and is not impressed by reputations or influence. Two years ago, it demoted to two stars a couple of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris—Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent—and restored them to top rank only after certain shortcomings had been corrected.

THE Guide is just as quick to add stars to the diadem of a deserving establishment as it is to take them away from one that is slipping. For seven or eight years now, the Michelin tourist service has had its eye on a restaurant called Baumanière, at Les Baux, six miles northeast of Arles. In 1947, Baumanière had no stars—just two little crossed-fork-and-spoon symbols beside its name, which signified that it was pretty comfortable but not luxurious. By 1949, it had acquired two stars and a notation that it had an attractive Provençal interior and a patio. Three years later, it got another fork-and-spoon ("very comfortable"), and the forks and spoons were printed in red, signifying a nice setting. In 1953, Baumanière gained a fourth fork-and-spoon ("de luxe"), and in this year's Guide, which went on sale a week before Easter, a whole galaxy of laudatory symbols is clustered around its name, and it is the only restaurant in France that was advanced from a

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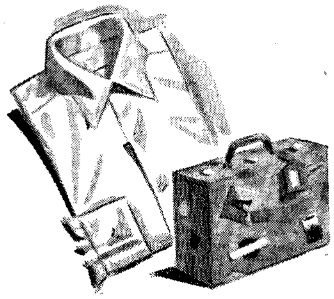

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two-star to a three-star rating. The second week after Easter I went there for lunch with a Michelin inspector who had been sent to see how it was living up to its new distinction.

Several months earlier, in Paris, I had asked M. André Trichot, the Michelin official who plans the itineraries of the inspectors, if I might go along with one of his men for a couple of days, and he had promised to arrange it as soon as work on the 1955 Guide began. There was a cautious quality in the letters that he subsequently wrote me (Michelin is very closemouthed about the movements of its inspectors), and it was not until a couple of days beforehand that I had word from him that on April 28th, at nine o'clock in the morning, I would find M. Jean Lasbugues, of the Michelin staff, at the Hôtel Forum, in Arles. I drove the four hundred and sixty miles from my home, near St.-Jean-de-Luz, to Arles on the twenty-seventh, spent the night at the Hôtel Jules César, so that I wouldn't appear to be rushing things, and at the appointed hour found M. Lasbugues waiting for me in the lobby of the Forum. He is a tall, well-set-up man in his early forties, with thinning brown hair, bright gray eyes, and rosy cheeks, and his manner seems to combine professional capability with a restrained—or, rather, contained—*joie de vivre*. He was dressed conservatively in a dark-blue double-breasted suit, a white shirt, and a dark-red figured tie. He put himself at my disposal, and I put myself at his, saying that I hoped he would proceed as if I weren't there, and let me watch him work. In that case, he said, we would spend the day inspecting the hotels of Arles, go to Les Baux for lunch at Baumanière on the morrow, and finish our tour at a hotel near Avignon whose restaurant had one star. I said I was delighted to be going to Baumanière, since it had just been given its third star.

"It is a question of grave importance whether it deserves its three stars," said M. Lasbugues, looking solemn. "Shall we begin?"

Before the day was over, I had a working knowledge of how a Michelin inspector inspects. I followed M. Lasbugues through four of the five hotels listed in the Guide (he was saving his official call on the Forum until after he had paid his bill the next morning), through one that had been dropped and had asked to be reinstated (it stayed dropped), and through a building that was merely in the process of being converted into a hotel. (This one had been recommended to M. Lasbugues in Paris by the president of the *Syndicats d'Initiatives*, the French equivalent of the United States Chamber of Commerce, with whom he had spent an hour checking his list for "any flagrant omissions.") Arles is a city of narrow streets, so we made our way around it on foot, stopping now and then at M. Lasbugues's car, which was parked in the town's central square, to exchange the completed questionnaires in his pocket for fresh ones from his briefcase.

M. Lasbugues went about his business in much the same way at each hotel. First, he asked at the desk for the manager, who in most instances was the man or woman behind the desk. Next, he introduced himself as an inspector of the Guide, and brought out his identification card, with photograph. All Michelin inspectors carry identification cards, he told me, but in spite of this precaution, impostors still manage to extort money and nourishment from nervous hotelkeepers, who are anxious not to offend a representative of the august Guide. All the hotelkeepers we met were nervous, and those who had the facilities lost little time in offering us something to drink. But Michelin has a slogan, "*Pas de piston, pas de pot de vin*," which may be roughly translated as "No pull, no free drinks," and M. Lasbugues waved away enough drinks that day to last a man a week. He sat down with each manager at a table bare of glasses and filled out a detailed form. How many rooms? How many with bath? With bidet? With W.C.? With telephone? Plug for electric razors? M. Lasbugues dispensed advice as he went along. One manager complained that he had special razor plugs in every room but that guests were always plugging their razors into the regular sockets and blowing out the fuses. M. Lasbugues told him that a razor company would supply him with free plaques to distinguish the plugs. After he had completed one side of his form (he saved the reverse side, which would contain his comments and criticisms, until evening), he would ask to see an example of each kind of room, and the manager would gather up a fistful of keys and lead us up and down stairs. The managers often gave away what they were most worried about. One, who may have been taken down a few pegs by some previous Michelin inspector, kept turning down beds and saying, "I must insist, if you will permit me, on demonstrating how clean we are." M. Lasbugues, his glance roving everywhere, strode to windows to look at the view, peered into closets, turned on taps, and pulled an occasional chain.

"The W.C. is very important," he said to me. "We have made progress since the war, but there is still much to be done."

After looking over the rooms, he investigated the public facilities for sitting, drinking, washing, and telephoning, and for garaging cars. If the hotel had a restaurant, as four of the ones we saw did, he examined the silver, the glassware, and the napery, and then went through the kitchen, opening refrigerator doors, inspecting ranges and broilers, and sniffing at bits of food. "It is not necessary to eat in all these places," he told me in an aside. "If the food is not up to the hotel's classification, I will find out in the kitchen." M. Lasbugues had many suggestions and admonitions to offer about the kitchens. The Guide was interested in pushing wines of the lesser regions, he said; Burgundies and Bordeaux were too expensive. The Guide must be sure that the fixed prices were not exceeded. "Remember, no surprises!" he kept saying. The managers listened with uniform deference, and all were reluctant to let M. Lasbugues leave—hoping, no doubt, that he would drop some hint of what his report would be, or perhaps that he would offer to do something about their personal problems. One manager complained that the owner was a skinflint, and an owner-manager was incensed because the local *Syndicat d'Initiatives* forced him to stay open in winter. "You can imagine, Monsieur—four thousand francs a day for heat, and sometimes a single client at nine hundred." M. Lasbugues was sympathetic, but he committed himself to nothing. Each of our visits lasted about an hour.

At twelve-thirty, the tour of inspection was interrupted for lunch, at Valcarès, an upstairs restaurant of the two-forks-and-spoons class. No restaurant in Arles is deemed worthy of a star, and this one had the highest rating in town. After assuring himself of the cleanliness of the washroom, M. Lasbugues chose a table at a window overlooking the Place du Forum and its statue of the poet Frédéric Mistral, who in some respects is to Arles what Mark Twain is to Hannibal, Missouri, and who, in bronze, looks quite a bit like Twain. A pleasant woman gave us the menu, and M. Lasbugues asked her what the specialties were, and ordered them, along with a *rosé* of the region. I ordered the same. Over the fish soup, M. Lasbugues told me that he inspects twelve or fourteen hundred hotels in a year, but, of course, not nearly so many restaurants. He is one of six full-time inspectors who travel from eight to ten months of the

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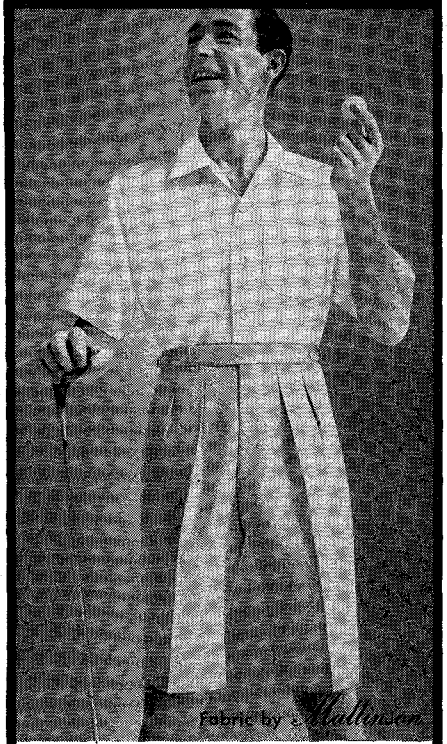

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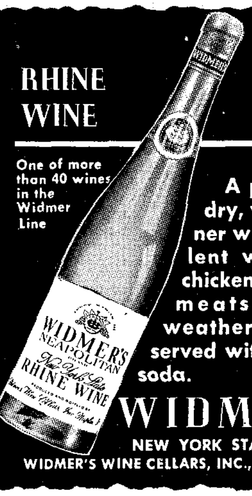

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year. Half a dozen of the top officials of the Michelin touring service also go on inspection trips now and then. M. Lasbugues was making a three-week trip that would take him to all the places shown on one of the thirty-eight large-scale Michelin maps. He has been an inspector for twenty years, with a hiatus of five war years, most of which he spent in prison camps. Seeing that he wore a wedding ring, I asked him if he always travelled alone. He usually does, he said, except for one month in the summer, when his wife goes along. The company encourages this arrangement, because it wants its inspectors to take their vacations in winter. I asked him if he ever had trouble with his digestion, and he said never. It was necessary to pay a little attention, that was all—to space the rich meals, to avoid overeating, and often to go to bed on the lightest of suppers. He added that he smoked only five or six cigarettes a day, never drank an apéritif, and seldom took any alcohol, unless it was one of the white alcohols, like *framboise* or *mirabelle*, which he recommended for their purity. He also recommended champagne as an aid to digestion. Wine, of course, does not count as alcohol in France.

By this time, we had come to the main course, a sea-food patty, and I ventured to say that I liked it. M. Lasbugues agreed that the taste was excellent, but said that the dish was a trifle overdone. The fruit ice he pronounced first-rate, and he took the occasion to relieve me of a misapprehension—that an ice doesn't sit well after sea food. On the contrary, according to M. Lasbugues, it cools and stimulates the stomach. After coffee, he called for the bill, examined it, divided it, and paid his share, and then summoned the woman who had taken our order and asked if she was the *patronne*. She was, and her husband was the *patron* and chef. M. Lasbugues identified himself, flashing his card from his inside coat pocket. The *patronne* paled, possibly remembering the extra seconds the sea food had stayed in the stove, but she rallied quickly, introduced herself as Mme. Bouchet, and invited us to step into the kitchen. There we met M. Bouchet, a bookish-looking man in spectacles, who made no effort to conceal his irritation at having been taken by surprise. M. Lasbugues's inspection was quick and thorough. He was pleased with the equipment and the spaciousness of the kitchen, and after filling out his form, he congratulated M. Bouchet on them. But he turned down M. Bouchet's request to list the restaurant's address as

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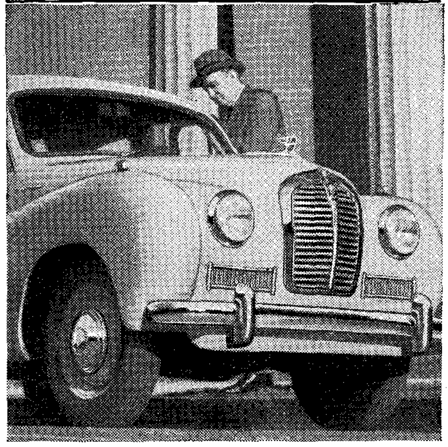

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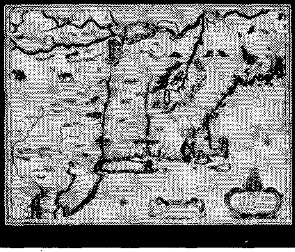

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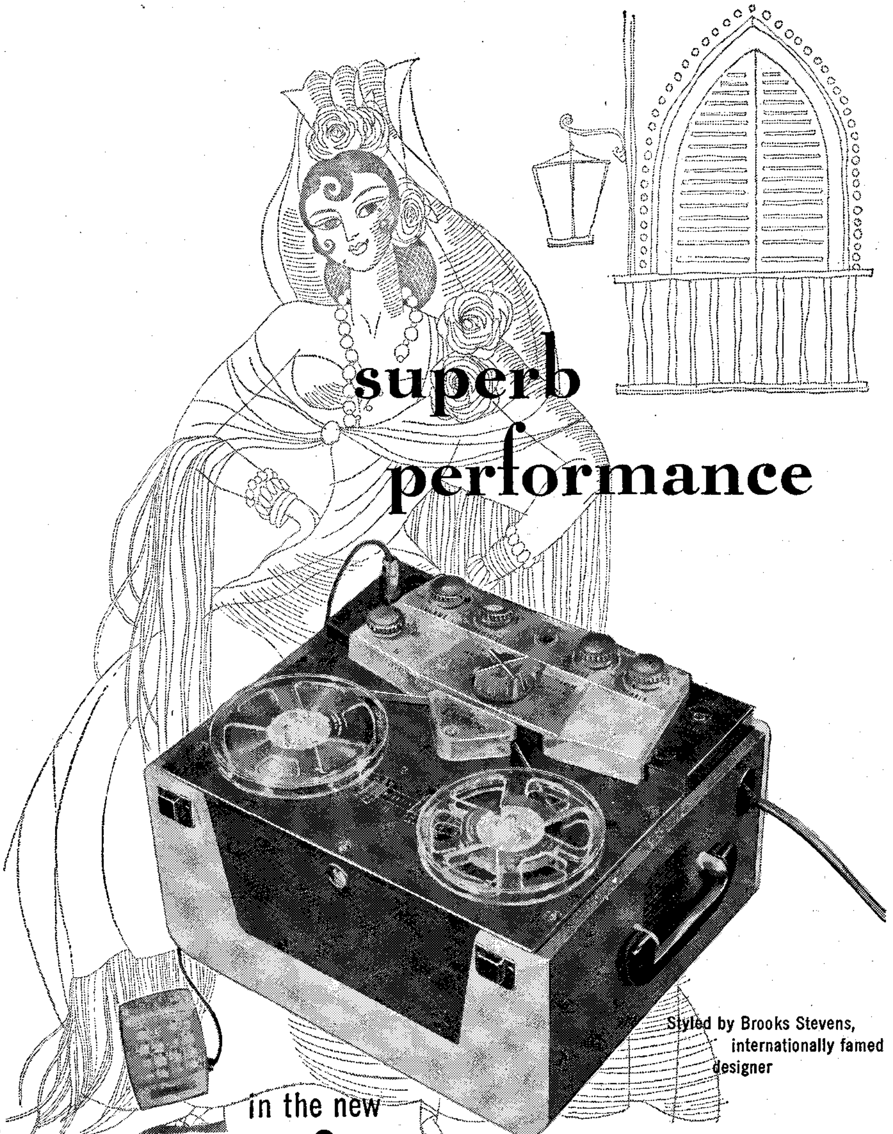
the Place du Forum, since its entrance was on a side street. Going down the stairs, he said to me, "In a year, they may merit a star."

The end of the afternoon found us visiting one of the tourist attractions of Arles—the Roman arena, built early in the second century. As we stood looking down on row after row of wooden benches, which have been added to make it suitable for bullfights, M. Lasbugues said that his duties did not include sightseeing—a separate staff works on the regional guides, which emphasize curiosities—but that he liked to take a look around when he had time. As for the garages, still other Michelin men inspect them, throwing in reports on hotels and restaurants as they go, for the guidance of the inspectors. On our way back to the car, M. Lasbugues apologized for making me walk so much, and asked if there was anything else in Arles that I would like to see. I knew he had the reverse sides of all those forms to fill in, so I said I would go back to my hotel. He insisted on driving me there. As he left me, he said that he would call for me between eleven and eleven-thirty in the morning, after he had inspected his own hotel and looked into a couple of small restaurants. In the meantime, we should tranquillize ourselves for the morrow's ordeal. I thanked him, and tried to do so.

WHEN M. Lasbugues arrived next morning, at eleven-twenty, I was ready for him, bill paid and bags in my car. He had suggested that we take both cars, so that we wouldn't have to make a trip back from Les Baux before going on to Avignon. Just before we set out, he asked me if I knew the works of Alphonse Daudet. I said I had read the "Lettres de Mon Moulin" when I was trying to learn French in school. "We'll pass the mill on the way," he said. "I'll drive slowly, so you can have a look."

I followed him out of Arles under plane trees coming into full leaf, and we drove northeast toward some low hills. M. Lasbugues soon had his old black Peugeot up to sixty miles an hour, and I didn't have much time for scenery, but he slowed down as we approached the mill, which looked like any other windmill, except that two tourist cars were standing near it. The road began to wind into the hills. Rather suddenly, it grew steeper, and the Peugeot's tires screeched around a hairpin turn. Above us was the ancient, ruined city of Les Baux. M. Lasbugues parked beside an outer rampart, and I drew up behind



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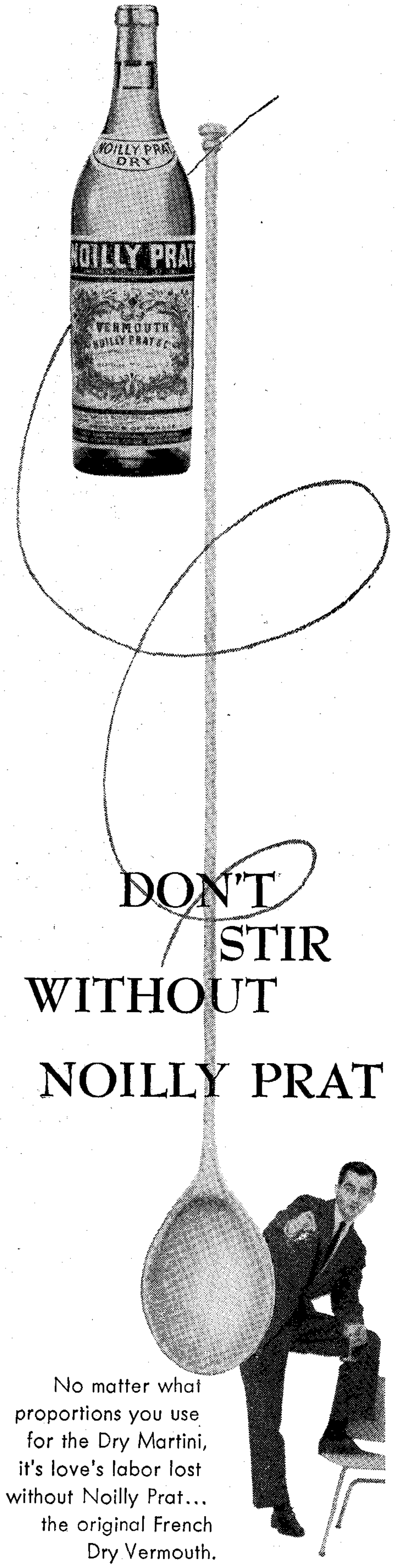
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him. When we had both got out, he told me something about the place. "It was a fortress city, larger than Carcassonne, but, as you see, it is not so well preserved," he said. "Louis Treize destroyed it in 1632 because somebody disputed his authority." Looking up at the stark gray ruins, I was struck for a moment by the seeming incongruity of our coming here to judge a sauce. Perhaps M. Lasbugues read my thoughts. "All the great civilizations have produced great cooking," he said. "Whether it has contributed to their downfall, I cannot say. What is left of Les Baux lives on tourism. As you doubtless know, it gave its name to bauxite, which was discovered near here in 1821. The deposits right here have long since been worked out, but it's still mined in this area. The valley below us is called the Val d'Enfer, and it is said that Dante got his concept of the Inferno from it." We walked across the road to a wall, and gazed down into a narrow valley between hillsides encrusted with gray, weathered rock. The Val d'Enfer seemed misnamed. Its fields were a bright, springlike green, and the silence was broken only by the comfortable noises of barnyard fowl. M. Lasbugues pointed to a group of stone buildings, dominated by a large, low, gray one, about half a mile away. Between two fairly regular rows of trees we could see a garden bright with flowers and a rectangular swimming pool. "Baumanière," he said. "It was once an olive-oil mill," he went on, "and later it was a farmhouse. M. Thuilier, who is now the *patron*, discovered it during the war, or so I understand, and after the war he developed it into what it is now, improving it a little each year. M. Thuilier was in the insurance business, but his mother and grandmother were cooks. One of the questions in my mind is whether he himself is a professional chef." M. Lasbugues reached into his pocket and brought out a filing card covered with small writing. "This is the report I have to investigate."

I already knew something about the Guide's method of inviting the public to participate in its judgments. Each copy contains a self-addressed questionnaire and urges the user to report whether the prices listed at any given place have been respected, whether the stars have been deserved, and whether he has discovered any wonderful places for himself. Last year, the tourist service got fifty thousand replies. Some of its "collaborators," as it calls them, wrote nearly every week, and one valiant explorer wrote sixty-five times. A number of correspondents have been collaborating for twenty years. After the third letter, the writer, like a restaurant, is classified; he is "*sympathique*," "*hépatique*" ("jaundiced"), or "*réfléchi*" ("thoughtful"). Opinions are entered in the dossiers of each restaurant concerned, and if there is a wide difference among them, or a sudden shift in the general tone of the letters about a place, an inspector is routed there sooner than he might ordinarily go.

A line had been drawn down the center of the card M. Lasbugues showed me, and on the left-hand side were excerpts from six or eight letters, all praising Baumanière in the highest terms, and declaring it worthy of a three-star rating. The right-hand side contained a single dissenting opinion, complaining that the food was insufficient, the service slow, the napkins dirty, the W.C. lacking in paper, the sommelier ill-bred, and the management guilty of trying to cheat on the bill. I handed the card back to M. Lasbugues. "*Hépatique?*" I ventured.

"We shall see," he said.

We drove back down the road, past the hairpin turn, and M. Lasbugues swung the Peugeot sharply to the right, into a driveway I hadn't noticed coming up. It was marked by a wooden sign that said simply, "Baumanière." The driveway skirted the swimming pool and ended in a gravelled courtyard, where four cars were parked. It was twelve-thirty when I got out of my car and joined M. Lasbugues. Three couples were sitting on a terrace under bright umbrellas and had started lunch. As we made for the main entrance, a short, heavyset man in a chef's cap and apron came out of a side door and walked toward us. He passed close enough to let me get a glimpse of a broad, comedian's face, a toothbrush mustache, and shrewd eyes that were appraising us as he nodded a reserved welcome. "M. Thuilier, obviously," said M. Lasbugues, adding, with evident disapproval, "He is out of his kitchen during lunch."

We were received at the door by an attractive dark-haired woman, who asked us whether we preferred to sit on the terrace or inside. After a glance at the sky, which looked threatening, M. Lasbugues suggested that we go inside, and we were shown into a large room with a vaulted ceiling. We had our choice of a dozen tables, spaced well apart, and M. Lasbugues chose one in an alcove that overlooked the terrace. The table, of dark oak, was big and heavy, and the chairs were large and comfortable, with rattan seats. On the table were straw placemats, and M. Lasbugues picked one up, examined it, and put it down, remarking that he would have liked a tablecloth better. The napkins, which had a small, bright-colored flower design on white, pleased him, and I felt that in his mind he was crossing off one of the *hépatique's* complaints. Before giving his attention to the menu, he made a trip to the washroom, and I accompanied him. Another criticism was without foundation—on that day, at any rate.

Back at the table, where he had left his Guide in plain sight, as the Guide advises all its users to do, M. Lasbugues leafed through to the proper page and studied the specialties of Baumanière, which I was sure he knew well enough already. A young maître d'hôtel, dressed in white and as bright of cheek as M. Lasbugues himself, was standing ready to take our order, but M. Lasbugues didn't want to be hurried. He informed me in a clear voice that the specialties were *feuilleté de ris de veau*, *gratin de langouste*, and *gigot d'agneau en croûte*. Did I feel up to all three? I said I would defer to his judgment, or, if he preferred, I would take either the sweetbreads or the lobster as a first course and he could take the other. The young maître d'hôtel intervened to suggest that if we did this, there would be plenty of each dish for us both. So it was agreed, but the leg of lamb in pastry was to be for two. M. Lasbugues selected the wines from among those the restaurant recommended, ordering a white *vin du pays* and a 1947 red Gigondas, which, he told me, is grown not far from Châteauneuf-du-Pape and is not far behind that wine in quality.

We had some little time to wait for our first course, and we munched bread and dark, vinegary Rhône olives from a plate in the center of the table. The white wine arrived in a pitcher, and was poured by a nervous boy with a cold, who was apparently substituting for the ill-bred sommelier. The wine was strong, light in color, and, I thought, pretty sour. M. Lasbugues held some in his mouth before swallowing it, repeated the process, and called it "*Fruité*," which was saying the same thing in a nicer way. After another olive, he added that the wine had a decided muscat taste. The maître d'hôtel, who had been listening, explained that it was a simple wine of the region and took its characteristics from the soil, which perhaps contained a trace of bauxite. M. Lasbugues, in his turn, explained that he was offering no criticism

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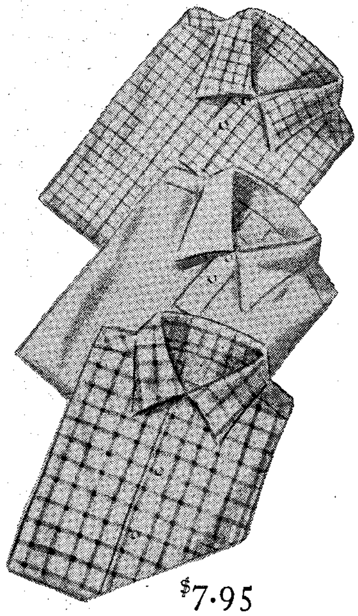

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but was merely acquainting himself with an unfamiliar wine.

The *feuilleté* was wheeled to the table on a serving cart, and the maître d'hôtel cut us each a generous slice. It was a large pie, and into its leaflike pastry, which gives it its name, a mixture held together by a thick cream sauce had been baked. I was unable at first to make out what the various ingredients of the mixture were, but M. Lasbugues had no such difficulty. With his fork, he isolated each one on his plate, and sampled it by itself, naming it to me: sweetbreads, squares of truffled sausage, pâte feuilletée (a paste made in layers, like the crust), and slices of olive. He chewed slowly and thoughtfully, and after each mouthful he took a sip of wine to freshen his palate for the next. He asked me what I thought of the dish. I tried to be noncommittal, but he pinned me down, and I told him I thought it was good but not extraordinary. He nodded, and said, "The sausage is better than the sweetbreads."

M. Lasbugues grew silent during our wait for the *langouste*, and after about ten minutes he remarked that it shouldn't take so long to prepare. I thought he was still weighing the *feuilleté* in his mind, and I had a look around the room, which now held several parties, generally of from four to six people. One group was discussing food in French and another was deciding, in Alabama accents, where to stay in Cannes. An awning went down over the terrace, darkening our corner, and I saw that it had begun to rain. M. Lasbugues suddenly said, "There was too much flour in the sauce," and then the *gratin de langouste* arrived.

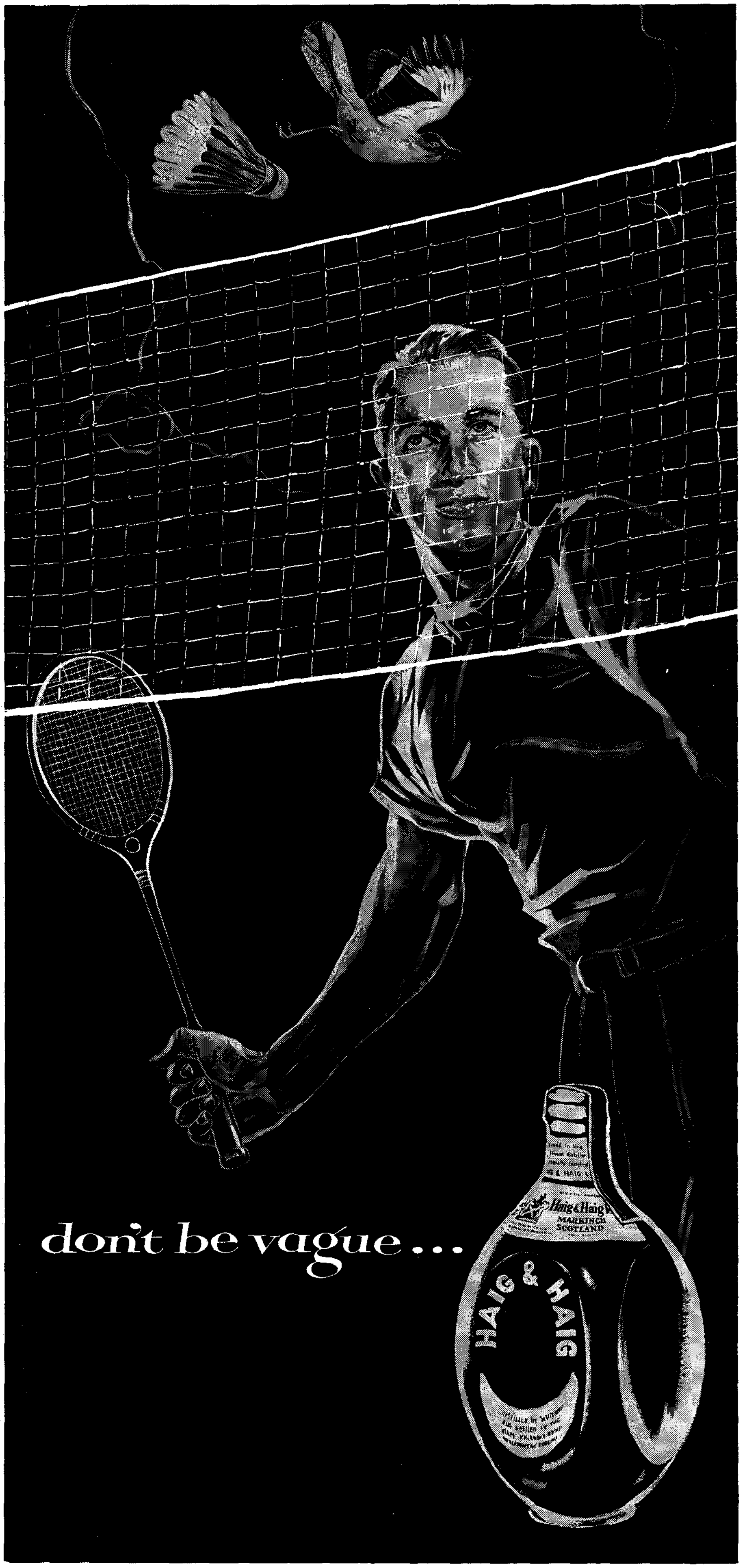
Neither of us could find any fault with it, or with the size of the portions we were served. By the same process he had applied to the *feuilleté*, M. Lasbugues broke it down into its components: *langouste*, of course, and *crevettes*, mussels, and mushrooms—the whole flavored with Gruyère cheese and covered with a rich cream sauce. A bright-red *écrevisse* decorated the edge of each plate. I ate everything on my plate except the shell of the *écrevisse*, but M. Lasbugues put down his knife and fork before his plate was empty, remarking that the *gigot* was yet to come. The lamb was tender and the pastry crust had kept the flavor in, and I looked to M. Lasbugues for an appreciation. The wine that came with it, he admitted, was excellent.

The cheese brought back his enthusiasm. There were a dozen or so regional cheeses on the cart, each one labelled, and, on the advice of the maître d'hôtel, I tried a little of three different kinds. To M. Lasbugues, who clearly was no foreigner and not likely to be squeamish, the maître d'hôtel recommended a Banon, a sheep's-milk cheese from the town of that name. It had been cured in manure, he said. M. Lasbugues, I observed, ate his cheese with a fork, taking up a piece of bread only after he had tasted the cheese, instead of putting it on the bread, as I had always done. He offered me some of his Banon, and I found it flavorsome and strong. We finished with the best coffee I had tasted in France—the maître d'hôtel said it was French coffee made in an Italian *espresso* machine—and by then it was half past two. M. Lasbugues permitted himself his first cigarette of the day and looked about the emptying room. Presently, he asked for the bill. It came to 5,680 francs, or around sixteen dollars, for the two of us, including the service charge.

M. Lasbugues was growing a little restive as he waited for the last of the luncheon parties to leave, so he could begin his inspection. I took the opportunity to ask him whether he was ever recognized in a restaurant he was inspecting. He said he wasn't. "Our itineraries are arranged so that none of us cover the same territory more often than once in seven or eight years," he explained. "And hotel and restaurant people see so many faces that they forget them quickly. For instance, where we are going tonight I am known to the *patron*—he has another hotel, in the mountains—but even if he remembers my face I don't think he will place me. We'll see. Now—*ne bougez pas!*" He headed for the kitchen.

I WAS sorry not to see the meeting of M. Lasbugues and M. Raymond Thuilier, but M. Thuilier told me about it ten minutes later, when the two men came back together, M. Thuilier divested of his cap and apron. "I was in my kitchen wondering who were the Frenchman and the American who came in separate cars and stayed so long," he said. "And then M. Lasbugues handed me his card, and my first thought was, 'Monsieur, you are a cow!' "

As he led us into a smaller room, with a single long table, where M. Lasbugues intended to fill out his form, M. Thuilier went on talking to me—talking against his fears. "There is only one guide in France, the Michelin," he said. "For the others we pay. I tell them, 'Speak of me if you wish, do not if you wish; it is all the same to



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me.' But this one is tough—and just. I thought I deserved three stars before, but they are cautious. It is a grave matter to receive three stars. It is very, very grave if one is taken away. And so one must go slowly and be sure that does not happen." He turned from me to M. Lasbugues. "You should have seen the telegrams when I got my third star. The first one was from M. Topolinski [of the Restaurant Lapérouse, generally recognized as the greatest chef in Paris]. I have not even met M. Topolinski, although he has tasted some of my dishes at the *Manifestation Gastronomique* in Switzerland."

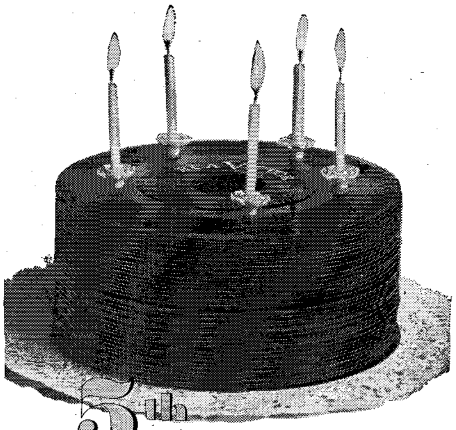
"Do you take a chef with you to the *Manifestation?*" M. Lasbugues asked.

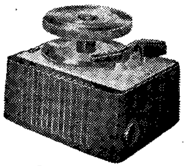
"No, Monsieur. I go alone and leave my second-in-command here. Come, let's look around. We can do the paperwork later."

Following him out the door, M. Lasbugues turned to me and said, "He is out of his kitchen during lunch. *Donc,* he is not the chef. But he goes alone to cook at the *Manifestation. Donc,* he *is* the chef."

M. Thuilier showed us through his guesthouse, its ten rooms attractively furnished with antiques and equipped with tiled shower stalls he had designed himself. "Don't list me as a hotel," he begged M. Lasbugues. "I have to turn people away as it is." Next, he exhibited his kitchen, pointing out the open-faced electric oven in which the *gratin de langouste* had been browned at the last moment. He keeps the air circulating on all sides, he said, in order to prevent the cream sauce from overcooking. He also called our attention to a refrigerated marble surface, for making pastry. "You can't work with butter unless the surface is cold," he explained. "If it is not cold, you have to use margarine, and I can tell you that there's not a drop of margarine in this house." M. Lasbugues asked whether he had difficulty finding good apprentices, and M. Thuilier became eloquent. "I have found two real apprentices in seven years," he said. "I took on five but kept only two. One will become a great chef. In the old days, an apprentice paid for the privilege of working with a great chef. He bought his own uniforms, washed and ironed them himself, and was kicked in the pants when anything went wrong. Now the apprentices are paid, they are provided with clean uniforms, and it is necessary to treat them gently. In another generation, where will our cuisine be?"

M. Thuilier went to the door to call for the key to the wine cellar, and M. Lasbugues found time for another aside





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to me. "The apprentices work from eight until four, have an hour or two off, and are back at the stove until midnight. And they're still kicked in the pants. All good chefs are bad-tempered. But he is right—the cuisine will suffer."

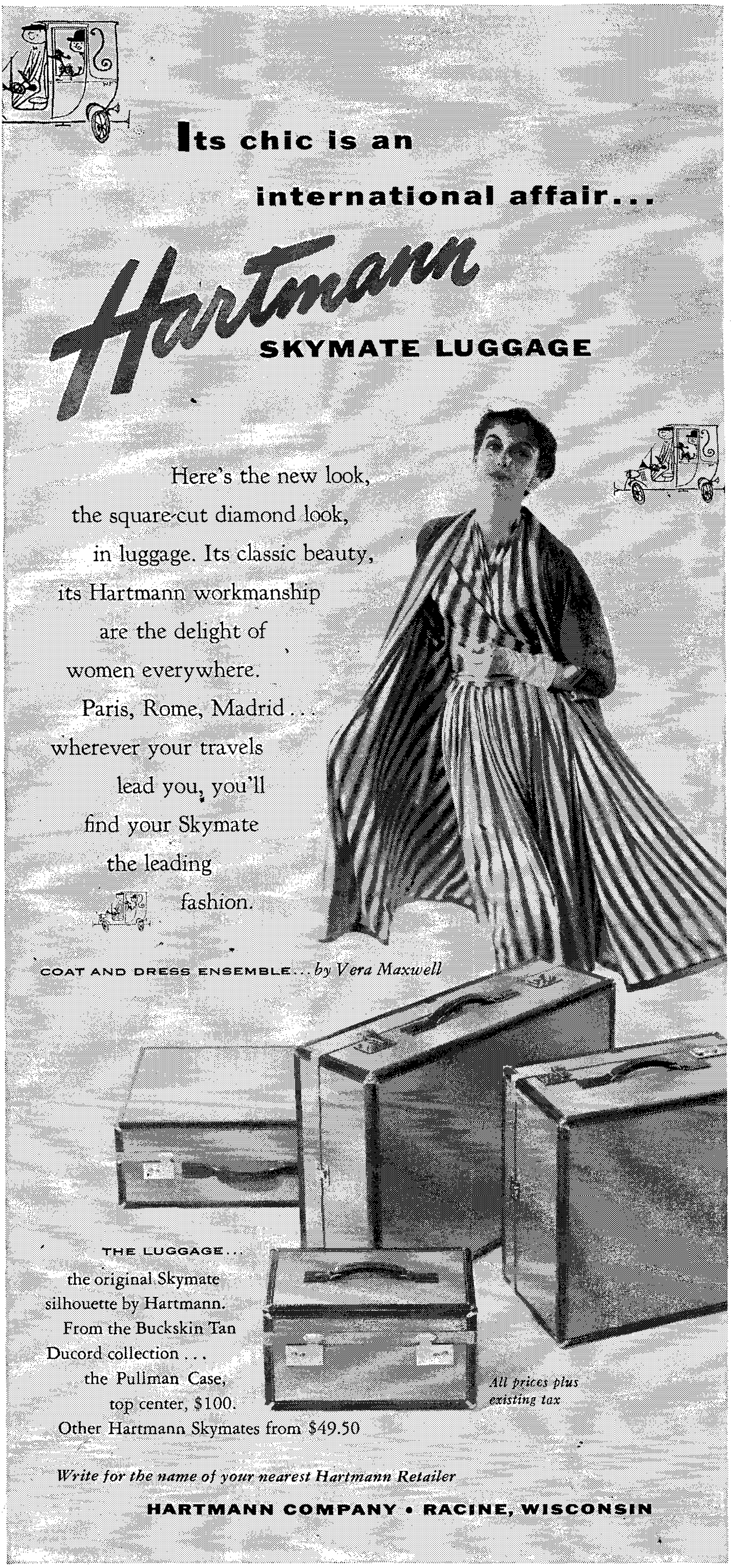
In the cellar, M. Thuilier showed us some Château Lafite '65 and '77, the prizes of his collection. He said he preferred the '97, a lesser year but the one in which he was born. He remarked to me that the new young generation of Americans seemed eager to learn about wine and food, but added that he had had to refuse to serve one young American a tomato salad with his *gratin*. "I try to please, but I have my limits," he said. At last, we got back to the dining room, and M. Lasbugues filled out his form. It was four-thirty when we said goodbye. M. Thuilier recited his motto as his parting words to us: "*Surtout*, service and courtesy."

"*Surtout*—food," said M. Lasbugues, when we were outside. "I have my doubts about this place."

WE spent the rest of the afternoon going through a hotel and a restaurant perched on the cliff below the ruins of Les Baux, and then drove to Avignon and across the celebrated *pont* into Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. We were staying there at a hotel called Le Prieuré—it was once a priory—and we arrived a scant hour before it would be time to eat again. I ordered a dry Martini in an effort to restore my appetite, and M. Lasbugues consented to try one. He drank it all and politely said he enjoyed it. We dined too heavily, at the insistence of the *patron*, who was proud of his English and kept urging the specialties of the house on me, and we drank a bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape. Although M. Lasbugues had to force himself to eat, he conceded that the consommé, the *crêpes du prieur*, the *filet sauté aux truffes*, and the ice were certainly deserving of one star, and I felt that he was having a good time eating too much. We talked about food, naturally, and I found his gastronomic judgments even more severe than those of his employers. Of the five Paris restaurants and seven provincial restaurants to which the Guide awards three stars, M. Lasbugues said, he considers only five or six "without question in the finest tradition."

After dinner, I went to his room to check some of my notes with him. When we had finished, he said, "Tell me frankly what you thought of our lunch today."

I objected that I was not qualified to



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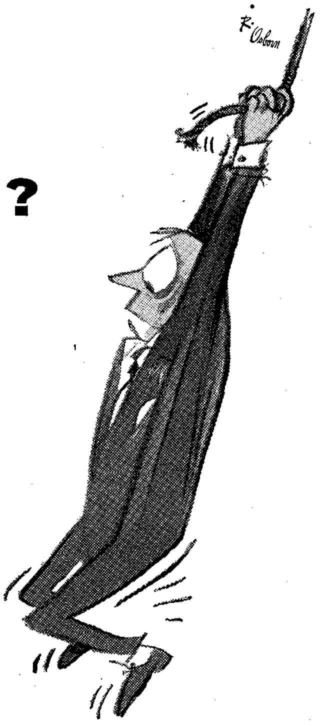

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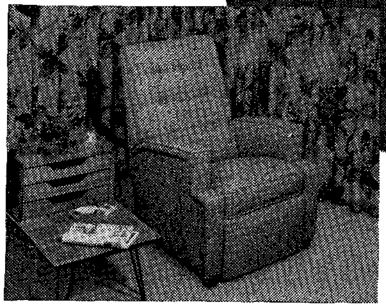

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express an opinion. I liked to eat, but I was an amateur, I said. Besides, I had never eaten in two of the restaurants he had rated among the finest—the Pyramide, at Vienne, and the Auberge du Père Bise, on the Lake of Annecy.

"But you have eaten at Lapérouse?"

"Many times."

"Have you ever been served *any* dish that was not perfect?"

"No, never," I said, and M. Lasbugues said, "*Voilà!*"

After a moment, he began to tick off our lunch dishes on his fingers. "Let us consider first the *gratin.* It was perfect—no more need be said. The *gigot*? Not exceptional." And M. Lasbugues slowly raised his shoulders. "The cheese was excellent, but the chef does not make the cheese. Nor the wine. As for the *feuilleté* . . ." M. Lasbugues raised his shoulders again and spread his palms. "A specialty of *ris de veau*? We used to throw *ris de veau* to the pigs. On the other hand," he continued, using the fingers of his other hand, "we must consider that M. Thuilier has made advances year by year. Let us hope he will continue to do so. As he said, it is a grave matter to lift a star. And, unfortunately, our standards have become less traditional. The white tablecloth, for example. This is a question that requires further thought."

I left him then, certain that if his dinner did not keep him awake, his thoughts about the lunch would.

We went our separate ways in the morning, after M. Lasbugues had inspected the hotel with the proprietor, who was embarrassed at having failed to place him—and possibly at having coaxed him into eating more dinner than he had wanted. Standing beside my car, M. Lasbugues confessed that he was having to alter his itinerary to avoid a two-star lunch that day. I asked him whether he had made up his mind what he would recommend for Baumanière. Slowly he shook his head. "*C'est très difficile,*" he said.

We shook hands, and I watched him get into his Peugeot and drive off, picking up speed as he turned a corner. I was sorry to see him go. And I hated to think of waiting a year to learn whether M. Thuilier has kept his star.

—CHARLES WERTENBAKER

•

Miss Pully, sixth grade teacher, was out of school several days on account of a sprained ankle.

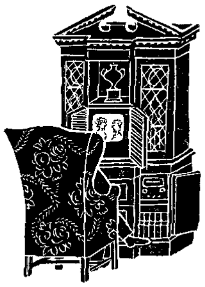
---

"Each life should build a step upon which some that follow can climb a little higher and more safely."—*Publication of the Henry Clay School, Arlington, Va.*

Not Miss Pully.

# TELEVISION

## *Jaguar, Man, and Monkey*



"ADVENTURE," presented over C.B.S. every Sunday afternoon from five to six, in collaboration with the American Museum of Natural History, must be put down as one of the most enlightening, arresting, and intelligent programs on television. It treats its audience with respect, and this fact alone sets it apart from practically everything else being broadcast. I watched an "Adventure" program—a typical one—the other afternoon, and I can't remember an hour that passed more quickly. On hand was a gentleman called Sasha Siemel, a bearded fellow in his sixties, whose role in life seemed to be the tracking down and killing of jaguars in the deep jungles and the adjacent farm country of Brazil. I haven't the faintest notion how many people in this world are similarly engaged. Certainly Mr. Siemel is the first jaguar killer it has been my pleasure to set eyes on, and I am grateful to "Adventure" for permitting me to make his acquaintance. He is one of those people one so often reads about—indeed, he has written a book, "Tigrero!," about his accomplishments—but so rarely encounters. Shortly after Mr. Siemel was introduced (he was being interviewed by Charles Collingwood, the able commentator from the C.B.S. family of commentators), he announced that he now resides in the comparatively calm purlieus of Bucks County, but I got the impression that if the yearning for what he called "the big cats" ever gets into his system again, he will take a train from Trenton and head for Brazil. Mr. Siemel's weapons were revolvers, rifles, bows and arrows, and spears. He is equally skilled with all of them, and the big cats never had a chance.

Mr. Siemel showed us some filmed episodes of his meetings with the big cats, and while they were intensely interesting, they were also by their nature somewhat gruesome. One of the cats that we watched meet his master was a furious beast who circled, twisted, and turned, fighting ferociously, while Mr. Siemel, armed with a spear, ducked, dodged, and weaved about, swifter than a bullfighter, before he finally drove the spear deep into the jaguar's chest. In discussing the reasons for his activities, Mr. Siemel said that the jaguars are great cattle killers, who cause enormous damage to the ranches of Brazil, and that at least some of them are man-eaters. Once a jaguar has tasted human blood, there is no stopping him; he gets to like the stuff and goes out looking for more. It seemed clear, however, that Mr. Siemel, in addition to his altruistic reasons for stalking his prey, got an exquisite sense of satisfaction from killing the cats. For a few moments there, while he talked quietly and calmly of his enterprises, I had the suspicion that he felt that he might have been put here on earth for the sole purpose of doing combat with them.

The second half of "Adventure" was devoted to a discussion of evolution—a topic I gather has become safe for discussion over television. On hand for this half was Dr. Harry Shapiro, chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the Museum, and an eminent man in his field. He and Mr. Collingwood moved slowly down through what I took to be a studio (it might have been the Museum itself, though), past models of various creatures—invertebrates, fish, amphibians, reptiles, mammals. Then the program shifted for a while to the Bronx Zoo, and we had the pleasure of watching our friends the monkeys disport themselves. We watched the gibbons, who, we were told by Zoo officials, are the smallest of the great apes. We watched the orangutans. We watched the gorillas and chimpanzees, who, we were told, are more like men in the evolutionary sense than other apes. One of the gorillas, a woman of six years, was wearing what appeared to be a mink coat, and seemed to be having a hell of a time for herself. The monkeys, we thankfully learned, are treated with great care at the Zoo. They all looked to be in the very best of health and spirits. The chimpanzees, especially, were in top form, whisking about with gaiety and charm, applauding themselves, and performing with dexterity on a jungle gym. The program then returned to the studio (or Museum), and there again were Mr. Collingwood and Dr. Shapiro. Mr. Collingwood was curious to know where man came from, and Mr. Shapiro was equally curious. They talked for some time about our common ancestors, and five-fingered hands, and apposable thumbs, and early erect walkers, and Dr. Shapiro led Mr. Collingwood past several jawbones and a series of prehistoric skulls, showing us how

Through the looking-glass

Alice could not help her lips
curling up into a smile as she
began: "Do you know, I always
thought Unicorns were fab-
ulous monsters, too? I never
saw one alive before!"
"Well, now that we *have*
seen each other," said the
Unicorn, "if you will believe
in me, I'll believe in you. Is
that a bargain?"

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each successive skull had produced a man, or whatever, closer to the man we know today. Dr. Shapiro, when asked about the future, raised a question as to whether the thermonuclear bomb will leave us any future at all but expressed the conviction that if it does, there must inevitably be changes in man. I can only say that I certainly hope so.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

### BLOSSOM-SCENTED AIR OVER CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. WELKER. Mr. President, last week it was my good and unique fortune to visit two great States, the great State of Georgia and the great State of South Carolina. My people came from North Carolina, and I am rather addicted to the thinking of the fine people who live in that State.

I should like to say to my distinguished friend, the Senator from Georgia [MR. RUSSELL], that he made our trip indeed a happy one. We shall never forget the experience. We shall never forget the kindness which prompted the Senator to arrange for us a meeting with fine and congenial friends. It was a trip which was indeed memorable.

MR. RUSSELL. Mr. President, will the Senator from Idaho yield?

MR. WELKER. I yield.

MR. RUSSELL. I should like to assure the distinguished Senator from Idaho that it is always a distinct honor to have him visit my State. I know my people will always be happy to receive him as hospitably as is within their power on any occasion he can find the time to go there. We were delighted to have him. We are honored to have the President of the United States visit us, and we shall be just as happy to have the Senator from Idaho visit us on any occasion.

MR. WELKER. I thank the Senator from Georgia.

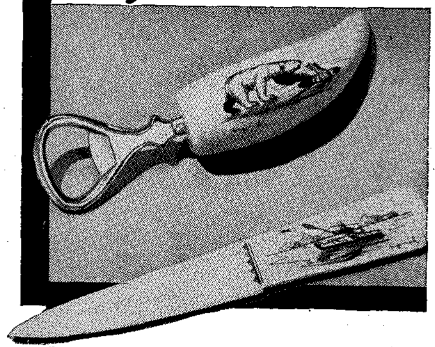
After visiting the great and beautiful State of Georgia, we then went to the great State of South Carolina, and enjoyed its beauty and splendor as we did in the case of Georgia.

I wish to say to the Senate that something unique transpired while I was in South Carolina. Perhaps it is rare for one of opposite political faith to say anything good about a Member on the other side of the aisle, but while I was in South Carolina I learned that the people of the State of South Carolina had unanimously given our dear friend and great statesman, the senior Senator from South Carolina [MR. MAYBANK], a renomination for the United States Senate, which is tantamount to his election and the assurance of his serving the Nation well and ably for an additional 6 years. That, I think, is a deserved tribute to the Senator from South Carolina, because usually someone will file against a candidate in a political campaign.

I certainly wish to congratulate the people of South Carolina, and I wish to congratulate the United States Senate, but, above all, I desire to congratulate the Nation on the assurance we have that we

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY!

*From faraway Alaska... authentic native-etched ivory accessories!*



ANYONE you know is certain to appreciate these unusual pieces of genuine ivory—they are possessed of a truly rare beauty. Both letter opener and bottle opener are hand polished and etched with a famous Alaskan scene...and each is as useful as it is beautiful.

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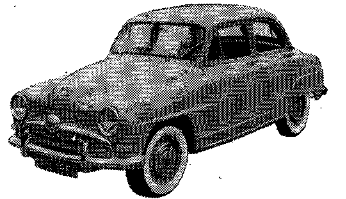

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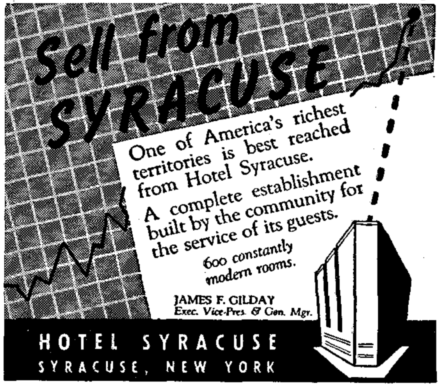
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600 constantly modern rooms.
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shall have that splendid statesman back with us for another 6 years.

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. Mr. President, will the Senator from Idaho yield?

MR. WELKER. I yield.

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. I wish to thank the Senator from Idaho for his remarks concerning South Carolina and also his remarks concerning my colleague, Senator Maybank. If he had gone to the State of South Carolina prior to the expiration of the time for filing in the Democratic primary, I think he would have found that the people there were satisfied with the work of the distinguished senior Senator from South Carolina. For that reason, I believe, anyone who might have some idea of campaigning against him felt it would be useless to do so.

MR. WELKER. I had no illusions about the esteem in which the senior Senator from South Carolina is held by his people. I heard his name mentioned prominently, along with that of my friend the junior Senator from South Carolina [MR. JOHNSTON] who has just spoken. I am proud of both Senators from South Carolina.

MR. JOHNSTON of South Carolina. I do not think it is possible to add very much to the remarks which the Senator from Idaho has already made regarding the senior Senator from South Carolina. But I may say that since the Senator from Idaho has been a Member of the Senate he and I have served on committees together, and I have found the association most pleasant. I appreciate working with him in the Senate, both on the Committee on Post Office and Civil Service and on the Committee on the Judiciary. The Senator's work has been excellent.

MR. WELKER. I thank the Senator from South Carolina with all my heart.

•

## A FEW ODDITIES OF AUTHORS

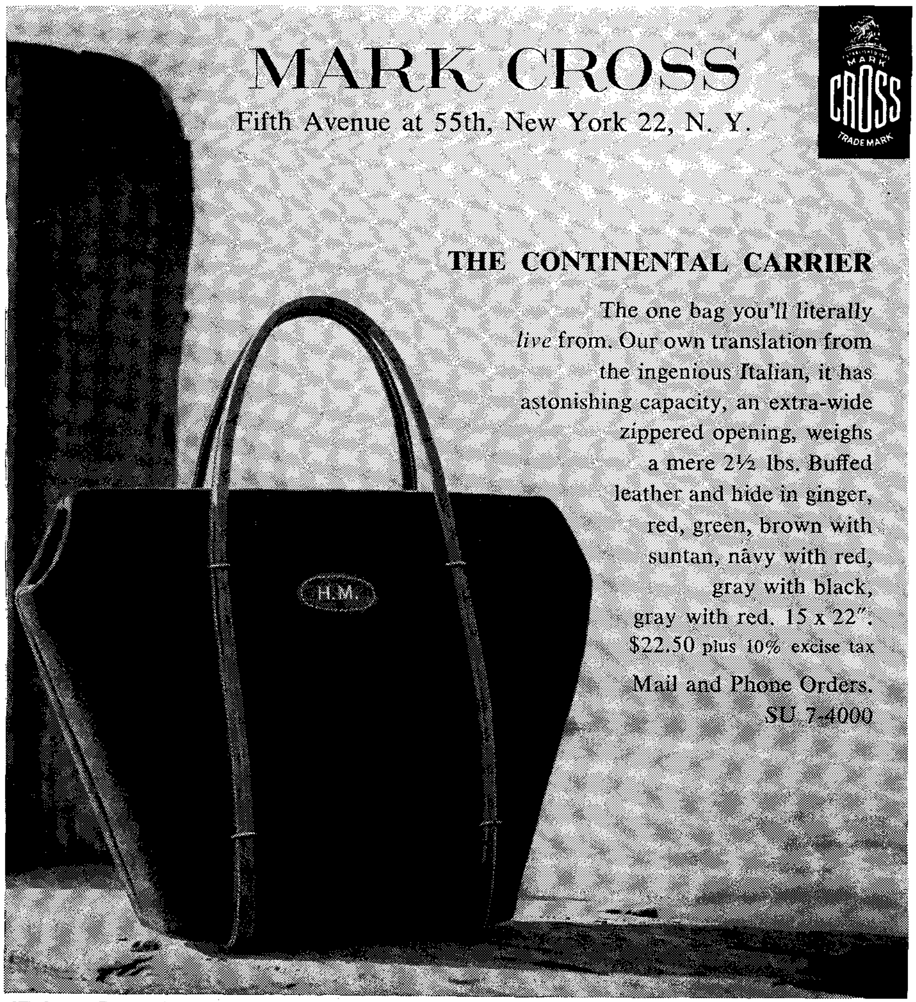
"Marriage is a great improver,"
Wrote Miss Jane Austen, who was moved
By the connubial bliss about her
To stay forever unimproved.

Henry Adams once debated
Whether or not he was educated.
It took five hundred pages to give
The answer in the negative.

"You have but two topics, yourself and me,"
Said Johnson to Boswell, wearily.
"I am sick of both." (And both could tell
Of whom he was sicker than Samuel.)

Anthea, Silvia, Corinna,
Myrrha, Perilla, and Perenna,
Sapho, Biancha, Amarillis,
Julia, Electra, Lucia, Phillis,
Et al., are more than any cleric
Loved before, or after, Herrick.

—HELEN BEVINGTON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THE CONTINENTAL CARRIER

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In Naples--and New York--it's
"CINZANO ON THE ROCKS"

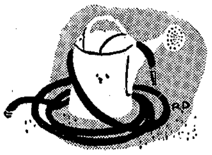
**IN ITALY** — and at New York's Colony Restaurant, Mr. and Mrs. Igor Cassini — he's the celebrated columnist Cholly Knickerbocker — enjoy "Cinzano on the Rocks." It's the drink famed in all capitals of the world — indeed, Cinzano means vermouth on the Continent. If you like your drinks full-bodied, rich and smooth — perfect with a smoke — then order Cinzano Italian. For a drink that's dry and light, just brilliant — order Cinzano French. Cinzano Italian or French "makes" your favorite cocktail. Established 1816. Imported by Cinzano, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Imported from **CINZANO** Italy and France

**Suggestion: Sip "Cinzano on the rocks" while you watch "The Cassini Show," Channel 4 (WNBT), 11:20 Sunday nights**

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

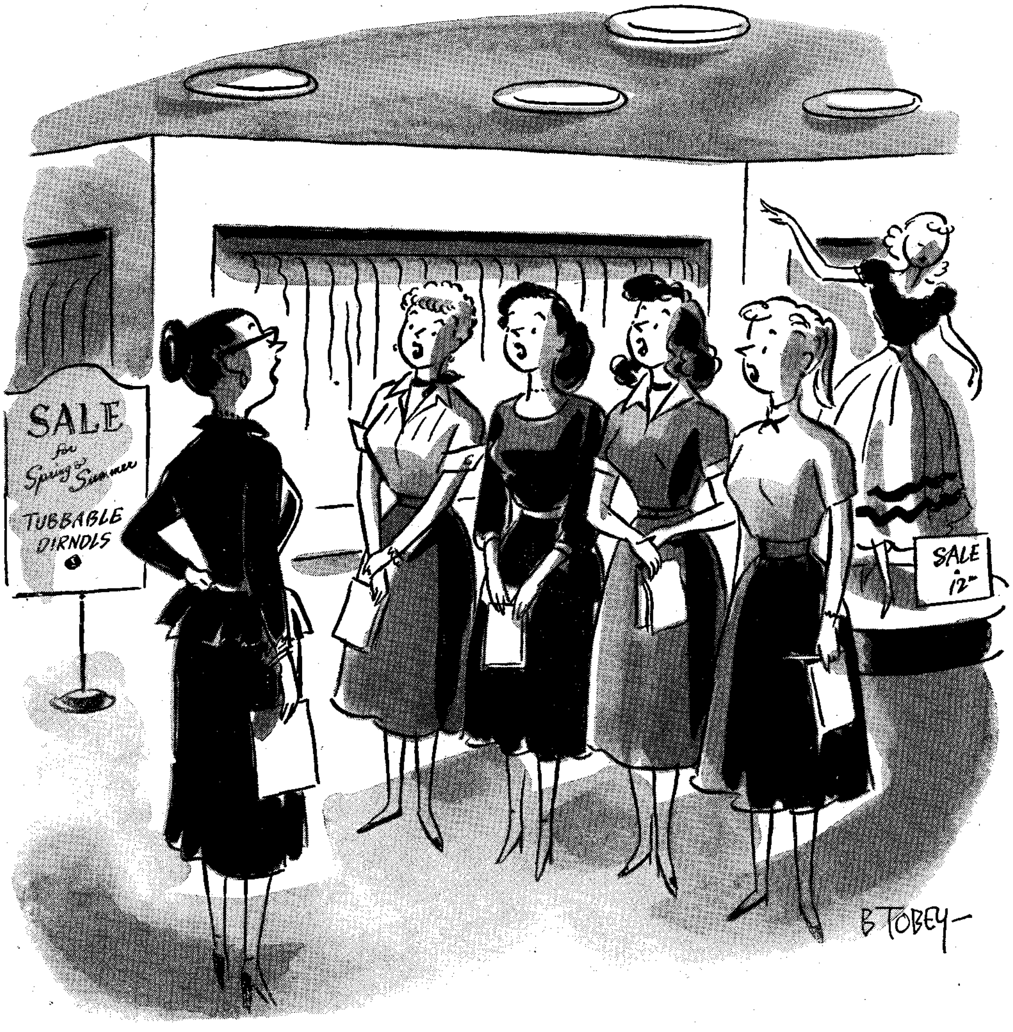


IF the recent exhibition of Scandinavian design at the Brooklyn Museum did nothing else, it extended our knowledge and understanding of a genre that, after its initial violent popularity, had seemed to be losing some of its appeal for Americans. The reawakened interest is due, I think, not to any change in our own taste but, rather, to the easing of the rigidity that formerly characterized the work of Scandinavian designers and the understanding consideration they have lately shown for an order of decoration less austere than their own. In any case, the items in the Brooklyn display, with their trend toward warm colors and rich woods, struck me as better suited to our domestic needs than anything we have previously had out of Scandinavia—although, I hasten to add, there is nowhere apparent in the designs any deliberate preoccupation with what would look well in American, rather than Scandinavian, interiors. As for the technique of the Danish, Swedish, Finnish, and Norwegian craftsmen, that is, as always, a standard of perfection for the artisans of other lands.

As you doubtless know, the Scandinavian exhibit has moved on to other scenes (it opened in Hartford a few days ago), but a representative selection from it, with samples of practically all the work shown in Brooklyn except the textiles, has been set up at Georg Jensen, where it will remain on view—and on sale—for the next month or so. The fact that Jensen has used remarkable discrimination in choosing among the pieces in the exhibition, and has arranged them with taste and imagination, should commend the display to that section of the public that is more interested in good-looking high spots than in the historical evolution of Scandinavian decoration. Decidedly to be listed among the high spots is a beautiful and ingeniously constructed teak dining table, designed in Denmark by Kofod Larsen, with concealed leaves at either end. Unextended, it seats four people, and the leaves double its capacity. This practical piece should prove a blessing not only to householders pressed for room but to any small family that finds it depressing to sit around a long expanse of table when there are no guests. The price is $210. Some comfortable teak-and-rattan side chairs, which were designed by Larsen's compatriot Hans Wegner, and would go admirably with the table, cost $140 apiece.

In the event that there are families left in the land who still feel the need of a coffee table, I suggest that they investigate a table by Finn Juhl, still another Dane, which embodies the utmost elegance and simplicity. It has a narrow brass gallery around the top and slender steel struts, and it comes, in a rich, dark teak or in rosewood, in two sizes—sixteen and a half by ninety inches ($110), and seventeen and a half by forty-two inches ($84). The smaller version could also be used as a bench.

Rather surprisingly, considering the Scandinavian preoccupation with the subject, the Jensen exhibition doesn't put much emphasis on lighting fixtures, and of the few examples I saw there, only two—both ceiling lamps—seemed to have any real distinction or originality. One of these, priced at $29 and extraordinarily attractive, conceals the source of light in a large frosted-glass shade shaped like an elongated egg. The other is more or less bell-shaped, and comes in different sizes, with slight variations of form, that range in price from $23 to $50. This one is made of metal with what is to me an entirely new finish, in which a mere suggestion of color—a deep eggplant, a dusty pink, yellow, or blue green—seems to glow beneath the metal. Jensen has hung from its ceiling a cluster of three such lamps, in three sizes, and the effectiveness of the arrangement plainly demon-



*"All right, girls, now let's try it once more—'tubbable dirndl,' 'tubbable dirndl,' 'tubbable dirndl'. . ."*

Black Nylon *or* white. Warner's original "Merry Widow" in the mistiest embroidered marquisette and elastics. #1311 at $12.50.

White Cotton and sheerest elastics surround a cool, cool beauty—in Warner's *new* version of the "Merry Widow." #1315 at $10.

## What's black and white—and worn all over?

The fabulous Cinch-Bra that started an *undercover* revolution! By taking *inches* from your middle—then shaping curves *from* the *waist up*—with complete freedom through bust and shoulders.

And not only that—it's *top news* with a strapless wired under the bust—*floating free on each side* so you can adjust it for perfect fit, uplift, separation! As for decolletes—those sheer nylon cuffs dip *low as you dare.*

Small wonder Warner's "Merry Widow" has stolen a million hearts, emerged as the new Invisible Fashion for days and evenings, for magnificent bridals and charming little afternoons.

Why not see for yourself—the airy cotton version comes in *white* only, the bewitching nylon in either black or white. Look for new sister styles, too—bras to lacy corselettes! At the nicest stores here and in Canada.

Merry Widow

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Bras • Girdles • Corselettes

*You can use them daily, or leave them on the shelf for years—they won't tarnish or stain. They're*

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*But really, you'll use them often. They telegraph a blend of high style . . . charm . . . warmth . . . simplicity . . . grace that you find only in*

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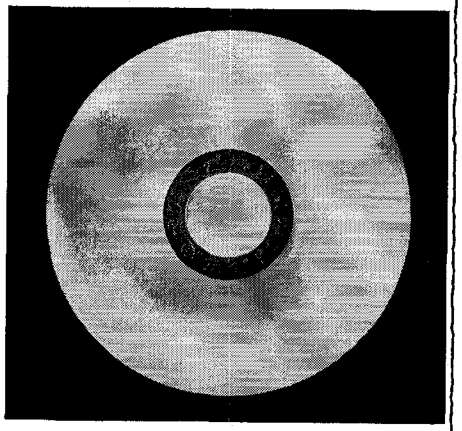

Kensington beauties to look for in your favorite store: 12¼" Savoy Tray at $5.75. 14-oz. Coldchester Tumblers at $2.75. 18" Zodiac Platter—big enough for a sun dance—at a mere $20.

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strates that this is the perfect treatment for them. Both fixtures I have mentioned come from the Orno factory, in Helsinki.

Among a great many more important items—ceramics, woodwork, silverware, furniture, glass, and so on—a couple of unique little bowls from Denmark, which purport to be for kitchen use, might easily escape your attention. The catalogue describes them matter-of-factly as flameproof cook-and-serve bowls made of iron and lined with colored enamel, but that gives no idea of the appeal of these exquisite objects, which look more like living-room bibelots than kitchen utensils. I'll take Jensen's word for it, though, that the enamel—in startling shades of persimmon, blue, turquoise, or yellow, and in gray, black, or chalk white—is able to go into the oven, just as I take the shop's word for it that the exteriors, which look like something rare and fragile, are plain old iron. The smaller bowl, five inches in diameter, costs $3, and the other, ten inches in diameter, costs $7.50.

IT seems to me that the gracious and imaginative designs of Edward Wormley would be just about irresistible to the customer who is sympathetic to the new art forms but whose tastes have been developed in the nourishing soil of the classic style. A showing of his latest works, at the Dunbar Furniture Corporation, 305 East 63rd Street, where they are on sale through decorators, offers what strike me as excellent examples of an inventive talent coupled with intelligent appreciation of traditional forms. A great, oversized sofa very happily illustrates this combination of the mildly romantic and the highly intellectual. At first glance, its generous proportions seem designed merely for luxurious relaxation, but on closer examination one becomes aware of the perfect harmony between the height of the low back and the depth of the seat, and notices the clean curve of the arms and the style with which the pillows of the back are arranged. This almost sumptuous piece, which would be at home only in a large and handsomely appointed room, is a hundred and eleven inches long and forty-one and a half inches wide, and costs $949 in muslin.

A less sybaritic sofa, of an arresting design that would fit easily into either an elegant or an informal interior, has its seat and back lightly slung on a trim walnut frame. This one is eighty-four inches long and thirty and a half inches wide, and the price is $466 in muslin.

REGULAR GRIND
Sherman BLEND
EXQUISITE
Coffee
ONE POUND NET
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SEXTON & CO.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**COFFEE CONNOISSEURS** call for Sherman Exquisite Blend Coffee to the tune of a half-million cups a day . . . at home, in fine restaurants, clubs or railroad dining cars. This is the ultimate in coffee blending . . . so fine it bears the personal name of the Head of the House.

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Luscious pineapple delicately flavored with mint . . . so pure and wholesome—no artificial substitutes. One spoonful converts ice cream, pudding, cake to superb combination. Created only by Grace Rush, famous careerist for forty years. Flatters hostess and guests. 8 wonderful flavors. Be certain to try one OR MORE. Finest quality possible.

*Large 10 oz. Jars*

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75c for Chocolate; 85c for Caramel, Butterscotch, Strawberry, Pineapple Mint, Red Raspberry; $1.00 for Bittersweet plus 10c postage for each jar.

PINEAPPLE MINT SAUCE

*Prompt delivery.*

GRACE A. RUSH, INC. 3720 MADISON RD. CINCINNATI 9, OHIO

Another small sofa—eighty inches long and a very modern version of the old love seat—is supported by a sculptured walnut frame and gives the effect of rather formal primness. There is a two-and-a-half-inch clearance between the seat and the back, which curves gently forward at either end; $482 in muslin. A graceful bench, seventy-eight and a half inches long, sixteen inches high, and twenty-four and a half inches wide, stands on legs of fine walnut with laminated maple trimming; it has a price tag of $367, which includes a muslin-covered cushion.

Some of the new Wormley tables make stunning use of a Finnish birch burl that looks like marble. It forms the tops of several lamp tables, two-tier end tables, and coffee tables, all of which have dark-walnut frames that contrast beautifully with the birch. In most of these designs, the rims of the tabletops turn up in a frivolous little flare, which may recall a similar device Finn Juhl used in some tables seen here a few years ago. Prices run from $199, for a coffee table thirty-eight inches long and twenty-four inches wide, to $350, for a two-tier table fifty-nine and three-quarters inches long and twenty inches wide. Many of the new Wormley pieces are also available, retail, at Lord & Taylor.

I HAVE never been able to make any sense of the odd practice manufacturers and designers have of limiting their operations to the trade. My occasional frustration at being unable to buy a yard of hand-blocked linen or a roll or two of coveted wallpaper without entering into an alliance with a decorator has doubtless contributed to my impatience with this setup, which appears on the face of it to be so obviously to the disadvantage of everybody except the decorator. When, therefore, I see a topflight designer like Dan Cooper throwing out of the window of his impressive Rockefeller Plaza showrooms his long-standing, hard-and-fast rule of selling only through decorators, I feel that applause is called for. Actually, the decoratorless public couldn't ask for a better break than to be let in on the current showing of Cooper textiles, which are as distinguished as anything of the sort that has been around lately.

Mr. Cooper is not only exhibiting a number of spectacular new designs but has had the commendable idea of reproducing many discontinued patterns that were introduced in the thirties and forties and are still things of satisfying

Mediterranea

from our newest collection of compatible pieces in the Provincial manner. For a booklet illustrating and describing our entire collection, please write, enclosing 25¢, to Heritage-Henredon, Dept. N-61, High Point, N. C. (Name of your nearest dealer sent on request.)

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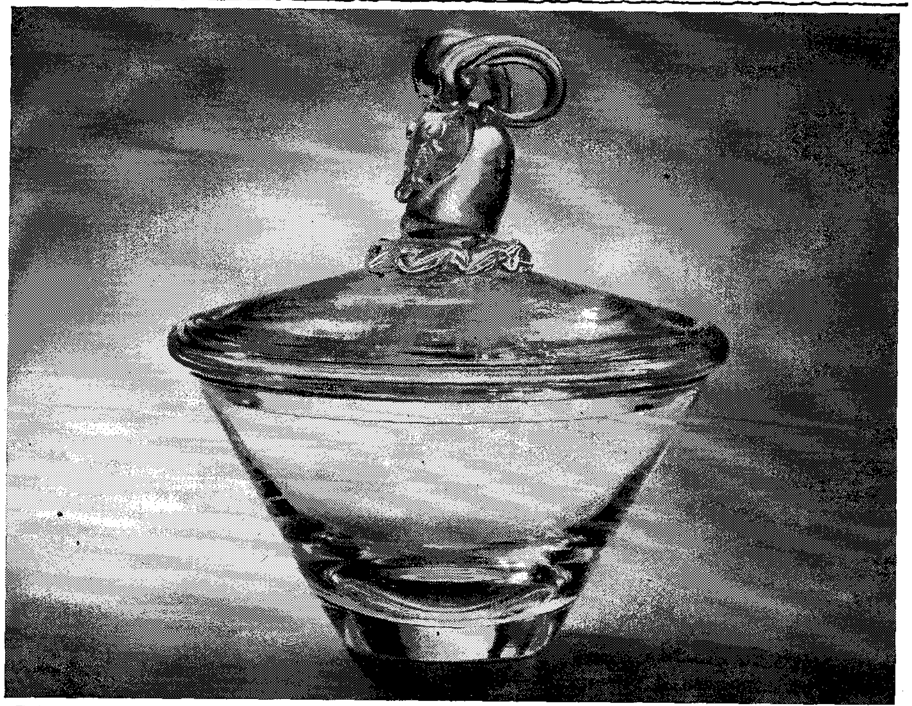

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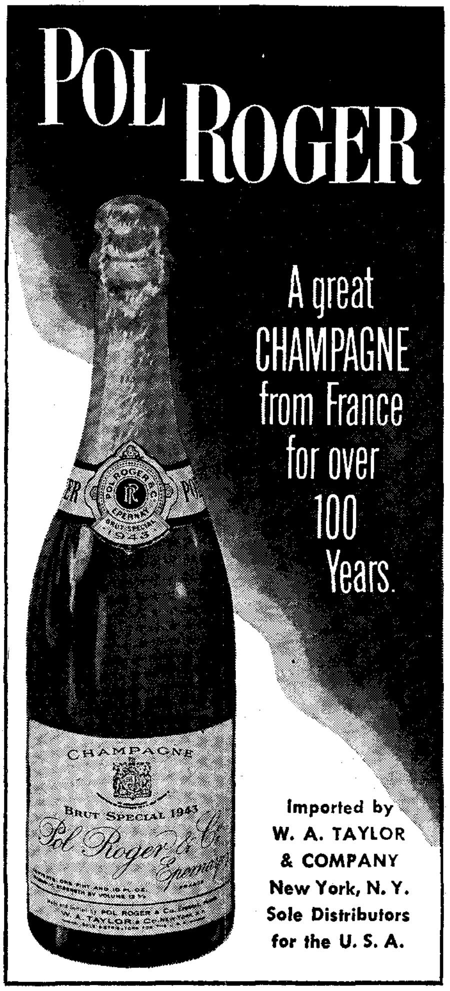
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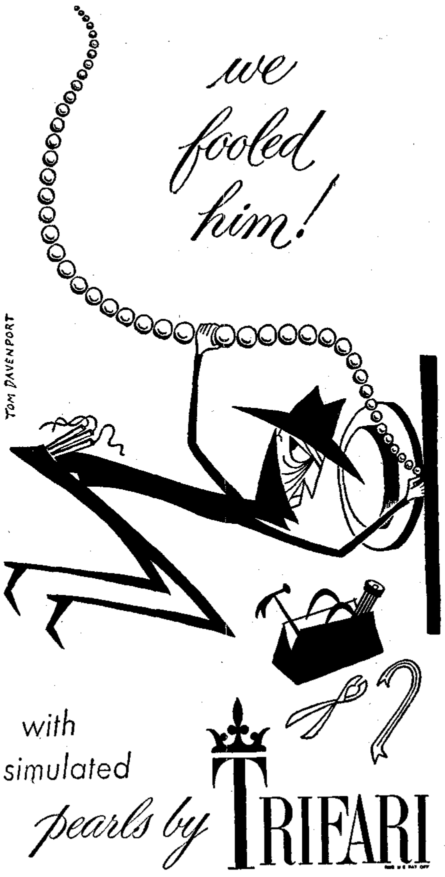
we fooled him!
TOM DAVENPORT
with simulated pearls by TRIFARI

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beauty. The current collection, therefore, represents a cross-section of his work. It would be a waste of time to try to give you more than a general idea of the textures and an indication of prices, since every pattern in the collection can be printed in any color on any of the materials shown; the subtlety or splendor of the designs you will have to see for yourself.

Among the prints, there is, to begin with, a group of inexpensive cottons ($4.50 to $6 a yard), some given over to the best of the prewar patterns and some to brand-new patterns. Then, there is semi-sheer Egyptian cotton, at $6 a yard; a mohair-rayon-and-cotton semi-sheer, at $5.25; an extremely heavy linen with a spun-rayon filling, and a raw-silk shantung with a cotton warp, both at $8.25; a natural Belgian linen, at $7.50; a pure silk, at $13.50; a Scottish-woven pure linen, at $9.75; linen gauze, for glass curtains, printed in patterns taken from old Indian kerchiefs, at $5.85; and so on. All the goods here are fifty inches wide, except some printed sailcloths, which are thirty-six inches wide. These are $4.50 a yard. In addition to all these Cooper originals, there is a group of linens and Egyptian cottons designed and printed in Switzerland, which are, as far as I know, unequalled anywhere for lighthearted gaiety. One of them has an informal arrangement of Queen Anne's lace printed in chalk white on a background of sage green; another, showing flowers in various stages of development, looks like a botanical plate; and the small red-and-blue pattern of still another is the sort of thing frequently referred to as peasant, although it has none of the self-conscious folksiness usually associated with the term. There are many equally delightful items among the Swiss imports, which run from $4.95 to $6 a yard, fifty inches wide.

THE firm of John Scott, 1113 Madison Avenue (83rd), is one of the oldest and, to my mind, most reliable of the local agencies that open and close houses and apartments and do such jobs as cleaning, mothproofing, and storing rugs and draperies, shampooing broadlooms on the floor, taking care of all kinds of upholstery problems, making slipcovers and window curtains, and attending efficiently to the innumerable details incidental to the upkeep of the home. A great many meticulous housekeepers are familiar with—and, indeed, swear by—the Scott service, but it is not, I think, a matter of general knowledge that the Madison Avenue

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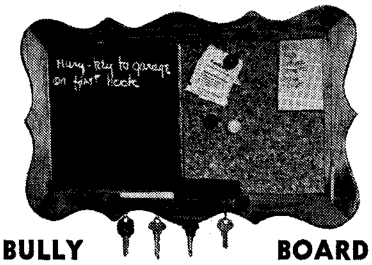

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office has an exceedingly large stock of superb drapery and upholstery fabrics, which are sold at surprisingly reasonable prices to all comers without imposing upon them any obligation to use the Scott upholstery department. The materials offered are mainly English hand-blocked linens and chintzes, pure Italian silks, and combinations of silk and linen and silk and cotton of the splendid quality one sees—and envies—in restoration projects done in the grand manner, like Monticello and Williamsburg. Most of the Italian imports are in formal, if not traditional, patterns. There is a Chinese design of blossoming peach boughs on a pinkish-brown or blue pure silk ($11); a heavy yellow silk with a variety of large Chinese motifs ($8); a small, typically Empire allover pattern on silk and cotton of a deep, rich green ($8); a silk-and-linen antique brocatel in an unusual shade of rust ($10.95); very heavy off-white pure silk with a large allover self pattern ($8 as is, or $9.50 dyed to a sample); and so on, through some two thousand patterns.

While materials with a modern feeling are less numerous, the ones that are available include some admirable examples of contemporary design. Among them are a closely woven pure silk, as heavy as tweed, in a pattern of narrow, zigzag stripes ($7.50); a chalk-white silk and cotton with a striking self pattern of squares ($6.75); and a pinkish-brown raw silk in two weights—one suitable for draperies ($4.50), and the other, which is for upholstery, exceptionally heavy and one of the loveliest fabrics you ever laid eyes on ($7.50). Beautiful English chintzes and linens cost from $3.50 to $4.50 a yard, and there is a large assortment of five-yard silk remnants at from $7 to $9.50. All the materials are fifty inches wide. —S. H.

•

Thirty-nine of the 58 contestants of this year's World-Telegram and Sun citywide spelling bee were eliminated this morning in the first 12 rounds, leaving 19 boys and girls to battle for the top honors.

The third round was the most disastrous. Eight contestants fell out on these words: SCRUPLES, HOSIERY, FLEXIBLE, PIOUS, EXHASTED, PULLEYS, THRASH and EMANCIPATOR.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Maybe you better stay out of it.

•

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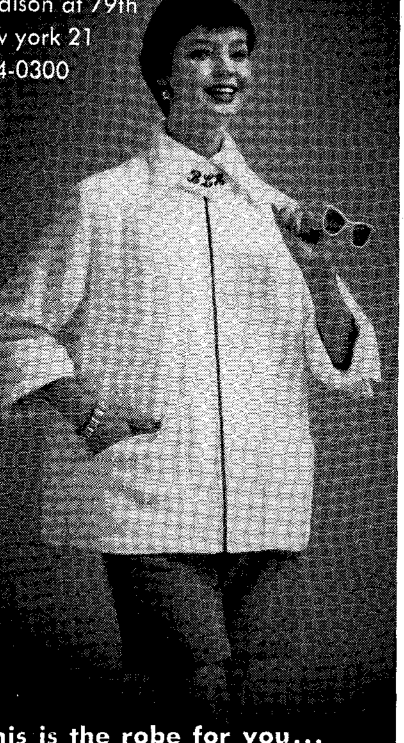

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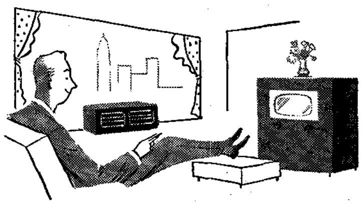

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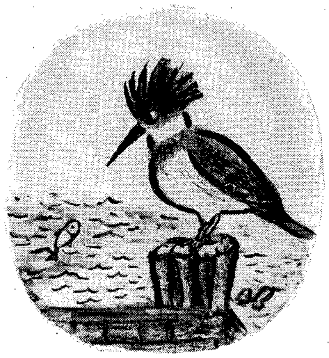
# FIRST TERM

FROM the time I was eight until I was twelve, I went to boarding school in a large red brick house, which stood among dark rhododendron bushes and clumps of yellow gorse, in southern England. The school had its own nine-hole golf course, a swimming pool, three squash courts, and a grove of fir trees, where the Boy Scouts among us camped out in summer. Stored in a cricket pavilion, there were a gray howitzer and a stack of 1890 rifles, acquired cheap after the 1914-18 War, with which we played long games of battle. In the evenings, the playrooms in the house were usually given over to roller-skating and amateur theatricals, and once a fortnight we had a lantern lecture or a conjuring show.

The headmaster, Major Thorp, went in for Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers, and looked rather like Bernard Shaw without a beard, if that is imaginable. Once a month, he held a test of steadfastness. He assembled us, six at a time, in the gymnasium, lined us up, and, armed with a tin tray, an alarm bell, and a pistol loaded with blanks, prowled silently behind us. Then, shatteringly, he would fire a couple of rounds and bang down the tray or ring the bell wildly, the idea being, as he always explained afterward, to develop our self-discipline and teach us not to flinch at an unexpected noise. "You never know," he would say, "when you may have to freeze into immobility, and when your very life and, more important, the lives of your companions may depend upon your control. Anything may be going on around you—earthquake, assassination, or revolution. It is at such moments that you don't want to be distracted by qualms."



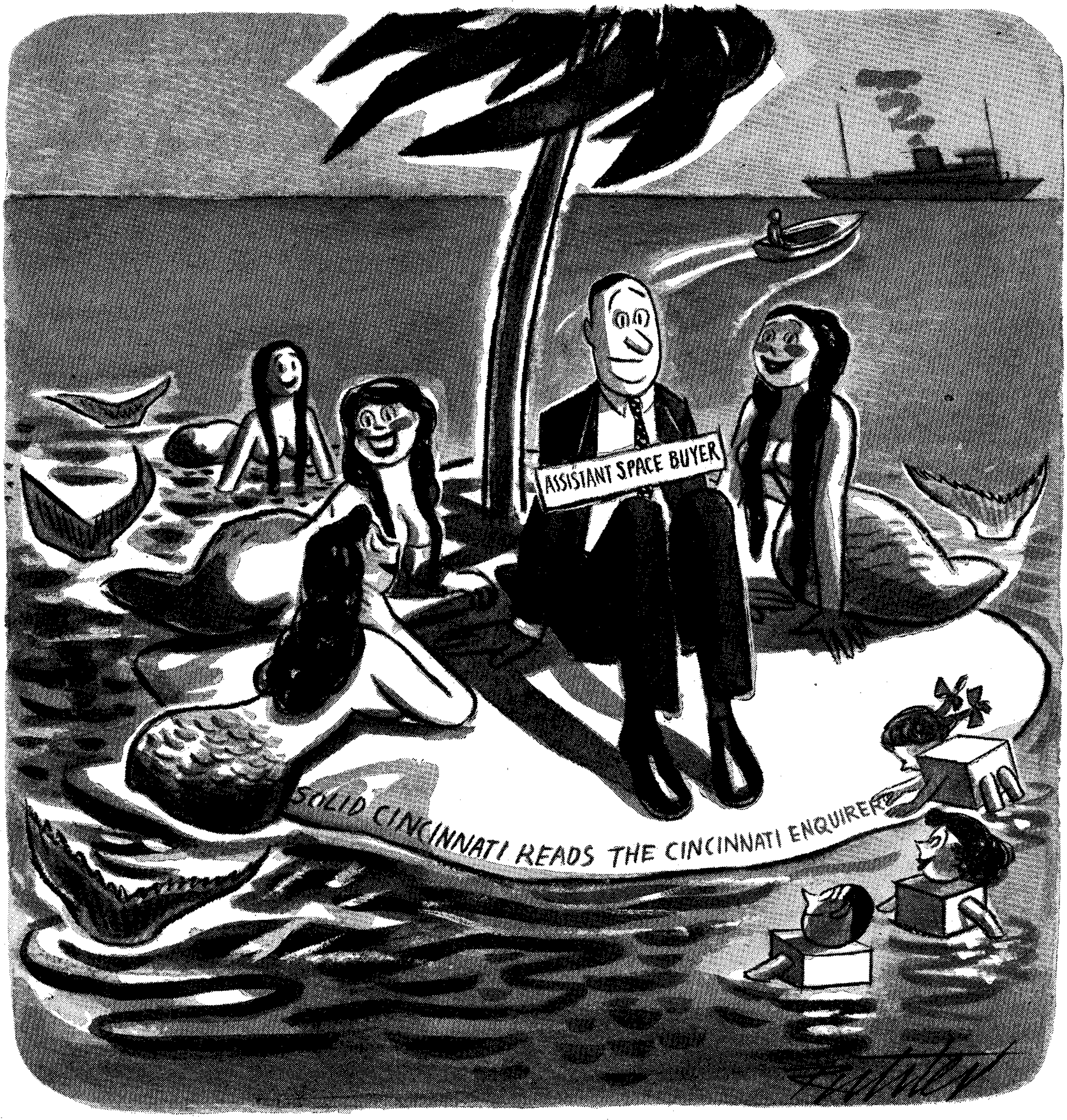
On Sundays, the Headmaster led what he called Thorp's Run. Without this institution, very little exercise would have been taken on that day; the morning was devoted to churchgoing and letter writing, and the afternoon, for those who stayed behind, was likely to be given to a gentle walk. Thorp, however, made his Sunday-afternoon walking a sort of marathon. Dressed in his Sunday best and accompanied by a selected group of boys in stiff Eton collars and short black coats, he would set off early, compass in hand, in as straight a line as possible, and not stop until nightfall, when he and his companions, footsore, weary, scratched, but triumphant, would return to school by bus or train, bringing the mileage they had covered with them like a trophy. The record stood at eighteen and a half miles, walked on a fine summer afternoon by Thorp and eight boys, three of whom spent the rest of the term in bed.

New boys were submitted to a kind of breaking-in process, and a twelve-year-old member of the school, a boy named Gatehouse, set himself the task of teaching me the code I was expected to observe. For a while, he and I paid a daily visit to the squash courts, which were situated in a remote part of the grounds, and there, a long ruler in his hand, he would make me trot in a circle around him. If I moved too slowly or was not quick enough to obey his command to change pace, he would step over to me and rap me firmly across the knuckles. If I cried or showed signs of rebellion, he would say that I was a coward and a crybaby, and unworthy to be a member of the school.

Most new boys reacted violently to this form of training. Some took to breaking up furniture, others to smashing windows. One ran away. I, in an effort to assert myself, took to crime—stealing, to be precise. Stealing postage stamps.

MY first theft was the lifting of about twenty French Equatorials from a boy called Simpson. They were highly colored stamps, engraved with pictures of natives, palm trees, and coconuts. They were very pretty, rare, and valuable, but I did not take them for any of these reasons. I had plenty of stamps of my own. I put the stolen ones in an envelope and tucked them away in the pocket of my blazer. For the next few days, every time Gatehouse made me run in a circle around him, I had the warm feeling of having a secret that neither he nor anyone else could share.

Three or four days after the theft, while the school was lining up in the playroom to go to tea, Major Thorp said that he had an important announcement to make. We all knew it was something serious, because the assistant mas-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ters were ranked behind him, staring thoughtfully down at the toes of their shoes. Normally, at that time, they stood about in informal groups, chatting and exchanging pedagogic jokes.

Major Thorp cleared his throat, looked at us severely, and said, "I have a most unpleasant duty to perform, one which gives me as much pain as if I myself were at fault. We have amongst us a dangerous criminal." There was an uneasy movement among the boys. The Major continued, "These are not nice words to address to the members of a school whose high standard of integrity has always been my most jealous concern. They are words I do not willingly use, but in the circumstances I have no alternative." He leaned forward suddenly. "There is a thief amongst us!" he shouted. "Simpson, whom you all know," he went on, "and who recently distinguished himself on the field of sport—I refer to his spirited play in last Wednesday's match against Sparrowfield—has reported the loss of a valuable set of French Equatorial stamps, a birthday gift from his father. My staff and I"—the Major turned slightly and bowed in the general direction of his assistants—"have made a very thorough investigation of the matter, and have come to the conclusion that the stamps are in the possession of some boy or boys unknown."

He paused and looked down at us. I could as good as feel the stamps burning in my pocket. It was all I could do to prevent myself putting my hand over it. "Will the perpetrator of this mean and despicable action step forward and confess his guilt?" said the Headmaster.

There was utter silence.

"It will be better for him to do so now than to wait for his inevitable unmasking," the Major said.

We were as immobile as statues.

"For the last time," said Major Thorp, "will the wretched boy come forward?"

He waited, but there was no response.

"Very well," said the Major. "In that case, I have no option but to impose a collective punishment on the school. You will be silent for tea. March on."

After our silent tea, Gatehouse and some of the other seniors began an exhaustive search. They started with the middle school, where it was thought the culprit would most likely be, and did not reach us juniors until we were in bed. Then they came into our dormitory and, without saying a word, because they were not really supposed to be there,

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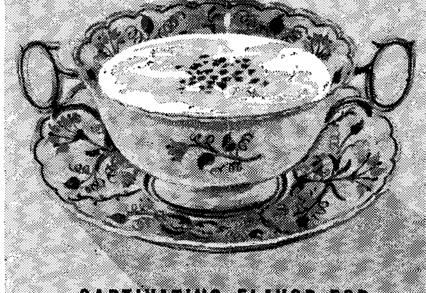
SOUP SUPREME



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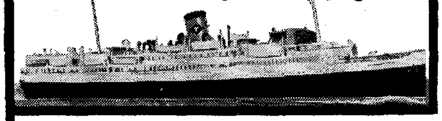

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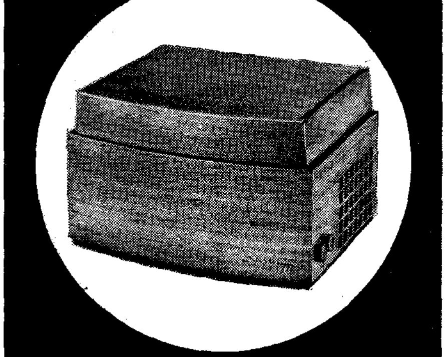

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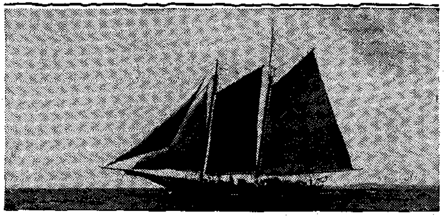

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searched silently through each boy's clothes and possessions. They looked under pillows and among bedclothes. They found nothing. Knowing they would come, I had folded the envelope into a small cube, and now I put it on my tongue and kept it against the roof of my mouth, like a wafer. After they had gone and the lights had been switched off, I took the envelope out, and, with the help of a flashlight held under the bedclothes, dried the stamps and put them into a new envelope. Then I fell asleep, happy for the first time since I had come to the school.

THE next day, I inked a black spot on the envelope the stamps were in, and laid it on a boxing glove in the gymnasium. It was found at eleven o'clock by the gym instructor, an ex-Regular sergeant, who took it to the Headmaster. At the lunchtime lineup, Major Thorp made a brief statement. The missing stamps had been found and had been returned to their rightful owner, he told us. He made no mention of thieving, and it was with disappointment that I heard him. I had hoped that the black spot would produce another rhetorical outbreak.

Four days later, I stole a set of triangular Cape of Good Hopes from a boy called Fellowes, but although these stamps were more valuable than the French Equatorials, Fellowes was not aware of his loss, or if he was, he said nothing about it. I kept the stamps in my pocket for a few days, but the mere possession of them was no longer enough. I yearned for the anonymous notoriety I had achieved. I put the stamps in an envelope, inked a black spot on it, and wrote boldly underneath, "Christopher Blackspot strikes again." Then I pinned the envelope to the school's notice board, between a list of swimming events and a letter of thanks from the Belsize Orphanage for the gift of the previous Sunday's chapel collection.

The result was sensational. Almost at once, the entire school began talking about Christopher Blackspot. His name, a casual invention, developed a personality and legends to go with it. Speculation rose to astonishing heights. Blackspot wasn't one person; he was a gang. He was Matron. He was the Headmaster. In the next days, if anything went wrong—if a boy lost a shoe, a master his mark book—it was Blackspot who was responsible. He was reportedly seen at night wearing a mask and hurrying along the empty corridors. He was glimpsed by day, in a plumed hat, disap-

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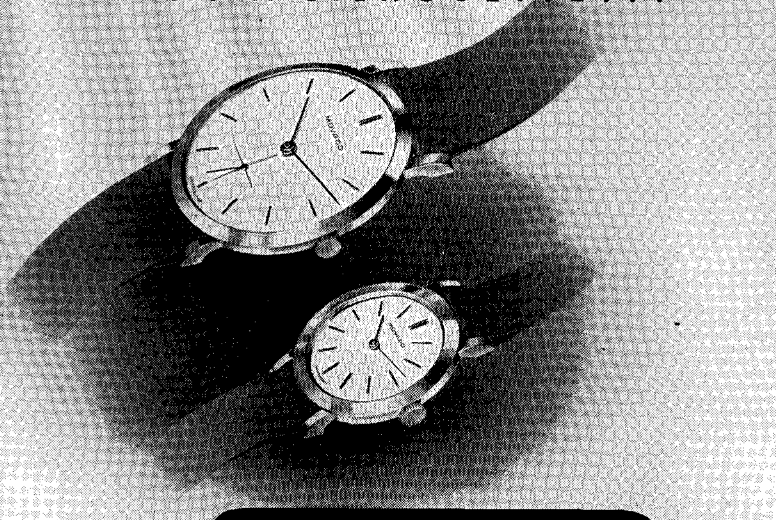

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pearing into the rhododendron bushes. He was continually escaping from traps and ambushes, always outwitting the slow-moving masters. One boy enjoyed a few hours' fame when he claimed that he had been kidnapped by Blackspot and released only when he had given up his pocket money, knife, and set of model aircraft. He broke down eventually and admitted it was a lie when Gatehouse tried to get him to give the Headmaster a full description of the incident.

Worried by the hold Blackspot had gained on our imaginations, and still without knowledge of his identity, the Headmaster did not quite know what line to take. Resorting again to collective punishment, he put us on silence for tea, and then cancelled our usual Wednesday holiday and substituted two hours of Latin grammar. When these measures had no effect, he set a time limit. "If by the day after tomorrow the culprit has not given himself up," he said one morning, "the lantern lecture on 'The Working Life of an Ant' will not take place."

The day came, the lecture was cancelled, and the Major fell back once more on rhetorical diatribes.

No one suspected me, partly because I was such a junior member of the school and partly because nobody made any real attempt to discover the culprit. The boys were far too busy relaying false rumors, and the masters had not the necessary entrée into our world. Besides, it was said that they, too, were swept up by the Blackspot craze, and were as eager to hear the latest rumor as the rest of us. There was, actually, substantial evidence to prove this. Mr. Thompson, the senior Classics master, was known to have offered a toffee for any new Blackspot story, and Mr. Forbes, an intense young poet, wrote the beginning canto of an epic about Blackspot, which none of us could understand. In any event, Blackspot was undoubtedly the school hero.

One day when I was doing my round in the squash courts, Gatehouse said to me, "Who do you think is Blackspot?"

"I don't know," I said.

"I do," said Gatehouse.

I felt cold all over. "You do?" I could hardly get the words out.

"Yes," said Gatehouse, looking intently at me and tapping his palm with his ruler. "I am! I'm surprised you didn't guess it, knowing me so well. It takes nerve to carry out a job like that."

"Yes," I said. "I suppose it does."

He now looked at me obliquely. "A

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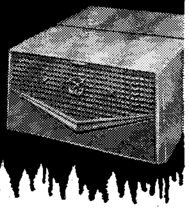

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worm would report me immediately to Major Thorp," he said. "That's what a worm would do." He came closer to me. "But *we're* not worms, are we?"

"No," I said. "We're not."

"We know better than to go sneaking to masters about things that don't concern them, don't we?"

"Yes," I said.

"I haven't told anybody else this," said Gatehouse, "so if I get into trouble, I shall know whom to blame." He cut me sharply across the knuckles. "Just to remind you to keep silent," he said. "That's enough for today. You may go."

THE next day, I stole a whole album of stamps from a boy called Fenner. It was a large book, and there were well over a thousand stamps in it. Fenner was a mean, pimply-faced boy in spectacles, who had once given me a faked Fiji Islands stamp for a solid collection of early Australians. It was this that inspired me to write, and put on the board, a notice proclaiming that Christopher Blackspot only robbed dirty swappers. I returned the album, intact, to Fenner's locker soon after the theft was discovered.

"If the rascal masquerading under the guise of Christopher Blackspot is not revealed by this time tomorrow," Major Thorp said before tea, "the school will go on silence for the rest of the term."

This threat galvanized the seniors. Gatehouse, who put himself in charge, announced that every boy in the school was to come to the gymnasium and, in the presence of the investigators, write "Christopher Blackspot only robs dirty swappers" on a sheet of paper lying alongside the original note on a table.

I knew that however hard I tried, I would not be able to disguise my writing sufficiently. I went outside and, with my penknife, cut my inky right forefinger just at the place where it would rest against a pen. I picked up a jagged flint and lacerated the other fingers of that hand, so that the cut would look as if it had been caused by a fall. Then I ran quickly to the matron.

The iodine she put on my hand brought tears to my eyes, but I did not mind when I saw the enormous bandage she was making. I went to the gymnasium, and when it was my turn to write the sentence, I held up my hand and said, "I can't."

Gatehouse and the boys with him looked at me thoughtfully. The captain

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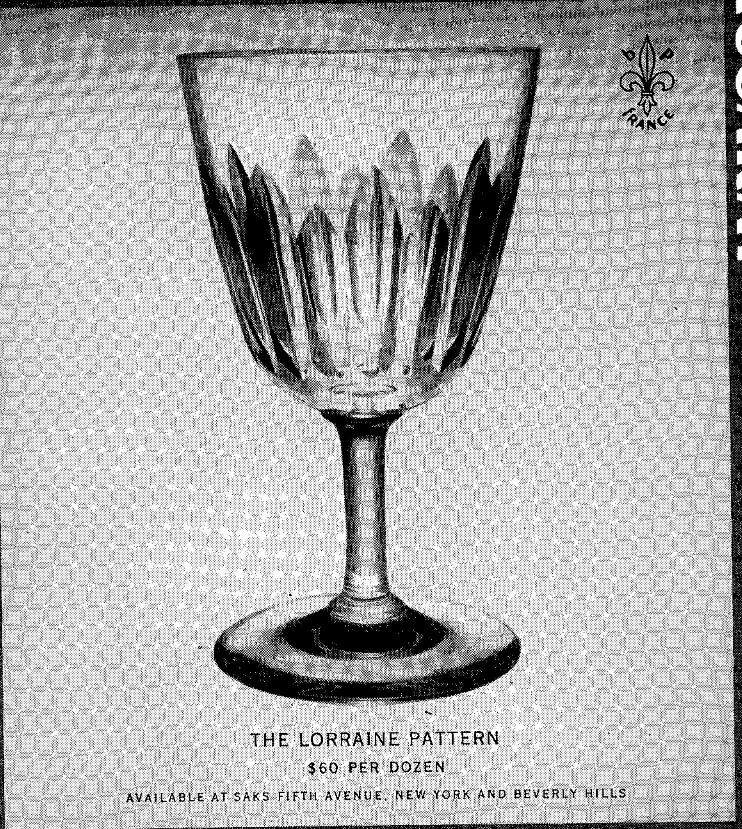

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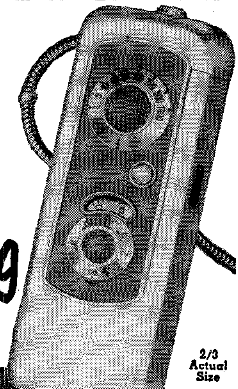

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of the school said, "It couldn't be a new boy. He wouldn't have the guts."

Gatehouse seemed almost ready to agree, but writing the sentence had been his idea and he was unwilling to abandon it. He looked at the note again, and then at my hand. "When did you do this?" he asked.

"This afternoon," I said.

"Where?"

"In the playground. I fell and grazed it against a stone."

Gatehouse took my hand and began to untie the bandage.

"I think you're going too far," said the captain of the school sternly.

"You know what Matron is like," said Gatehouse. "The slightest cut, and she swathes you in bandages. If you think he can't hold a pen, I'll say no more."

The others agreed that this was fair, and I watched with growing wretchedness the protection that had cost me so much pain being slowly unwound. I tried to snatch my hand away, and the movement aroused their suspicion. When the last of the lint came off and my stained hand with its small cut and scratches came into view, even the captain had to admit that there was nothing to prevent me from writing.

They sat me down and put a sheet of paper in front of me. Gatehouse dipped a pen in ink and gave it to me. I said that my hand was hurting, that the nib was crossed, and that the writing would smudge. It was no use. In the end, I had to write.

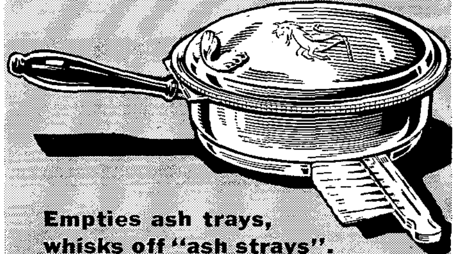
I tried to disguise my writing as much as I could, but my knowledge of calligraphy was too shallow for me to attempt the double task of remembering the way I usually wrote and then deliberately altering it. Nor did I have the note to guide me; Gatehouse had picked it up, and he dictated the words to me.

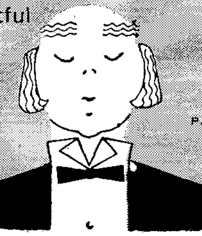
When I had finished, Gatehouse took the sheet and stared at it and at the note, his head moving from side to side. Then he gave a sudden shout, and said, in astonishment as much as in triumph, "It's him! He's spelled 'dirty' with a 'u'!"

The boys all crowded around Gatehouse. "There it is!" he said. " 'D-u-r-t-y,' the same as in the note. You can't get away from that. And the 't's are crossed the same way, and the 'r's have the same curl."

The captain, my last hope, was convinced. "Yes," he said in his deep, almost grown-up voice, "I think we have come to the end of our search."

I didn't wait to hear any more. Be-





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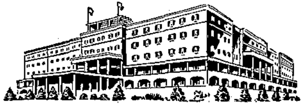

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fore they could stop me, I bolted out the door. I heard them shout as I raced along the corridor and clattered down the stairs. They came thundering behind me, calling, "There goes Blackspot! Stop him, somebody, stop him!"

But the few boys I met were too surprised to do more than join in the chase after it had passed them. Soon it seemed that the whole school was racing and shouting after me. I did not know where I was going. I just went on running.

I turned a corner, and there, right in front of me, was the tall, tweedy figure of Major Thorp. I tried to swerve, but it was too late. I heard him grunt as I charged into him, and then I felt myself held by one arm and heard him say, "And what is the cause of this extraordinary outburst? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

The others came up, and Gatehouse, panting, said, "It's Christopher Blackspot, sir."

The Headmaster looked at me, then at Gatehouse, and then at me. "Is this true?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yes," I said miserably.

"Here, sir," said Gatehouse. "Here is the proof." He held out the two sheets of paper.

The Headmaster let go of my arm and took the notes.

"Look out, sir," said Gatehouse. "He'll bolt again."

But the Major merely looked from one piece of paper to the other, and turned to me and said, "Come along to my study." He spoke sternly to the others. "You're supposed to be in prep, not tearing along the corridors like a lot of hooligans," he said. "Get back to work at once, the lot of you. And now," he said quietly to me when the last of them had scampered away, "I want you to tell me the whole story."

MAJOR THORP took me to his study and had me sit on a chair facing him. He leaned back in his own chair, put his fingertips together, and said, "Take your time. Start at the beginning. I won't interrupt."

I told him everything—about Gatehouse and the lessons in the squash courts, and about how I had taken the stamps and made up the name of Christopher Blackspot, how I had cut my hand, and how, in the end, I had been caught.

He listened attentively and did not once interrupt or question me. When I had finished, he said, in a voice I hardly knew, "Do you miss home so very much?"

"Yes," I said, and the tears mounted so suddenly and so strongly that I could not speak any more.

Then he talked to me. I did not hear everything he said, though I remember his saying that nobody liked school to begin with, and, later, that he himself was lonely at times. He finished by telling me to go to Matron and have my hand bandaged. "We'll say no more about all this," he added.

"Thank you, sir," I said. I stood up and went to the door.

"And if Gatehouse suggests any more training for you, just tell him from me that you'll do as you are," he said.

"Thank you, sir," I said again.

I had my hand bandaged and went back to my classroom and did my prep. After prep, we all went down to the playroom and lined up for supper. The captain of the school came up to me and said, "I've just been speaking to the Head. Next time you feel like breaking out, come to me first." He shook my hand and then said, in quite a loud voice, "You're all right!"

Several other seniors shook hands with me after supper, and later, in the dormitory after lights were out, I had to tell everybody the whole story of Christopher Blackspot. I tried once or twice in the next week to apologize to Gatehouse for the trouble I had given him, but he always turned away when he saw me coming. He left at the end of that term, and I never saw or heard of him again.

—JOHN WATNEY

• •

## I GUESS I HAVEN'T LIVED YET

I have never seen a deer cross a road at a deer crossing,
And I have never come upon a fallen rock in a fallen-rock zone.
I have never noticed any trucks entering from right,
And the school bus never stops here, at least not when I'm there.
I have never felt the need for special caution while proceeding at my own
 risk along a stretch of highway that is officially closed to traffic,
And the hills that are slippery when wet always seem to be dry as a bone when
 I crawl down them in low gear.
What a dull life!

—E. J. K.

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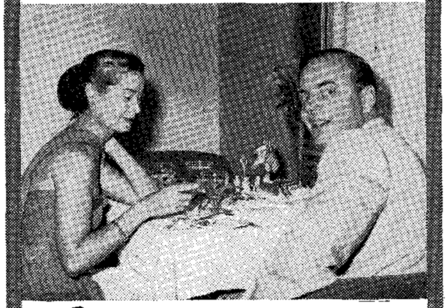
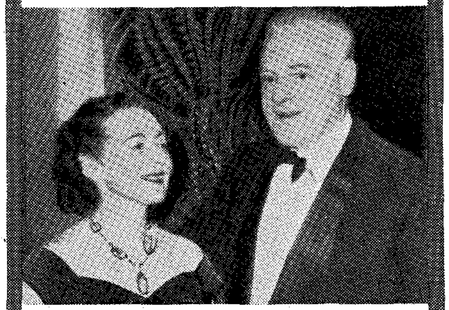
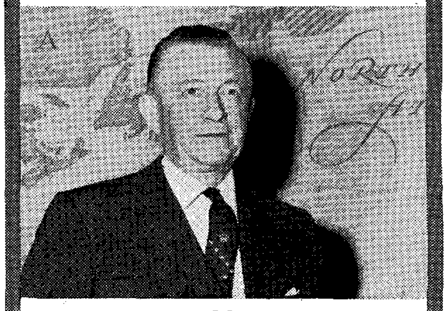


Fun "This ship makes pleasure its business"—Mr. and Mrs. Christian Holmes of Texas.



Food "I'd like to add the chef to my own staff," say Sir Colin and Lady Anderson.



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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

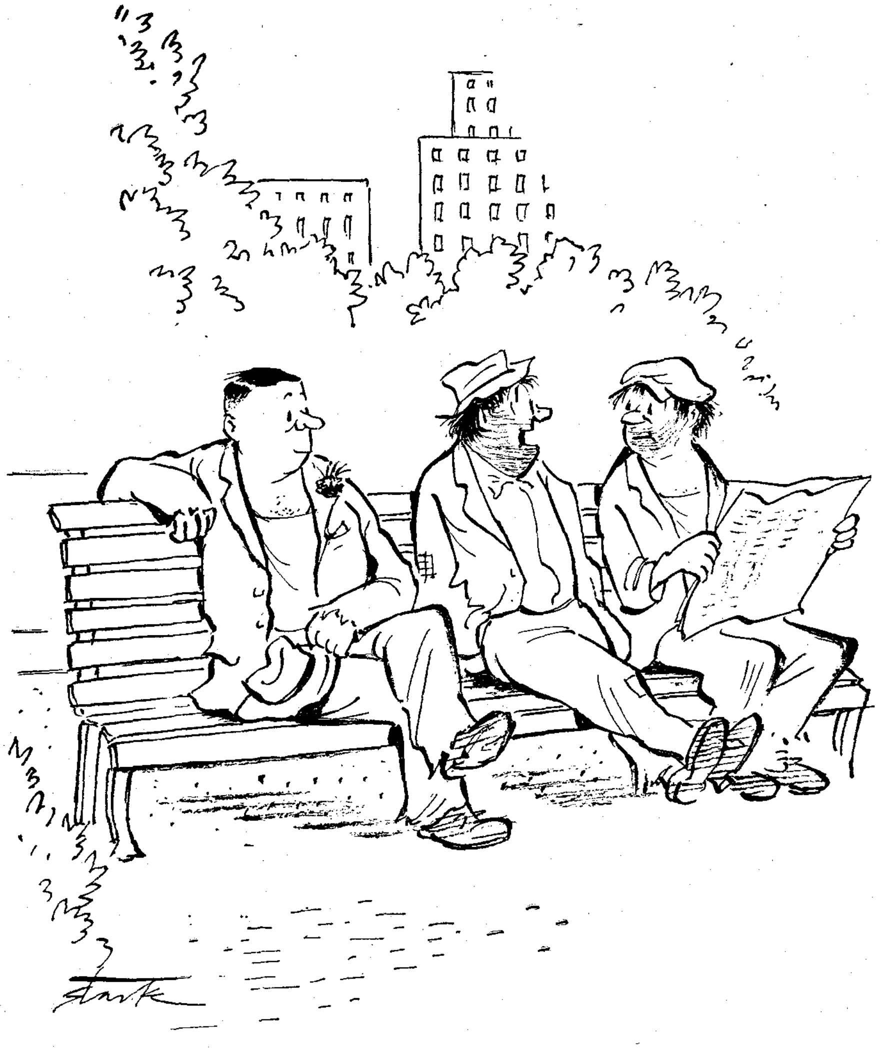
## TENZING OF EVEREST

THE best-known citizen of the Indian hill town of Darjeeling, Tenzing Norkay, is in residence now, though unseasonably, for the year's climbing in the Himalayas has begun and most of his Sherpa colleagues are off helping Westerners up the peaks. His presence reflects the change that has taken place in his affairs since May 29th of last year, when he and Edmund Hillary stood on the summit of Mount Everest. That feat earned Tenzing a rest from his career as a climber, which had been arduous, and plunged him into a new career, involving contracts, publicity, and politics, which is a good deal more lucrative but which puts him under another kind of strain. Not only is he, like many famous men, unschooled in the ways of publicity but he deals haltingly with English, its lingua franca. Just keeping track of his own life, therefore, demands hard concentration. Tenzing complains that he has lost twenty-four pounds since climbing Everest, and he says—though he probably doesn't mean it—that if he had foreseen the results, he would never have made the climb. His troubles are compounded by an element of jealousy in Darjeeling—he is to some extent a prophet without honor in his own country—and by a public disagreement, which he is well aware of, as to whether he is a great man or only an able servant. "I thought if I climbed Everest whole world very good," he said recently. "I never thought like this."

Tenzing is at everyone's disposal. He has fixed up a small museum in his Darjeeling flat, exhibiting his gear, trophies, and photographs, and he stands duty there from ten in the morning to four-thirty in the afternoon. He is a handsome man, sunburned and well groomed, with white teeth and a friendly smile, and he usually wears Western clothes of the Alpine sort—perhaps a bright silk scarf, a gray sweater, knee-length breeches, wool stockings, and thick-soled oxfords. These suit him splendidly. Redolent with charm, Tenzing listens intently to questions put to him, in all the accents of English, by tourists who come to look over his display, and answers as best he can, often laughing in embarrassment. He charges no admission fee, but has a collection box for less fortunate Sherpa climbers, and he seems to look on the ordeal as a duty to the Sherpas and to India as a whole. The other day, I, who have been bothering him, too, remarked on the great number of people he receives. "If I don't," he answered, "they say I am too big." And he scratched his head and laughed nervously.

Tenzing's rise to fame caused some hard feelings between India and Nepal over the question of his nationality. On his trip to England with the Everest party, he took along passports of both countries, but now it is pretty well settled that he is Indian by choice and long residence, Nepalese by birth, and Sherpa—Tibetan, that is—by stock. Odd as it may seem, this mixture is common, for the Sherpas long ago migrated from the high Tibetan wastes to Nepal, and in this century many of them have moved on to Darjeeling, looking for work; when Tenzing Norkay, or Tenzing Norkay Sherpa, came to Darjeeling in 1933, he was treading a well-worn path. This is the way he has decided to spell his name—he now has business cards—but a European anthropologist who knows Tibetan says that "Tenzin Norgya" would be a better phonetic rendering, and that an accurate transliteration would be "bsTan-aDzin Nor-rGyas," the capital letters representing the stresses. The Sherpas don't use surnames as we know them. Both "Tenzing," which means "thought holder" or "thought grasper," and "Norkay," which means "increasing wealth," are given names, and "Sherpa," which means "man from the East," is a caste or clan name.

Darjeeling, the Sherpas, and Mount Everest make up a triangle that has framed Tenzing's life. Darjeeling is a town of twenty-five thousand people, seven thousand feet above sea level, on a steep slope in the southern Himalayas. From the plain below, its buildings look like strips of paper pasted on a screen. For decades, people have come to Darjeeling by a small mountain train, with tiny red cars and a tiny green loco-



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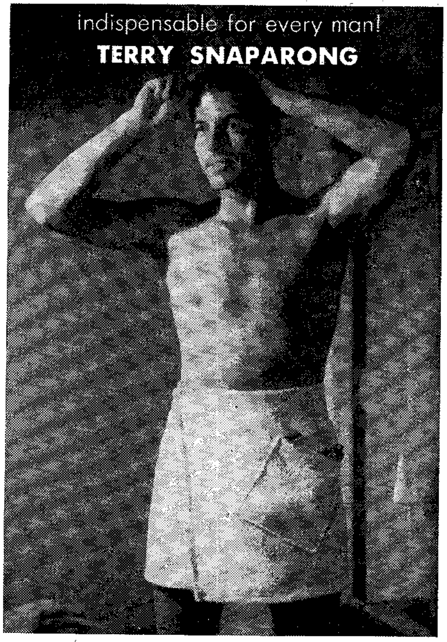

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motive, that chugs in and out of the bottom of town, but now one can also make the trip by auto, corkscrewing up a steep road between terraces of the tea bushes that, before Tenzing, made Darjeeling famous. The principal streets are level, running across the face of the slope, and these are intersected by steep, zigzagging lanes and by steps. Tenzing's flat is in a pink stucco house on the highest of the level streets, formerly Auckland Road and now Gandhi Road, and on clear days it has a fine view of snowy peaks to the northwest, including Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest. To see Everest, one must go to a lookout called Tiger Hill, thirteen miles to the southeast.

In the old, imperial days, the British used Darjeeling as a refuge from the heat of Calcutta, three hundred miles away, their main Indian port and the capital of Bengal Province. The Bengal government came up for the hot months, and so did the wives and children of businessmen. Hotels and villas were built and filled, and natives converged on the town to serve as cooks, waiters, grooms, porters, guides, or merchants, according to their talents. Being hardy rather than urbane, the Sherpas, both men and women, drew outdoor jobs. Sherpa women porters are seen on the streets today, carrying baskets shaped like big inverted cones or pyramids on their backs, and until Tenzing became famous, his wife, a short, strong woman who was born in Darjeeling of Sherpa parents, was often one of them.

Aside from tea, the resort business was formerly Darjeeling's main industry, even during the war, for then British and American officers came on leave and did the things, like hiking in the hills, that Darjeeling was set up for. But now things are different. The Bengal government, which, of course, is Indian, does not move up for the summer. Some of the hotels and many of the villas are closed. Such tourists as Darjeeling draws are apt to be Indians, who keep few servants and do little hiking, or Americans, most of whom stop by for a day or two, often on their way around the world, to look at the peaks and to photograph Tenzing. There are still quite a few British people in Darjeeling, including a number of tea planters, but their life is not what it used to be, either. They are beset by inflation—prices are roughly three times what they were in the thirties—and by labor troubles. I have been told that workers in the tea gardens have beaten up several planters, with little or no punishment from the police.

To Westerners, Darjeeling is a simple place, but to the Sherpas it is a great city. Sherpa boys run off to it as other boys run off to sea; Tenzing did this himself. The Sherpas' home country is in the northeastern corner of Nepal, just below the Tibetan border. The southern edge of the Tibetan plateau is fenced by peaks, including Everest, and then the ground falls sharply toward the plains of eastern India; most of Nepal lies on the higher reaches of this slope. The Sherpa country is sparsely settled, and the largest village, called Namche Bazar, which apparently means Big Sky Market, consists of a few rows of small stone houses. The Sherpas get along by raising yaks, which thrive on their blizzardy pastures and the thin air, and by growing potatoes; in one spot, they know it is time to begin planting when a frozen waterfall thaws. Another resident of the Sherpa country is the Abominable Snowman, or *yeti*—a creature who is said to walk like a man and to leave huge tracks. Many Sherpas believe that the Snowman is supernatural and that the sight of him will kill a man, but others claim to have caught a glimpse of him with no ill effects. Tenzing has not come across the Snowman. "With my eyes I never seen," he says. "Only footprint, very much big, one foot long." Some people maintain that the Snowman is a variety of bear or ape, and that, like the giant panda, he will be tracked down sooner or later. A British expedition, backed by the London *Daily Mail*, is now in the Sherpa country trying to solve the mystery.

There is a strong tendency among Sherpas to leave their difficult homeland. One escape is to turn trader, run yak caravans over the high passes into Tibet, and ultimately settle down there, and another is, of course, to go to Darjeeling, which is about a twenty days' walk from Namche Bazar. When the men arrive, they are apt to be got up in the Tibetan way, with long, braided hair and huge earrings, but they soon dispose of these. The women, however, usually cling to the Tibetan style—coiled braids, plain, dark dresses, and woollen aprons with narrow stripes in many colors. The clothes vary in detail, depending on the latest fashion in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, but to the untrained eye they are all alike.

Most of the Sherpas in Darjeeling—there are about a hundred families—live in a poor neighborhood called Tung

Soong Bustee, a short walk from the center of town. Right up to Tenzing's success on Everest, he, his wife, and their two daughters shared a single room there. One sunny morning recently, when the rest of the town was still buttoned up, I went over to have a look. I walked along Nehru Road to the Chowrasta, Darjeeling's main square, where a few Sherpa men and women were sluicing down and brushing small ponies—chestnut, piebald, and gray—which they would later try to rent to sahibs and their children. This is the way Tenzing earned his living when he came here. From the square, I made a hairpin turn over to what once was Calcutta Road but now is Tenzing Norkay Road, a dry, hard dirt road with paths running off to houses scattered in the brush below. Soon I was looking down on the tin roofs of the cluster of buildings where Tenzing used to live. A dozen prayer flags, flying from bamboo poles, rose above them; they had been white originally, but were gray with the columns of prayers, thousands and thousands of words, stamped on them. Flapping in the breeze, they set up spiritual vibrations that, according to Sherpa belief, which is Tibetan Buddhist, would spread far and wide. A few women with the braids, high cheekbones, and small, square build of the Sherpas were filling pails and old kerosene tins with water from a public tap on the road. Down below the roofs, the world fell away to a valley where I knew there were tea gardens, but I couldn't see them now, for there was a haze, and the valley seemed infinitely deep. I heard hoofbeats and a voice, and when I turned, there was Tenzing. He was riding a brown pony, wearing English-style boots over khaki trousers, and using an English saddle with a bright Tibetan rug under it. The pony was just under thirteen hands, fit, and well groomed; stopping to chat for a moment, Tenzing said it came from Tibet, and showed me a brand on its hind quarters that looked like a Chinese character.

MOUNT EVEREST has been a British institution—or at least climbing it has—since a year or two after the First World War. About the middle of the nineteenth century, it was measured by triangulation from the Indian plains, and was found to be the world's highest mountain. This came as something of a surprise, for Everest does not appear to stand above the peaks around it. Since then, there have been threats from flash contenders, like Amne Machin, in

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northwest China, but Everest is still rated highest, even though there have been arguments over exactly how high it is. In 1852, the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, a British project, called it 29,002 feet—admittedly an approximation. Some authorities say it is 29,141—the result of later sightings—but 29,002 has prevailed, on the ground that no sighting can be reliable and it is better to choose one and stay with it. The peak was named for Sir George Everest, a Survey of India man who had retired in 1843, and the name has stuck, although there have been advocates of local names; a Survey pamphlet mentions, among others, Chomolungma, the commonest Tibetan name, and Mi-ti Gu-ti Cha-pu Long-nga, which can be translated roughly as "You cannot see the summit from near it, but you can see the summit from nine directions, and a bird that flies as high as the summit goes blind." Since last year, there has been agitation to rename it Mount Tenzing, but it doesn't look as if anything will come of this.

A custom developed early in the history of Himalayan climbing whereby, to avoid confusion, different nations in general took on different peaks. In the division, the British got Everest, and except for two Swiss parties, which tried the climb in 1952, with Tenzing along both times, they have had it pretty much to themselves. Between the two World Wars, the only way to approach Everest was from Tibet, because Nepal did not admit climbing parties, and Britain was the only Western country on speaking terms with Tibet. In 1949, Nepal opened up, and in 1951, with the arrival of the Communists, Tibet closed down. What has been called the Thirty Years' War on Everest—it was launched in the early twenties by a few men like George Leigh-Mallory, who disappeared near the summit—has been, in the fullest sense, a national venture for Britain. "The Conquest of Everest," a book by Sir John Hunt, the leader of the triumphant expedition, contains a list, six pages long, of firms, government agencies, and individuals, almost all British, who helped the party in one way or another, and the Duke of Edinburgh was its patron.

In the days when the road lay only through Tibet, Darjeeling, which is near the caravan track from India to Lhasa, made a natural jumping-off place, where climbers could assemble, start breathing mountain air, check their equipment, learn something about the Himalayas, and, if they liked, be blessed before setting out by lamas from

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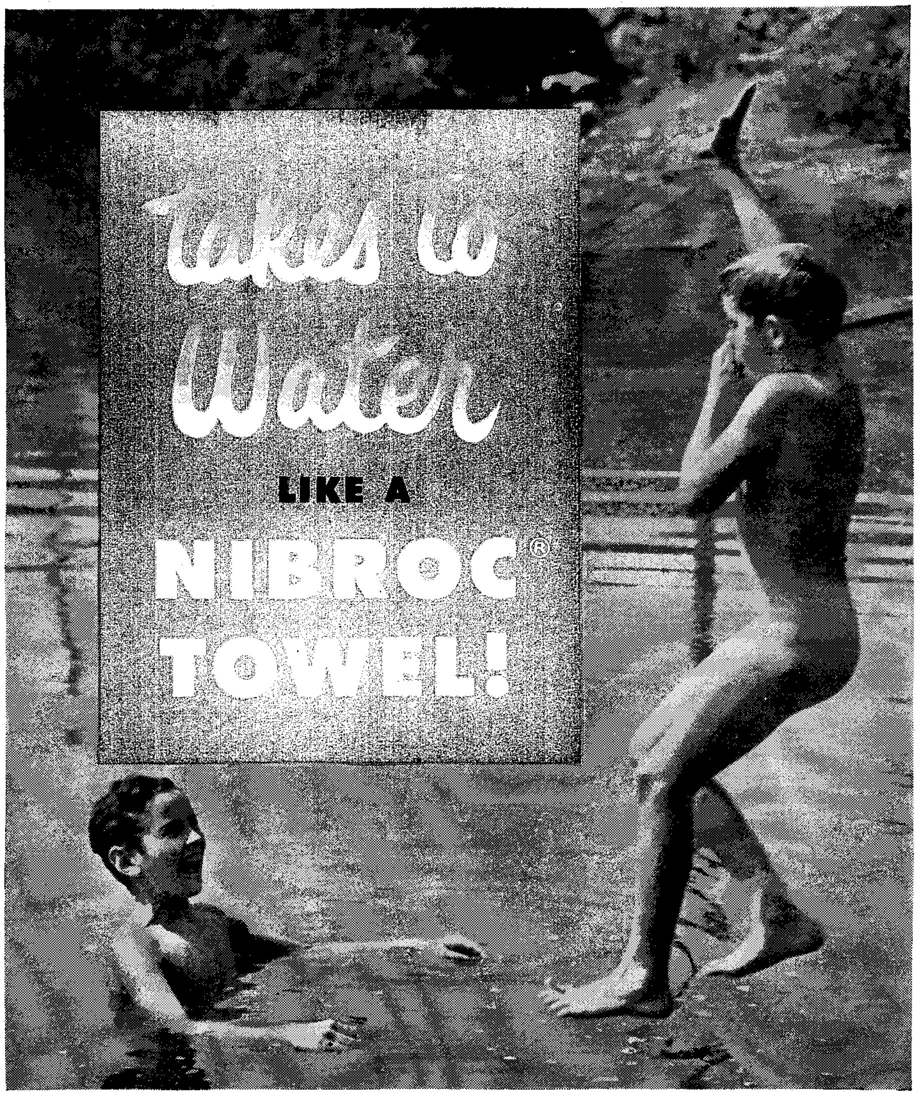
the nearby monastery of Ghoom. In Darjeeling, too, the expeditions could recruit Sherpas, whose worth as high-altitude porters was discovered at the start of this century and who have helped in all the major attacks on Everest and the other high peaks in this stretch of the Himalayas. Last year, however, a German-Austrian party climbing Nanga Parbat, near the northwestern end of the range, had to do without them, for Nanga Parbat is in the part of Kashmir now held by Pakistani troops, and Pakistan is not hospitable toward Indians. Being stopped by a frontier was a new experience for the Sherpas, who, all this century, have drifted innocently and unhindered across the otherwise stern border of Tibet and Nepal. If peaks were forbidden, it was not to Sherpas but to their Western employers—though this amounted to the same thing, since most Sherpas are not interested in climbing mountains by themselves. For them, it is a livelihood, made possible by Western whim. In the view of some Western climbers, the Sherpa is a likable chap, hardy, loyal to the death, and sagacious about problems like frostbite, but childish (there are tales of Sherpas' hiding rocks in each other's packs, and blowing their pay on chang, the Tibetan beer), much in need of outside leadership, and mercenary.

Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, has become the usual jumping-off place for climbers, but Darjeeling remains the recruiting ground for Sherpas. They are generally hired through an organization called the Himalayan Club, which provides expeditions with advice and services, and which keeps dossiers on more than a hundred Sherpas, listing their vital statistics, their working records, and their good and bad qualities. The Sherpas report early in the year, often walking from Namche Bazar for the purpose, so that they can have jobs by March, when the climbing season begins, and the Club assigns them tasks from sirdar, or foreman, down to common porter. Tenzing used to be one of the Club's sirdars, and he went as such with Hunt in 1953, but he isn't one any longer.

TENZING was born in a village called Thami, near Everest and at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet. His father owned yaks, and as a boy Tenzing herded them, often in pastures thousands of feet above Thami. He also went on caravan trips over the Nanpa La, a nineteen-thousand-foot pass near the western shoulder of Everest. From



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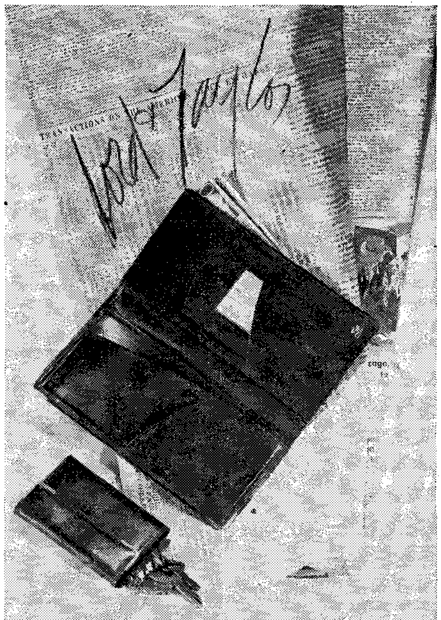

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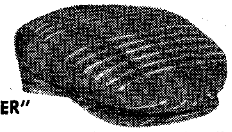

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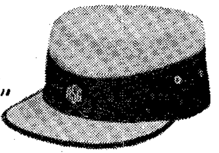

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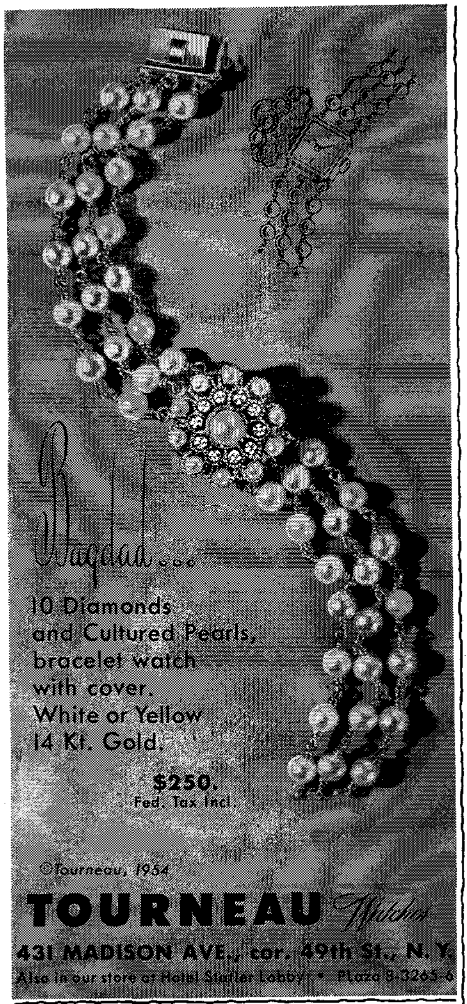
the start, he lived as close to Everest as a human being could. Two legends, both circulated by Tenzing and both perhaps true, have grown up to explain why he wanted to climb it. After his descent, he said that the monks of Thyangbocke Monastery, in the Sherpa country, had once told him "the Buddha God" lived on Everest, and that he had wanted ever since to worship there. As everybody knows, he left an offering—a chocolate bar, biscuits, and candy—on the summit. Recently, however, he has been inclined to explain, making no reference to the Deity, that he had wanted to master Everest since his boyhood, when he caught glimpses of climbing parties and heard stories about them from older Sherpas. There seems room for both motives, but the difference is there, and it reflects a general de-emphasis of the Buddhist faith in his affairs since last year. (The Sherpa Buddhist Association—a mutual-aid society, of which Tenzing is president—is dropping "Buddhist" from its name.) One reason for this, it seems, is that many natives have become touchy about their religion; some Westerners laugh at it, so Asians keep silent. Tenzing may also have been encouraged to play down his Buddhism by some of his Hindu friends, who are worried about a tendency toward divisiveness on the part of the country's religious minorities. The Moslems broke off into Pakistan, some Sikhs would like to break off into their own Punjab, and the Himalayan Buddhists might get a similar idea. As an Indian patriot, Tenzing is doing what he can to see that they don't.

When Tenzing was a boy, his heart was set on going to Darjeeling, but his father insisted that he stay home and herd yaks. He obeyed until he was nineteen, and then, in 1933, he and a few other young Sherpas fled to Darjeeling. For a couple of years, he made his way by renting out his pony and doing odd jobs, and in 1935 he was hired as a porter for a British Everest party. He went again in 1936 and again in 1938, learning the things that Sherpa guides must learn, including how to cook Western meals for sahibs. His cooking is said to be good. The war suspended climbing for a decade, and it was not until 1952 that he tried Everest again, with the Swiss. He has tackled many other peaks as well. He has been through the mill. At times, one hears, he has been very down and very out, but long before his final success he was known as one of the most able Sherpa sirdars of this generation.

Another is Ang Tharkay, who went on the Annapurna expedition with the French and is now helping a group of young Californians scale Mount Makalu, a 27,790-foot peak not far from Everest. Tenzing and Ang Tharkay began climbing at about the same time, and people often compared them. An Indian reporter in Darjeeling has put it this way: "Tenzing is debonair and smiling; Tharkay is quiet and sure. Tenzing has the unquenchable fire of adventure in his eyes; Tharkay's gaze reflects a solid dependability, like Everest. Tenzing's disarming chatter has the piquancy of spiced humor; Tharkay's few comments are seasoned with a wisdom as old as the mountains he climbs." Tenzing is known for his high spirits, and the same reporter has said, "People call him the Tiger of the Snows, but I would call him the Laughing Cavalier." He is also known for his modesty and his qualities of leadership. Ralph Izzard, of the *Daily Mail*, who went part of the way with the Hunt expedition, has written that Tenzing gives "terse orders in a tone which commands instant obedience," and that he has "all the bearing of a regimental sergeant major." As one reads or hears about Tenzing's behavior on his trips, one concludes that at any given moment he had whatever it took—except, that is, for knowledge of things like oxygen equipment. "He was astonishingly excellent in courage and determination," Hunt has said, "and physically wonderful."

Tenzing has been with more Everest expeditions than any other man, and he probably "deserved," if anyone did, to reach the top. A Buddhist might argue that he was incarnated for that end, and it does almost appear that he was destined to climb it. Ang Tharkay might well have got Tenzing's job with the Hunt party, for instance, but he is an old associate of Eric Shipton, perhaps the leading British Himalayan climber, and won't climb Everest without him. It seems as if barriers opened when Tenzing drew near. Tenzing and Hillary were not the first men in their group to try for the summit; two British climbers, Tom Bourdillon and Charles Evans, went ahead of them, but had to stop because their oxygen was running out. The weather was perfect for Tenzing and Hillary, though there was every reason to expect it would be bad. Because of a siege of malaria, on top of the strain of the two 1952 climbs, Tenzing was run-down when he joined Hunt at Katmandu in March, 1953, but between Katmandu and Everest he walked himself into shape. His rapid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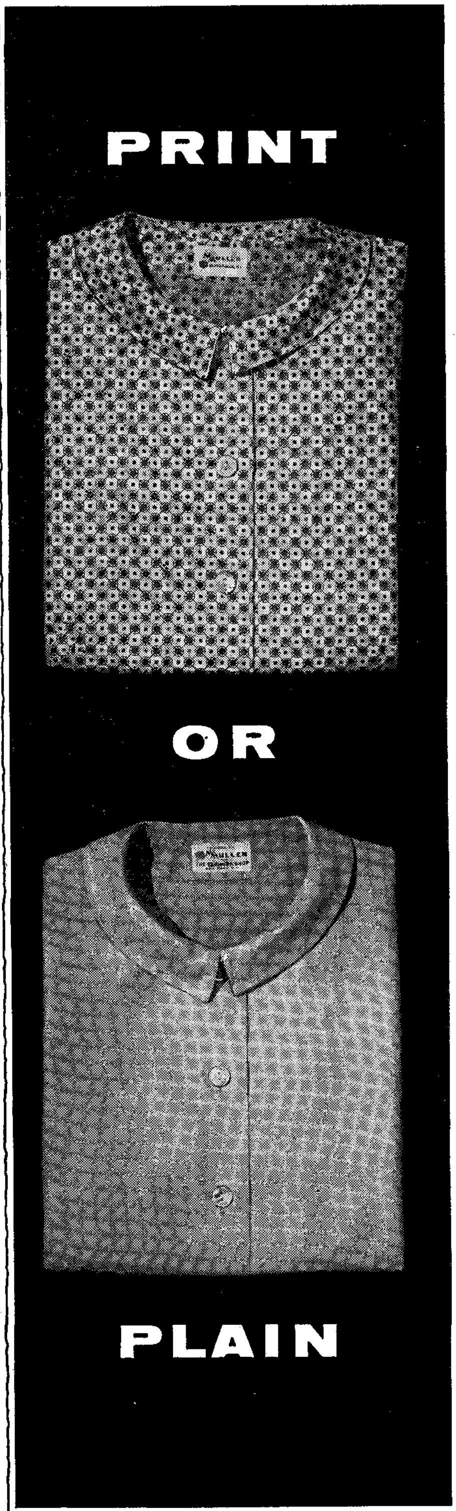
recovery could be ascribed to psychosomatics rather than to fate, of course, and this leads back to the question of Tenzing's attitude toward Everest. Some people in Darjeeling, including one sympathetic Westerner, maintain that he has never had a true mountaineer's interest in climbing, and that he went with Hunt merely to get money to put his daughters through school. On the other hand, I have been told that in January, 1953, Tenzing vowed at a dinner that he would climb Everest or die. Before leaving to join Hunt, he asked both Rabindranath Mitra, a friend of his who is now his secretary-interpreter, and the Deputy Commissioner, Darjeeling's top official, to take care of his family if he did die. Pressure was reportedly put on Hunt by Tenzing's friends to let him be a climber as well as the sirdar. For the British, this was a rather revolutionary idea—a bit like commissioning a man from the ranks—but the Swiss, who have no colonies, had set a precedent for it by treating Tenzing as a mountaineer in their own class and assigning him, along with Raymond Lambert, an Alpine guide, to make the big try. They nearly got to the summit. All this was in the background at the time Hunt asked Tenzing to be one of the climbers.

WHEN Tenzing and Hillary reached the top, on May 29th, it was the end of the climb and the beginning of the arguments. Issue No. 1 was whether Tenzing or Hillary had got there first. This came from the outside world, from a public conditioned to thinking that there must always be a winner. Mountaineers, especially when they are roped together, as Tenzing and Hillary were, seem to lack the zest for personal triumph. Soon after Hillary and Tenzing descended, they said they had reached the top together, and that is what they have been saying ever since. The next controversy came when the party rejoined the world, in Katmandu. Nepalese nationalists objected to the news that Hunt and Hillary were to be knighted and that Tenzing was only to receive the George Medal. Hunt made matters worse by telling reporters that Tenzing was a good climber "within the limits of his experience"—a defensible remark, for Tenzing knows little of, say, rock-climbing in Europe, but an odd thing to say of a man who had more experience of Everest than anybody else in the world. Tenzing objected publicly, and became estranged, for a time, from Hunt and the rest of the British in the



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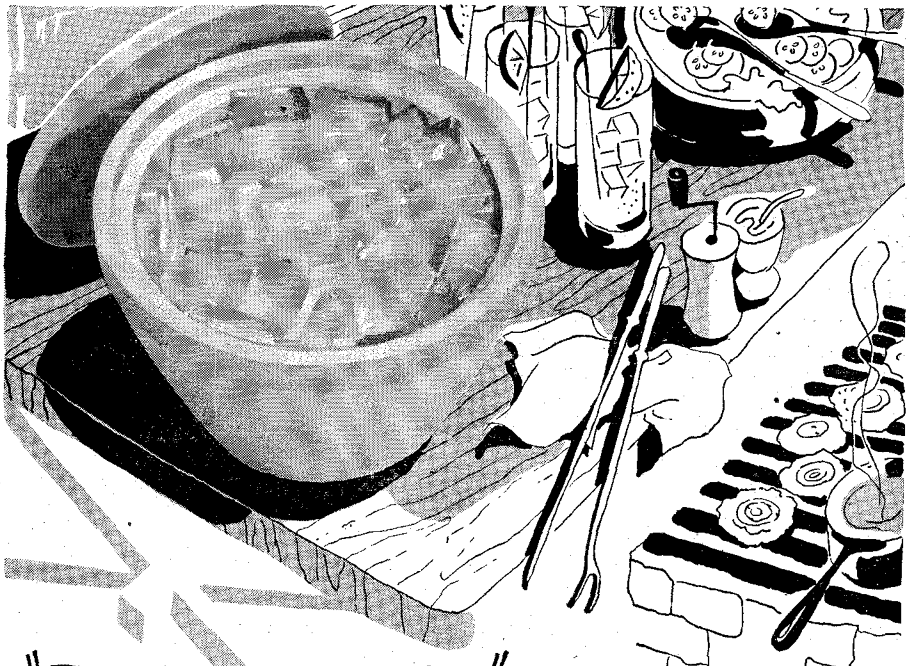
expedition. Feeling in Katmandu blazed high. One hears in Darjeeling that Nepalese Communists were trying to incite mob violence against the British climbers, but they didn't succeed. After the party went back to India, the breach was patched up. (There has been no objection to the climb, incidentally, from Tibetan or Chinese Communists, even though the border between Tibet and Nepal crosses the summit of Everest, and Tenzing and Hillary might have been accused of trespassing. Moreover, Tenzing raised the flags of Britain, Nepal, India, and the United Nations in a spot that looks down on Tibetan soil. The only official Communist reaction, though, has been an invitation to Tenzing to attend the World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship in Bucharest last August. He didn't accept.)

One cliché about the West and the East is that the West stresses the individual and the East the group. The Tenzing affair has worked the other way. Hunt's expedition was a group undertaking in the supposed Oriental style, but Tenzing could not be held in its framework, and glory has come to him, especially in Asia, that might have gone to the party as a whole. One can say that Tenzing is not a hero at all, that any of Hunt's climbers could have done what he did. But nowadays heroism seems to be a subjective matter and not an objective one; a hero is a man who has caught the public eye, as Tenzing has, and not one who meets an abstract standard. Besides, if there is a standard in this case, it can only be the climbing of Everest itself. Over the years, the try at the ascent was a test promoted largely by men who believed in white superiority. In the end, Tenzing, a nonwhite, passed it. Inevitably, this made him a hero to Indian nationalists. Tenzing is a Cinderella who has shown them that they, too, can be belles.

Although Tenzing usually manages to keep above the conflict, he is hurt when, as has happened a few times, he hears Westerners say that many another Sherpa, if properly led, could have climbed Everest. When he talks of such incidents, he points to his chest and mutters about "something black inside," but he talks of them only when the atmosphere is emotional; he seems happier when the mood is quiet and friendly. "Mountaineering must be friends," he says. "You help to me. I help to you. All same." He gets these word strings out slowly, thinking hard and making agonized, if graceful, ges-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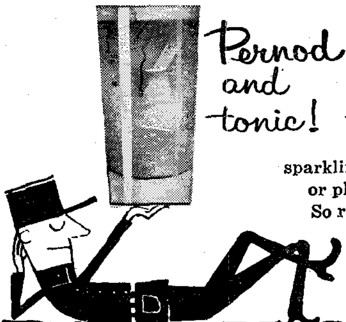
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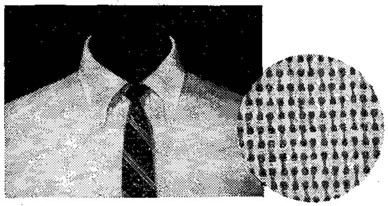
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tures with his hands. He adds, "I say I first Hillary second, Hillary say Hillary first I second—no good. We both together."

To get much further, Tenzing needs an interpreter, and this is one way Rabindranath Mitra assists him. Mitra is a slight young Indian who grew up in Darjeeling and has a small printing shop here. He got interested in Tenzing in 1950, was struck by his personality, and, in 1952, began to publicize him, writing stories for the Indian press and advancing the legend that Tenzing had three lungs, which caused Mitra to be accused in Himalayan Club circles of money-making sensationalism. It was Mitra who gave Tenzing the Indian flag to plant on Everest; the expedition had taken only the British, Nepalese, and United Nations flags. After coming down from Everest, Tenzing experimented with other secretaries, or advisers, but he has apparently settled on Mitra. It is an executive job, for whoever holds it controls access to Tenzing and thereby governs him to a large extent. Mitra is a warm, idealistic young man who seems to be devoted to Tenzing, but he is also an ardent Indian patriot and a Bengali—Bengalis are traditionally impassioned—and he may contribute tension as well as advice to his employer. His closeness to Tenzing is resented, of course, but Tenzing is evidently unmoved by that. "People say this Bengali no good, only Tenzing good," he remarks, and his smile flashes, but he always speaks of "my friend Mitra."

Mitra has a small office in Tenzing's flat, where he spends the day, conducting Tenzing's correspondence and helping manage the museum. The exhibit room is large and light, with windows looking out over a veranda toward the peaks. The wall opposite holds the main display. There is a picture of Gandhi at the top center, with Nehru below at one

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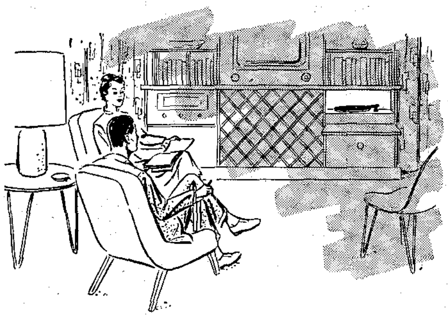

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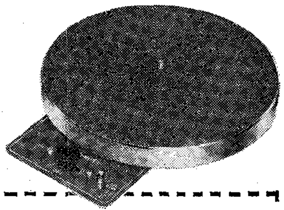

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side and Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the other. Below these are a framed Christmas card from the Duke, one from Hunt addressed to "Tenzing of Everest," and many photographs of Tenzing, including some taken at receptions in England and some in which he posed with his Swiss friend Lambert on the Jungfrau. A long table stands under the pictures, and on it are plaques, medals, mugs, and a silver relief map of the Himalayas. On the wall to the right is a smaller exhibit devoted to the climb and consisting of photographs and gear, including the nylon rope Tenzing and Hillary used. At the top is the well-known shot of Tenzing on the summit. Scattered about the room are dozens of other items—knives, ice axes, primus stoves, climbing boots, and so on.

In this room, Tenzing receives the public and tries to keep up his end of whatever conversations he gets into. Even apart from his language difficulties, this isn't easy, for most of the visitors have only a perfunctory interest in him and his affairs. The other day, I listened in on a chat he had with an American, who started by offering Tenzing a cigarette. Tenzing refused, saying he never smoked. The American began to light one himself, then stopped and asked if it was all right. "Ooh, certainly," said Tenzing, and eagerly brought forth an ashtray. There was a pause. The caller looked out the window. The day happened to be clear, and he could see the distant snows. He remarked on how splendid they were, and Tenzing agreed. "Because one weeks ago weather always not so good," Tenzing said gropingly, "but today quite good." The caller asked if it would be clear right along now, with spring coming on. Tenzing thought this over and said it would. "But Darjeeling also always September, October, November is the best season," he added, and smiled his dazzling smile and laughed his nervous laugh.

Such is Tenzing's fate now, and it is doubtful that he likes it much. Some people think Mrs. Tenzing, who is less high-strung than he, likes it better. She seems glad to pose for visitors' cameras, and she certainly likes her new prosperity. She has expanded her collection of the treasures Sherpa women go in for, and she keeps them in a room that is, according to custom, set apart as a Buddhist shrine. This room, where visitors seldom penetrate, is adorned with Tibetan rugs, paintings, and images, and lined with shelves of brassware and crockery, including a set of fine Chinese teacups, for which Mrs. Tenzing has had Tibetan lids and saucers of silver made by local artisans. She runs a big household, for an Asian who does well usually attracts relatives, and Tenzing is generous; he feeds twenty mouths in the slack season now, Mitra says. One of his dependents is a retired Sherpa guide, a strong-featured man, who acts as doorman and guard for the museum. Tenzing's teen-age daughters, Nima and Pem Pem, are going to school at a Catholic convent near Darjeeling, from which they recently emerged wearing blue serge dresses, white tam-o'-shanters, and white bows in their dark braids, to watch the American ambassador, George Allen, give their father the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society.

The medal was presented in the Capitol Theatre, Darjeeling's largest auditorium, before two hundred and fifty invited guests, of all complexions and faiths. Tenzing wore a red turtleneck sweater, gray plus fours, plaid stockings, and brown shoes, and looked extremely handsome as he sat quietly in his chair on the stage. The first applause came when Mr. Allen referred to Darjeeling as the place that produces "the greatest mountaineers in the world." The audience liked the idea. Yet Darjeeling's status as a cradle of mountaineers is shaky, for it doesn't produce them but acts as broker for them. A plan is now under way to remedy this by founding a government mountaineering school in the town, and Tenzing has been hired as its chief instructor. This scheme looms large in his affairs.

Tenzing differs from the Lindbergh style of hero in being accessible, and from the Jack Dempsey style in having no head for business. He is an intelligent man, and he has been helped by Mitra and other friends, but it is doubtful that he knows where he stands in a business way. The governing factor in his life now is a contract he signed last year with the United Press, calling for an autobiography, if he can write one. Tenzing and Mitra have been working on this, and James Ramsey Ullman, the mountaineering writer, is expected to lend a hand soon. The contract, Tenzing and Mitra say, restricts his other activities, and they prefer interpreting it strictly, more strictly, it seems, than is necessary. Not long ago, Tenzing was invited to fly to New York, all expenses paid, for the fiftieth-anniversary dinner of the Explorers' Club, but he refused on the ground that it might conflict with the U.P. contract. "Where I go people might take pictures of me," he explained, "and write down what I say, and United States"—he hesitated—"and U.P. might not like it." He has only a vague idea of what the U.P. is, it seems, but is bent on treating it honorably, and he does not object to the U.P. shackles, real or imaginary. Before signing the contract, he furnished a testimonial for Brylcreem, a hair unguent, but since then he has turned down all offers. Mitra says he has had three or four from the movies, among them one from Raj Kapoor, a gifted Indian producer. There is talk of getting the autobiography out by October, and after that Tenzing will be in the public domain again and will be free to try anything he likes. He will also be more vulnerable. Mitra tells of people who try to get testimonials from him by trickery. The U.P. contract helps fend off these sharpers, and Tenzing may feel exposed without it.

After Tenzing climbed Everest, two purses were got up for him, each to buy him a house. One, a public subscription in Nepal, raised thirty thousand rupees (a rupee is worth twenty-one cents) on the supposition that the house would be in Nepal; when the Nepalese learned that he preferred to stay in Darjeeling, they sent him ten thousand anyway. Tenzing has no idea what they will do with the rest. The other purse was raised by the *Statesman*, a Calcutta paper, and Tenzing's share was limited to twelve thousand rupees, anything over that being promised to the Himalayan Club for the use of other Darjeeling Sherpas. There have been further gifts to Tenzing, as well as fees of various sorts; Mitra says the grand total so far is something over sixty thousand rupees. Tenzing has spent about forty thousand rupees on a new house, which he will move into soon, and ten thousand or so on other things. It can be assumed that he has the equivalent of a few thousand American dollars left. His new job as head of the school carries a salary of eight hundred and fifty rupees a month, and the local government has given him a trucking license—a sure money-maker in Darjeeling, for the roads are so narrow, steep, and twisting that the number of vehicles allowed on them is strictly limited. Officials say that with his trucking license Tenzing should be able to make a profit of five hundred or a thousand rupees a month. Even if there are no more contracts from the outside world, then, Tenzing will have an income equal to a few hundred dollars monthly.

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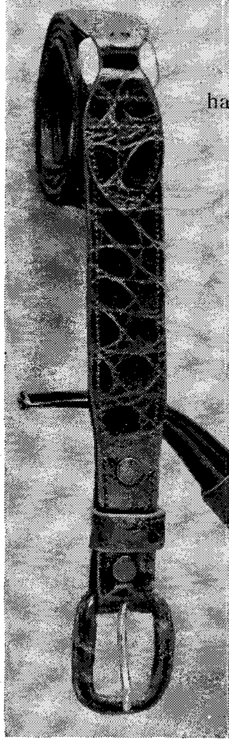

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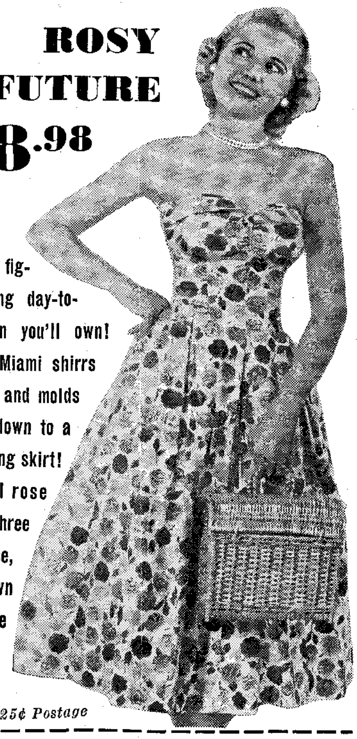

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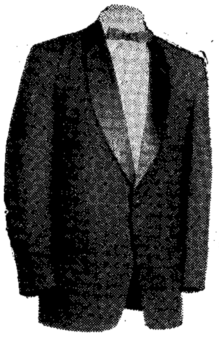
wealth. A porter gets three rupees a day, plus food, and a sirdar gets from five to ten rupees, plus food. Tenzing was paid eighteen hundred rupees, or a little less than four hundred dollars, for his two expeditions in 1952, and this must have been the Sherpa record for a year's take. Now he makes many times that, and has thereby incurred an obligation to help other Sherpas. Most Sherpa climbers past their prime have a hard lot, for few of them save any money. The most famous Sherpa mountaineer of the twenties and early thirties, Lhakpa Chedi, who was taken to England and France and fêted, and whose name, a British climber once said, should be written in letters of gold alongside Mallory's, is now a doorman for a Calcutta store, erect but dim-looking. And he has fared better than most elderly Sherpas, many of whom are derelicts. Tenzing himself, now in his forties, is near the age when Sherpa climbers must slacken off, and that he can do so in such unprecedented circumstances is inevitably resented. The horse I saw him riding had cost eight hundred rupees, more than most Sherpas have ever had at one time. Some of Tenzing's neighbors think he has gone high-hat, and do not hesitate to say so. The other evening, as I was walking past his place, a couple came walking toward me. Two dogs rushed out, barking.

"Tenzing's dogs," the lady said.

"Has he got *dogs* now?" asked the man, as if discovering the limits of vanity.

TENZING'S wish to help his fellow-Sherpas seems heartfelt. Besides feeding the extra mouths, he does many things for other Sherpas, individually and as a group. Recently, when a Calcutta music firm recorded a song in his praise and offered him royalties, he had the money turned over to the Sherpa Association. Through the Association, he is trying to furnish Sherpas to expeditions, in competition with the Himalayan Club, which, he feels, pays insufficient wages. This year, he outfitted the *Daily Mail* posse with both guides and supplies, but most parties have stuck to the Club, and it doesn't seem likely that Tenzing will draw much business away from it.

The sponsors of the school project share Tenzing's desire for a new deal for the Sherpas, but they go further; they are trying to harness him in the cause of Indian nationalism. For years, Sherpas have been Indian only in that they have come to India for work, but



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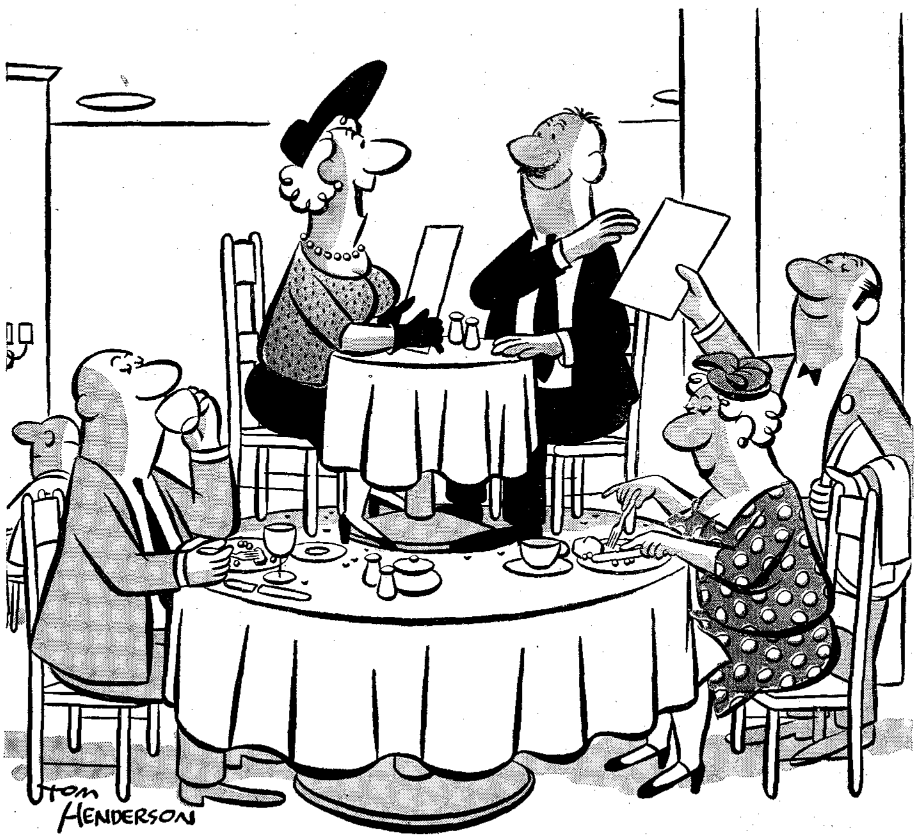
if India is to become a cohesive nation, she must absorb them, along with other Mongoloid hill peoples. It was thus quite in order for Tenzing to become an Indian hero, and he has fitted into the role well—literally fitted in, indeed, for when he visited New Delhi last June on his way to London, he found that the clothes of Pandit Nehru, India's senior hero, might have been tailored for him. Nehru lent him a wardrobe suitable for state occasions, and since then the two men have been warm friends. One Indian here says Nehru has been hero-worshipped so much that he welcomes the chance to hero-worship someone else. Another says he is an enthusiast of the outdoors who respects Tenzing as a master in that field. Many people, of course, say the two men respond to elements of greatness in each other. Whatever the reason, they are close. Tenzing stays with Nehru when he visits New Delhi, and there is said to be almost a father-and-son feeling between them. Other Indian statesmen have also taken Tenzing up, among them Dr. B. C. Roy, who is Premier of West Bengal, the state in which Darjeeling is located. Dr. Roy was the one who suggested the school, when the Everest party returned from Katmandu after the climb.

The school—the Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering and Research—is a novel venture for India, and a substantial one, which will cost two million rupees in the end. So far, it exists only on paper, because the plans for it, which must be approved by many government officials, move slowly from bureau to bureau, but it is scheduled to open in the fall. A permanent site has been chosen, and a temporary home—a big stucco villa a few miles from town—may be rented any day now. It is on a steep slope and looks over a valley, in the Darjeeling style, but there are no peaks or snows nearby, and this seems a serious drawback. For all its history as a mountaineers' base, Darjeeling is not in the big mountains. The nearest are on the outskirts of Kanchenjunga, a week's hike away. The plan is to start each class in Darjeeling and then take it to the Kanchenjunga neighborhood by stages, but non-Indian pupils may object to that as a waste of time. Besides, Kanchenjunga is near the frontier of Tibet, and India has stopped nearly all travel by foreigners in that zone for the present. As for Indian pupils, Indians have seldom been tempted to climb the high Himalayas for sport, and it isn't sure they will be now. But it is possible that



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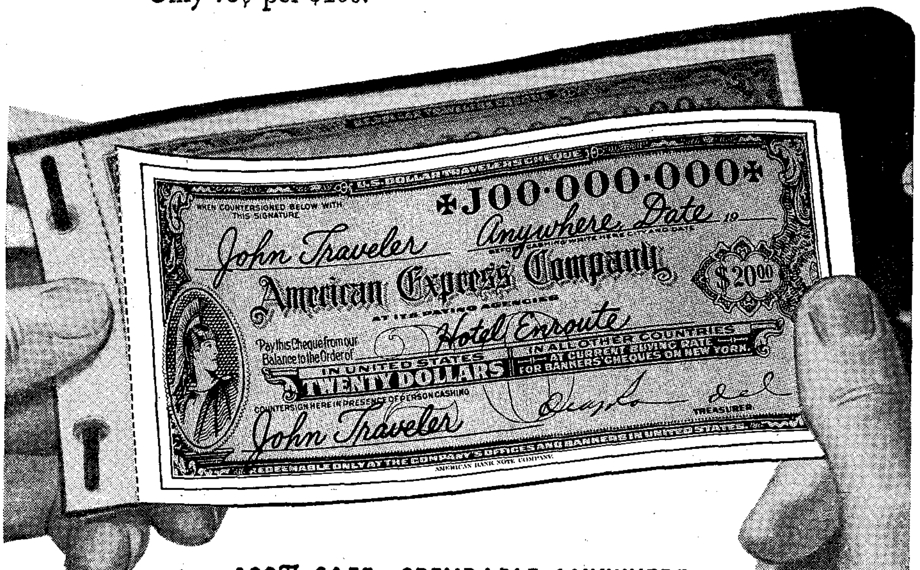

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these obstacles will be taken in stride. Anything seems possible in the Himalayas.

So far, the school's main achievement has been to institutionalize Tenzing as a national hero. He is a government employee, and his colleagues seem proud of him and keen to help him. The best help they can think of is to make him one of themselves: a member of India's idealistic leadership—the member in charge of mountaineering endeavor. Anyone who sees Tenzing fidgeting while the school gestates must question the fitness of this. Yet it hardly matters, for, one way or another, Tenzing seems fated to be in large part a dream personality. To most people he is what they make him—a Sherpa folk hero, a porter gone wrong, a jewel of officialdom. These dream Tenzings are in their early stages, and they may develop further, or others may appear. There is, for instance, the possibility of a commercialized dream Tenzing in the American style. Tenzing hopes to visit the United States when his book comes out. He may well make a hit there, and one can imagine streets thronged with Junior Sherpas roped together and picking away with junior ice axes. Tenzing might start something like that, or he might go in a quite different direction. But wherever he is going, he is still en route. Everest, it seems, was just a way station. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

Now after being printed in scores of editions and delighting countless millions of readers "Oliver Twist" has been brought to the screen with Robert Newton as "Long John Silver" and Alec Guinness as Fagin.—*Catalogue of United World Films, Inc.*

Who plays Ophelia?

•

Dr. Salk reported last night that he found these antibodies still in the bloodstreams of 163 humans seven months after they were inoculated with the vaccine.

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This isn't the year for that.

•

## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Atlanta Constitution*]

PASADENA, CALIF.—(AP)—Two young men working in the Pasadena City Planning Department have discovered that it is no longer necessary to stop and knock on doors to see how many families are living in a certain neighborhood.

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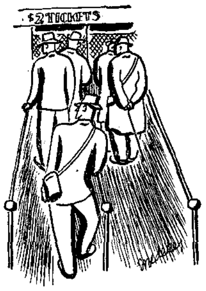

WITH the season edging into its third month, there is still little to be said about the two-year-olds. There have been almost daily cavalry charges of them down the straight course at Belmont Park, but you can count on the fingers of one hand the colts and fillies worth remembering. Among them, I would say, is Mrs. George Widener's Islander, who is a medium-size, well-balanced bay colt by Polynesian, and thus a half brother of Native Dancer. He's a lively fellow with a powerful stride, and he won the National Stallion Stakes last week, leading most of the way and easily defeating Summer Tan, who had looked so good when he took the Youthful Stakes at Jamaica earlier in the spring. It was Islander's second start, and he paid $10.50 in the mutuels. In his first, he finished second to Thunder Hole, but in the National Stallion he beat Thunder Hole by lengths. Everyone agrees this wasn't as remarkable as Commonwealth's recent performance down the Widener Course, which I was carrying on about last week, but it compares favorably with Nashua's effort of three weeks ago in the Juvenile Stakes. By the way, a carrier pigeon reports that California also has a two-year-old stepper. He is Beau Busher, and you might suspect he'd been named by Maine Chance Farm, which has a lot of Bushers, but he wasn't; he was named by the Sunnyside Stable, which owns him. Beau Busher has won three of his four starts, the most recent the Beau Brummel Stakes at Bay Meadows. Not bad.

AS these notes are written, Native Dancer is nursing another of those stone bruises, picked up while galloping at Belmont, and is out of the Suburban Handicap. (Of course, the race will be in the records before you read this.) It's the right front foot that was hurt this time, and his countless admirers hope the injury isn't as serious as the one he suffered in Chicago last August, which sent him into retirement for the remainder of the season. However, neither Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns him, Bill Winfrey, who trains him, nor the veterinarians and X-ray men who examined him, would make any predictions.

Another of Native Dancer's half brothers—Performance, a three-year-old—ran at Belmont last week. It was his very first start, and he finished out of the money. Because of his kinship and color (Performance is registered as a roan, but he's as gray as Native Dancer), the crowd made him an odds-on favorite. Even devotees of the daily double, to whom horses are merely numbers on a race card, knew who he was. No doubt he'll win races, but in my book he's just another three-year-old. I suppose it would be very uninteresting to list the poor relations of celebrated racers. There's Mazinga, who's a full brother of Assault. There's Prince Hill, who isn't in the same street, as the saying goes, with his brother Hill Prince, and Star Request, not to be mentioned in the same breath with *his* brother My Request. Oh, I could go on indefinitely.

BECAUSE of the Preakness and whatnot, I didn't get around to waving a small flag last week for another pet of this department—Royal Governor, who right now is the kingpin of racing on the grass hereabouts. As you know, he's ten years old, an age roughly equivalent to seventy in a man, but he looks scarcely seven, and he is as full of zip and go as a five-year-old. Still, it was an achievement for him to win the Tea-Maker Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs, under top weight, the way he did a week ago Saturday. As you probably remember, Jim Ryan, who trains him for Mrs. J. R. H. Thuoron, retired him in 1951, along with the jumper Burma Road. About a year ago, Burma Road was struck by lightning, and after that Royal Governor got pretty lonely without his playmate, so Ryan put him in training for racing on the grass. He's done all right at it. During his decade, Royal Governor has started a hundred and thirteen times and won twenty-seven races and $354,625 in purses. Incidentally, he's the fellow who thrived so on a diet of milk and eggs. He doesn't drink as much milk nowadays, but he still likes half a dozen raw eggs in his oats. Ryan says he can have anything he wants.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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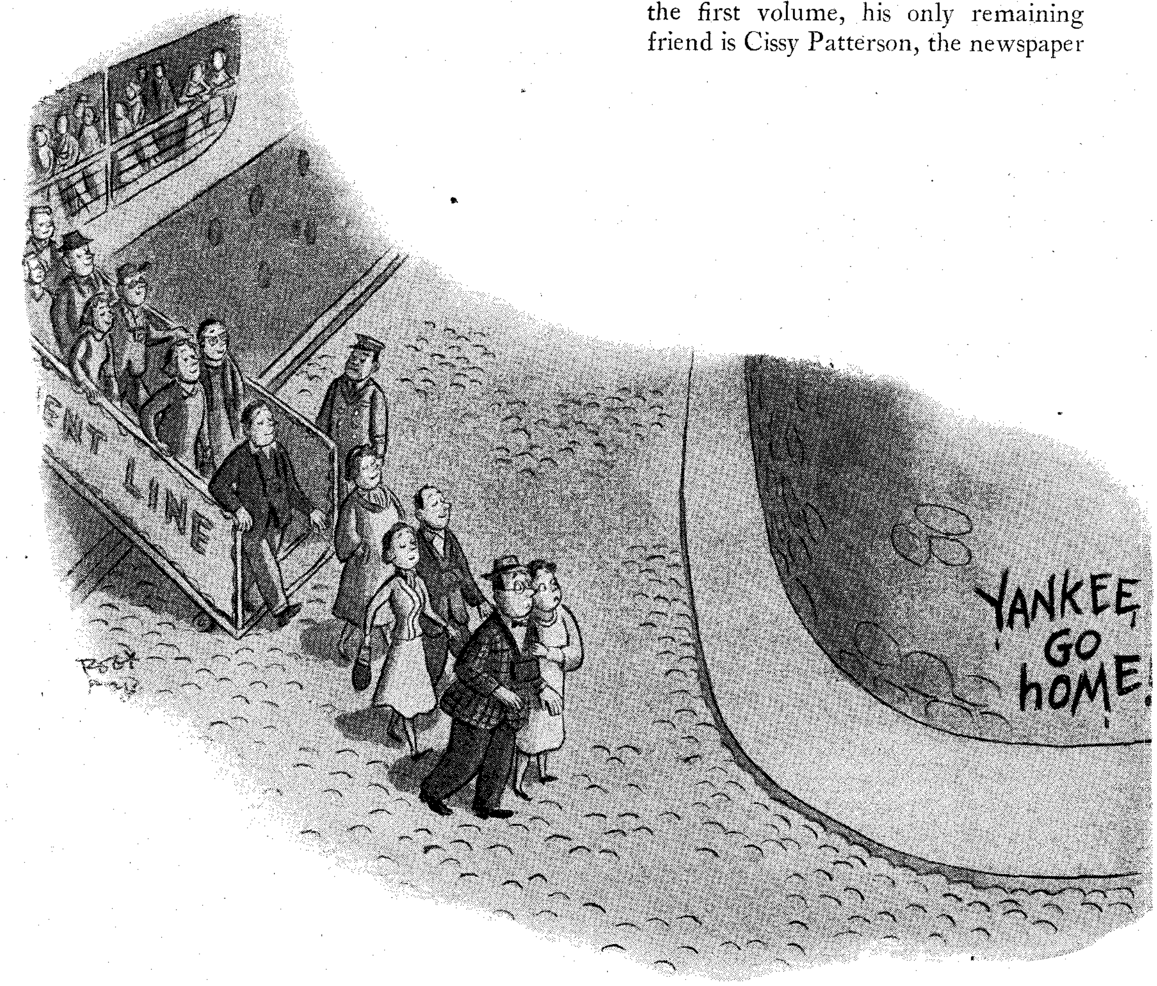
# BOOKS

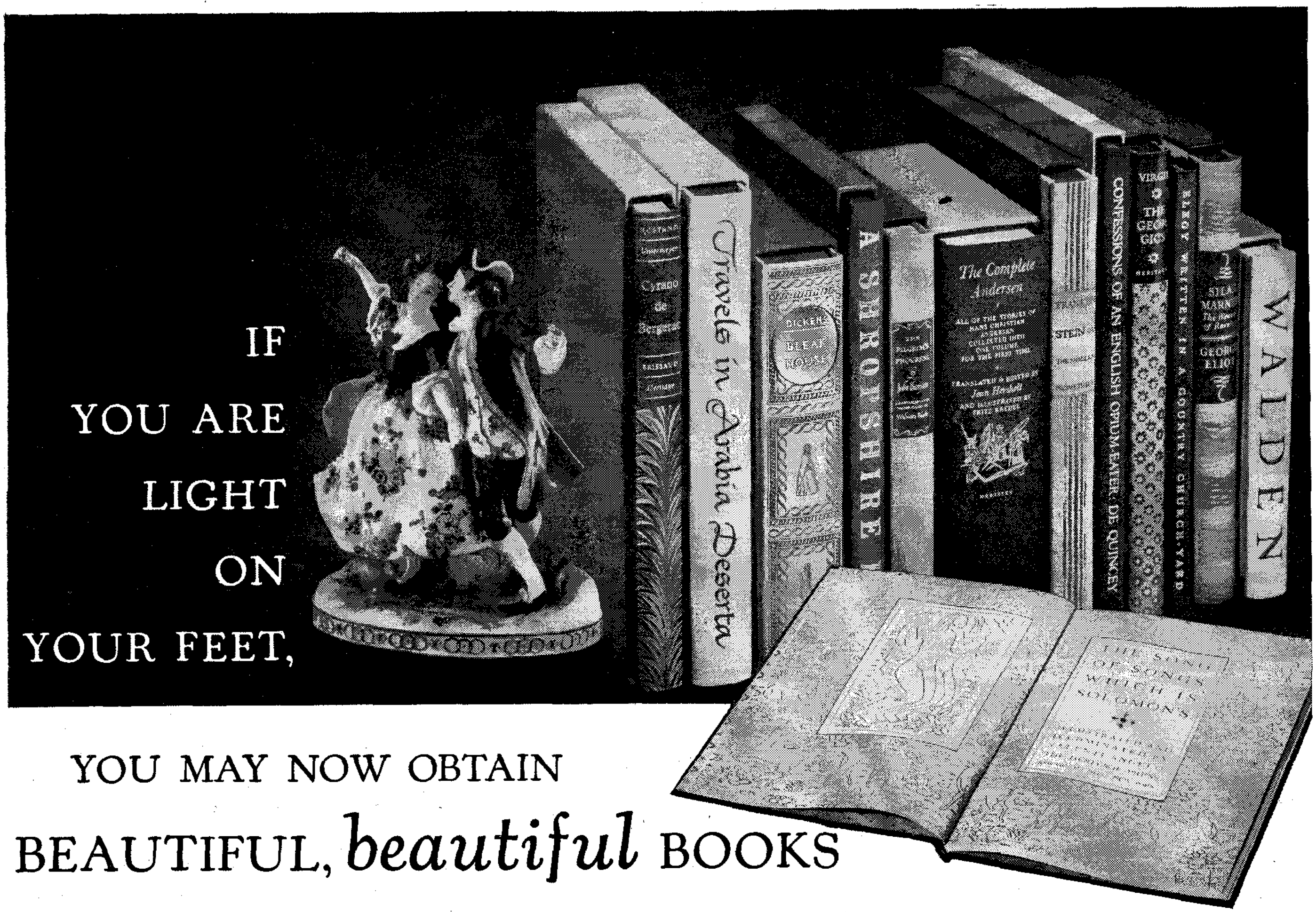
## *Interior Man*

THE second volume of Harold L. Ickes' "Secret Diary" (Simon & Schuster) makes it plain that what we have here is not only the fullest and most instructive of all inside accounts of the Roosevelt administration but an addition of some importance to the main body of our literature. Ickes is not just one more political diarist, interesting because strategically placed; he is one of the great journal-keepers, in certain respects the peer of another narcissistic bureaucrat, Samuel Pepys. As often as not, Ickes is dealing with matters about which most of us nowadays couldn't care less—the late Ebert Burlew's opinion of the late James Scrugham; the politics of public housing in Lackawanna, Pennsylvania; the Senate vote on confirmation of a certain Harry Slattery as Under Secretary of the Interior. Frequently, of course, he gives us his version of some large and still meaningful event—the recognition of the U.S.S.R., or Roosevelt's fight over the Supreme Court—but the remote and trifling affairs far outnumber the others. Ickes, however, generates an interest in whatever he is writing about. The truth is that he has *created* something, or at least has fashioned a work that has some of the attributes of creativeness. His Washington, like Dickens' London, Balzac's Paris, and Faulkner's Jefferson, is a community in which one can settle down and lead a life of one's own.

It is hard to say what makes Ickes so good. As a writer, he lacked distinction. He had a commonplace mind, full of firmly held, meritorious, wholly unoriginal views. Of sensibility, he had none. "To contemplate nature," he says in a passage that takes him as close as he ever gets to reflectiveness, "magnificently garbed as it is in this country, is to restore peace to the mind, even if it does make one realize how small and petty and futile the human individual really is." He was celebrated as a wit, but his mots were coarse, hoked-up stuff. What is so funny about calling Wendell Willkie a "simple barefoot Wall Street boy"? This was his most admired line; others were that Huey Long had "halitosis of the intellect" and that Thomas E. Dewey had "thrown his diaper in the ring." This sort of thing doubled up his New Deal colleagues and got under the opposition's skin, but politicians are notorious for their puerile judgment in such matters. Ickes was a gagman, and not a very good one, even by radio standards. It is a negative virtue of the diary that it is very nearly jokeless. Contrived humor takes contriving, and Ickes, dictating these entries at what must have been breakneck speed, didn't have the time for it. The most that can be said for the manner of the diary is that it is straightforward and always concrete; the style, though often clumsy, is good, clear, common-American English. Many unengrossing books have been written in precisely the same form. This one is engrossing.

Ickes was not much of a writer, and he certainly wasn't much of a human being. Indeed, the character one encounters here is so contemptible that one is forced to conclude that he couldn't possibly have been as bad as he seems. Either that, or he couldn't have seemed as bad as he was. Had he been as disagreeable in the flesh as he is in the diary, no one could have stood having him around. He was, by the testimony of these pages, selfish, vindictive, suspicious, servile, and disloyal. Lust for power ruled him. He loved no one and admired only those who regularly bathed him in flattery or conferred on him some portion of their authority. He wanted a large chunk of Henry Wallace's power and all he could get of Harry Hopkins', and he alternately praised and vilified both of them, praising when their resistance was low, vilifying when it was high. Since no one could make a career of gratifying Ickes, Ickes turned in the end against everyone. By 1936, the last year covered by the first volume, his only remaining friend is Cissy Patterson, the newspaper

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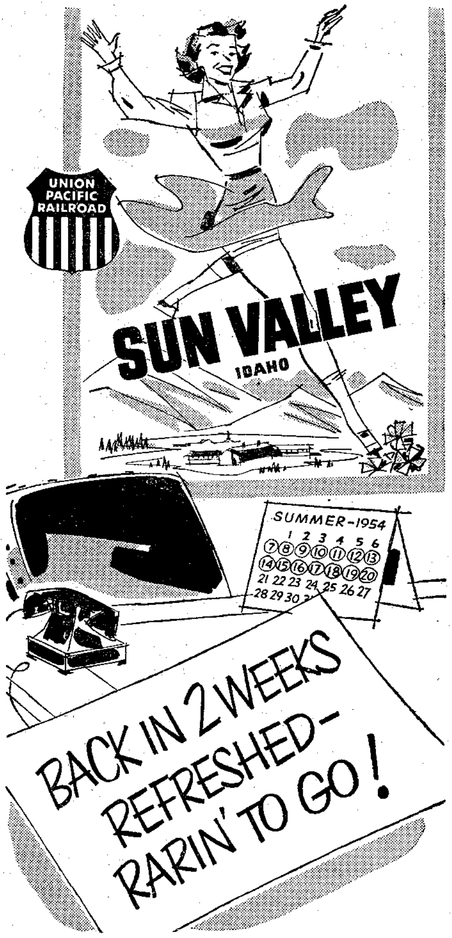

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publisher. In the second volume, he breaks with her. In 1933, he wrote, "I have a feeling of loyalty and real affection for the President that I have never felt for any other man." In 1936, after Roosevelt had declined to yield to Ickes' latest plan for expanding the Department of the Interior, Ickes saw Roosevelt as a scoundrel. "Here is a plain case of being 'sold down the river' by the President," he wrote. Ickes, though, could rise above his feeling of betrayal. Ten days later, Roosevelt gave him a chance to deliver an important speech. "I told him that I was willing to do anything that he wanted me to do," he wrote. He made the speech and then began to feel sorry for himself because he hadn't abandoned the administration and run against the President on the Republican ticket. "As I see the thing now," he wrote on July 21, 1936, "in all probability I could have won in November." Some self-seeking romancer had told him that he would make a fine candidate and that the Republicans would leap at the chance to get him. But he was always one to adjust and readjust his ambitions to the possibilities of the moment. By September, when it was clear that Roosevelt was no flash in the pan, Ickes was ready to settle down to another four years of sycophancy. He liked winners, and besides, J. David Stern, a White House emissary, had told him that "I was the outstanding man in the administration and a tower of strength to the President."

It seems never to have occurred to Ickes that there was anything unwholesome about his appetite for flattery. Nor, though he was ordinarily suspicious of the entire human race, did it ever occur to him that flatterers might be ignobly motivated. When Frederic A. Delano, the President's uncle, told him "how much he admired my ability, integrity, and intellectual honesty," Ickes set it down as though it were a report on weather conditions, a statement of plainly observable fact that no one could have any possible interest in misrepresenting. It may be that the very grossness of his nature is one of the things that make him an exciting diarist. It helped him, perhaps, to order his world and bring his characters into a single, clear focus. The amassing of grievances, the slow spreading of his hatreds, give point and a kind of plot to this portrait of a sprawling agglomeration of people in most of whom, as individuals, our interest cannot be great. Each Burlew and each Scrugham is involved either in furthering Ickes' ambition or in blocking it,

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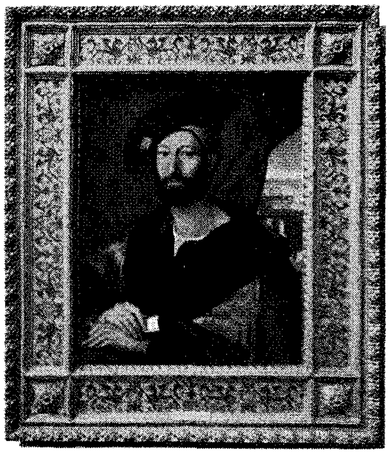

*Portrait of Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

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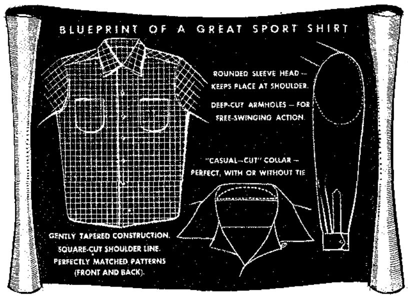
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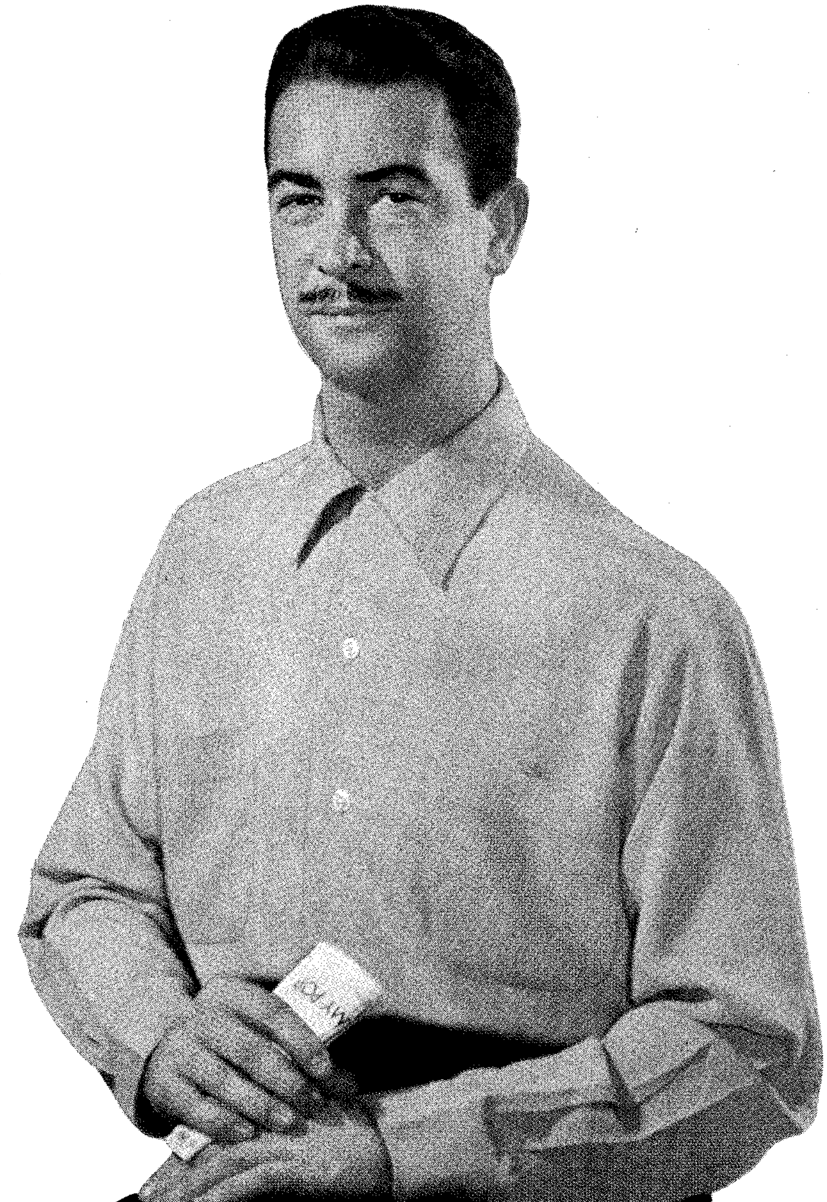

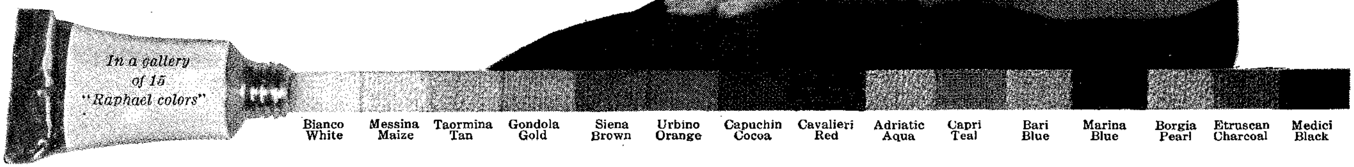
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Schweppes
QUININE WATER

# Coolest thing next to a pool: Gin-and-Tonic with Schweppes

THE POOL in this picture happens to be in Westbury—but it might just as easily have been in Bangkok, or Nairobi. Within the past few months, Commander Whitehead has enjoyed poolside Gin-and-Tonics in *both* those ports of call.

Indeed, a letter addressed to Commander Whitehead, Schweppesman Extraordinary, recently followed him halfway around the world.

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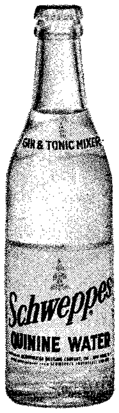

and we have a continuing interest in seeing when and for what reason they will become characters in the Ickes demonology. For while Ickes could bear frustration in great quantities, he did suffer as a result of his need to hate. He solicited praise and power with the brazen, businesslike air of a streetwalker on the prowl for clients, but he did develop a bad conscience about the number of people it was becoming necessary to despise. He stayed awake nights thinking how terrible it was that there were so many ranged against him: "A heavy barrage is being laid down to break my morale. . . . I am thoroughly persuaded that there is an active cabal working against me." He became addicted to soporifics, massive nightcaps, and driving through the countryside at ninety miles an hour. "Life simply can't go on on the basis of continued and implacable resentments," he wrote. But it did go on.

In his apparent innocence of the nature of corruption, Ickes calmly bequeathed us a self-portrait of a man corrupt in the deepest sense. But it is not the likeness of the portrait that makes it so striking; it is, on the contrary, its almost total lack of correspondence to reality. Ickes was the embodiment of a stunning paradox; he was corrupt on the inside and pure as the driven snow on the outside. His outer purity was no pose; it was a fact, a condition, and if it were not for this diary the evil that he did would not have lived after him. But there is no proof that he *did* any evil. None of the countless post-mortems on the Roosevelt administration have brought to light a single instance of Ickes' abandoning the public interest. (The diary reveals only one. He mentions his support of a federal grant for the Queens Midtown Tunnel and says, "The reason I was so strongly in favor of this is because Senator Wagner wants it badly.") Generally speaking, he was, in matters bearing on the common welfare, as straight as a die. The President's uncle may or may not have been speaking from the heart when he commended Ickes for his "ability, integrity, and intellectual honesty," but it was a judgment any reasonable man could have made if he had gone solely by the record. No scandal ever touched Ickes, and he was perhaps the best administrator Roosevelt had. The only clouds that darken his memory are those he sketched in himself in this remarkable diary.

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the book seems attributable to some defect in his character. His candor was the product of his indelicacy. Being a schemer, he had need for information on those around him. Literal-minded, uninterested in ideas for their own sake, he found self-expression in a simple transcription of the intelligence he received—what was said at this dinner party, what was done at this conference, this Cabinet meeting, this poker game. The diary is preëminently a book of speech and scenes. It brings to life a Washington in which a social revolution is being engineered, but it would, one imagines, be no less absorbing if it dealt with the administration of Millard Fillmore.

"THE TAFT STORY" (Harper), by William S. White, is not a biography but a memoir, the sort of book that forty or fifty years ago would have been called "Robert A. Taft—A Reminiscence" or perhaps "Senator Taft as I Knew Him." Mr. White has for several years been observing Senate affairs for the New York *Times*. He knew Taft well and held him in high esteem, despite the fact that he was often shocked and dismayed by Taft's public performance. He has very little to say about Taft's early life or about his life away from the Senate, but the book is warm and perceptive and not infrequently brilliant. Taft was the very opposite of Ickes; it was his record rather than his character that was vulnerable. Taft could stand any amount of close inspection, but his accomplishments were dubious and, as I think Mr. White is the first to point out, incredibly few. For all the influence that Taft seemed to exert in American public life, his only legacy of substance was the Taft-Hartley Act, from which much of the substance is certain to be removed, if not by this Congress then by some other one. Though he involved himself deeply in foreign affairs during his last years, he got nowhere. According to Mr. White, Taft's "only direct and personal victory" was getting through an amendment to the resolution on Yalta and the vexed question of "liberation" that was drawn up by the administration last year. The resolution died a-borning. He of course had an impact on American life that was quite apart from legislation, but since he was, as Mr. White says, above all things a lover and respecter of parliamentary institutions, it is ironic that his immense energies and abilities brought forth so little. Yet Mr. White judges Taft not on the Senator's terms but on his own. "He was a small man here and there and now and again," he writes. "But in the whole slope of his life and purposes he was a large man." Large and small are relative terms; Mr. White's contention is open to criticism from several points of view, but he does conclusively demonstrate Taft's intelligence, his decency, and his courage, all of which were of rare quality, though immeasurable.

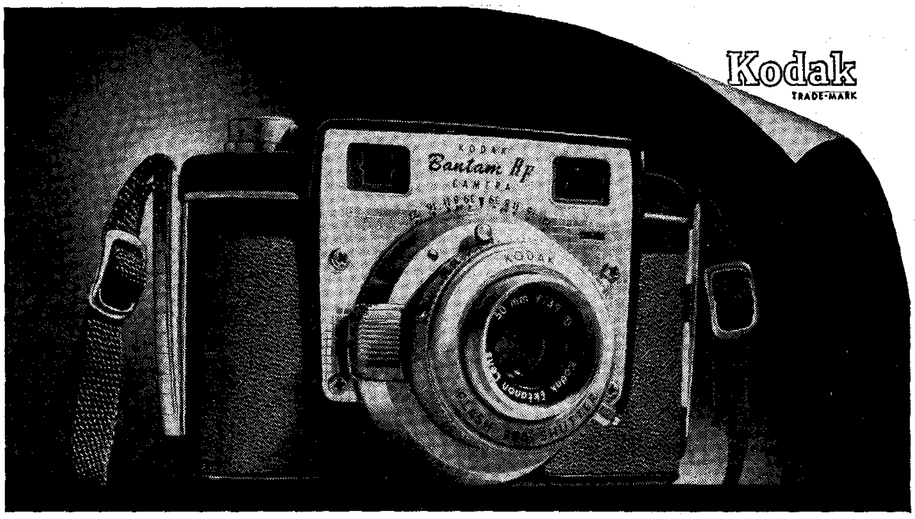
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

## VERSE

TO become the spokesman for one's generation is a difficult and often ultimately unrewarding role for a poet to take on. Karl Shapiro, after the publication of his first book in 1942, a year that found him, at the age of twenty-nine, a soldier in the South Pacific, was assigned this position by many of his contemporaries and elders. His recent "Poems 1940-1953" (Random House) is a remarkably full chronicle of a troubled and tragic era. Shapiro grew up surrounded by the problems and confusions, both spiritual and material, of a crucial period of transition in America and the world at large. To the young writers of the early thirties, the poetry of the British Auden-Spender-Day Lewis group made a particular appeal. Shapiro learned the possibilities of poetry based on concrete situations from which large conclusions could be drawn, and a satiric sense showed up in his poetry from the first. He revealed, moreover, a skill in form from the beginning. The young American was therefore well prepared to chronicle the disturbing features of his time and place, including his experiences as a soldier. As a participant and survivor, he not only put down in detail the facts of a soldier's life but he mourned and celebrated, in elegies distinguished for their rightness of tone, the death of comrades-in-arms. War poems fade quickly, but two of Shapiro's—"Troop Train" and "Elegy for a Dead Soldier"—will certainly long engage interest and admiration. The poems in the present volume are not arranged chronologically, so lines of development and growth are difficult to trace. Shapiro has written several excellent poems since the war, but his latest work seems to have become rather embittered. A predilection for the nightmare concept appears in several later pieces; "The Phenomenon" and "In the Waxworks" have the quality of dark and entrapping dreams. Shapiro's best writing—so rational, so filled with a high sense of idealism—stands in direct contrast to these, and one can only hope that some freeing upward curve of the imagination will give him, in his maturity, access to new subjects to which his gifts may be fruitfully applied. Targets for the satirist surely exist at present, although in a more complacent decade it is difficult to find them, and courage is required to name and make them known.

THE influence of Dylan Thomas marks a sharp break between Shapiro's methods and those of his immediate juniors. A ruling desire of Thomas's, partly derived from the tenets of Surrealism, was "not to interpret, record, or comment on life but to transform it." Anthony Hecht's first volume, "A Summoning of Stones" (Macmillan), illustrates this attitude, at the moment so attractive to the young. He sets forth his position in the book's epigraph, taken from Santayana ("to call the stones themselves to their ideal places, and enchant the very substance and skeleton of the world"). Hecht, born in 1923, served as an infantry rifleman in Europe and Asia. He was awarded, in 1951, a writing fellowship to the American Academy at Rome. The second experience has evidently been more important in his poetic development than the first; he draws more freely upon the Italian scene than upon any background of war. And his verbal and technical brilliance is directed toward the celebration, rather than the dissection, of what he has felt and observed. The releasing touch of Thomas is strong, as well as the influence of other modern masters, and the ancient shadow of Sir Thomas Wyatt turns up more than once. There is a good deal of interplay between art and nature—the first reminds Hecht of the second as often as the other way round. The shimmer of a virtuoso technique cannot entirely obscure the fact that many of the poems have very little content, emotional or otherwise. But surely the enjoyment of the sumptuous, the exuberant, and the theatrical is natural in a young man. If Hecht, often disturbed by disorder and death, is drawn toward ideal proportion, elegance, and color—to a description of a botanical garden, pictures on museum walls, or a fête at the Villa d'Este—he is yielding to promptings that at his age only a fanatically serious spectator would deny him.

BARBARA HOWES' second volume (her first appeared in a fine limited edition in 1948), "In the Cold Country" (Bonacio & Saul, in association



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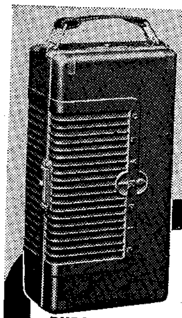

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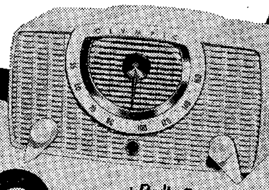

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with Grove Press), announces the most accomplished woman poet of the youngest writing generation—one who has found her own voice, chosen her own material, and worked out her own form. Miss Howes is daring with language, but she is also accurate. Her originality stands in constant close reference to the material in hand, and although much of that material is fantastic or exotic, it is never so simply for its own sake. Her diction becomes more exact the more it is applied to certain dissolving effects in nature that attract her, and her poems are full of movement. She can unfold a landscape, or plunge through ordinary surfaces, as in her delightful poem "The Undersea Farmer." Her connoisseurship, always evident, is of an active kind that illuminates instead of merely skimming over this subject or that. In addition, she has strong, positive emotions that continually resolve into a major key. Here, watching a cultivated sense of tradition work through modern attitudes and techniques, we sense the possibility of a new reconciliation in modern verse, for so long filled with division and dissent.

—LOUISE BOGAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE MAGICIANS, by J. B. Priestley (Harper). Even a rather heavy touch of fantasy, which grows heavier as the end of the story approaches, does not spoil this intelligent and cheerful account of a successful London businessman who finds life frighteningly meaningless when he is forced to retire from the firm to which he has given his life. The businessman, Sir Charles Ravenstreet, is saved from disaster by a chance meeting with three strange old men, and although the final solution for his empty life is more than a trifle pat, his story makes very good—even absorbing—reading.

FREAKSHOW, by Jacquin Sanders (Little, Brown). Bat Fidler, a footloose young man who appears to be normal and ordinary but feels strongly that he was born to be a misfit, discovers more happiness and security than he has ever known when he goes to work in a travelling freak show. Mr. Sanders writes carelessly, and so robs his work of a good deal of the effect it might have had, but his people—superficially, at least—are true enough.

I PUT MY RIGHT FOOT IN, by Harry Essex (Little, Brown). Mr. Essex's

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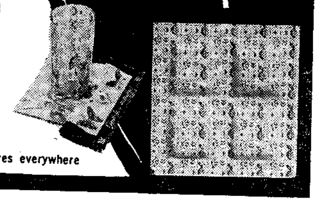

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bitter story of a young playwright's first try at success on Broadway is written with simplicity, directness, and honesty, but although it is interesting, it has a wearying and depressing effect, mainly because neither the playwright nor his sad wife nor any of the other people involved in the production of his play are anything but cheap and pathetic, and either shrilly futile or silently futile.

THE ROMANTIC EGOISTS, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). Eight short stories, each of them concerned with someone who either disregards or challenges traditional rules of behavior and whose path, at one time or another, crosses that of Peter Westcott, Mr. Auchincloss's narrator, as he grows from schoolboy to novelist. The episodes are arranged chronclogically, and their settings include a prep school in New England, an LST in the Pacific, and a law office in New York. Two of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE NEGRO AND THE SCHOOLS, by Harry S. Ashmore (University of North Carolina Press). A study of segregation in American schools that is based on field work financed by the Ford Foundation and done by about forty researchers, most of them Southerners. The author, a Southerner himself, has done an admirable job of synthesis, with no visible trace of bias but with a few wholly understandable traces of defensiveness. He reports on segregation in Northern, as well as in Southern, classrooms; on the progress that has been made in the South over the last half century (the facts of this matter may surprise those Northerners who assume that certain governors and senators speak for the whole South); and, in another chapter that contains some pleasant surprises, on the treatment of Negroes in Southern universities. A valuable book, and, of course, a very timely one.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S AMERICA, by John Tebbel (Dutton). An attempt to catch a likeness of Washington by watching him in motion. Drawing on diaries, letters, and other contemporary documents, Mr. Tebbel shows us the young surveyor feeling his way through the wilderness, the colonel of militia guiding Braddock against the French and their Indian allies, the troubled Commander-in-

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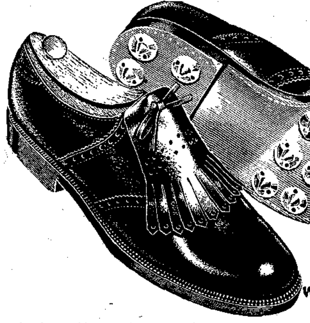

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Chief rallying the Continental armies up and down the colonies, the President on his endless tours of trial and triumph. The result, one might suppose, would be the liveliest kind of period junketing, but, alas, we are hardly a mile up the road before the underbrush closes in and we are lost in such thickets of irrelevant detail as "Once Braddock sent him on an errand to Williamsburg to get four thousand pounds from the expedition's paymaster, so that the payroll could be met, and Washington took advantage of his welcome visit to go shopping in the capital. He bought himself a pair of toothbrushes, three pairs of gloves, four pairs of thread stockings, and some other small items."

The Desert Watches, by Wilson MacArthur (Bobbs-Merrill). An engrossing story of a two-thousand-mile automobile trip across the Sahara, from Algiers to Nigeria, taken by the author and his wife, who live on a farm in Southern Rhodesia. They had been warned beforehand by a Belgian count, who had made four Saharan crossings, not to expect anything to go off as planned, and it quickly became evident that the count knew what he was talking about; wells turned out to be dry, route markings had vanished, sandstorms blew up, huge boulders appeared right in the road, and so on and on. Exhaustion and the heat brought the MacArthurs at one time within a few hours of death, and the wonder is that they not only enjoyed the trip but hope someday to repeat it. Mr. MacArthur's descriptions of the Arabs and Berbers they met along the way and his sometimes lyrical evocation of the lonely majesty of the Sahara add to the flavor and quality of a most unusual book. Photographs.

Syngman Rhee, by Robert T. Oliver (Dodd, Mead). The author, a student of international affairs, has known President Rhee for twelve years, and in this biography he proceeds as a conscientious scholar should, fully exploring the areas of controversy around his highly controversial subject, reviewing the case for and against Rhee's policy and tactics, and concluding with his own estimate of the man. He believes that Rhee is an inseparable union of politics and religion, and he also believes that Rhee is genuinely devoted to democracy as a catalyst in the fusing of the cultures of East and West. In addition, naturally, the book scans the history of Korea during the last seventy-five years, starting with the emergence of the "hermit kingdom" from medievalism and ending with the present uneasy situation. Illustrated.

Sören Kierkegaard, by Johannes Hohlenberg (Pantheon). This definitive biography of Kierkegaard, published in Denmark in 1940, has finally appeared here in a somewhat graceless English translation by the Reverend T. H. Croxall, who, like the author, is a prominent Kierkegaard scholar. It is fitting that our foremost philosopher of the absurd should have spent his life teetering on the edge of the ridiculous—beginning all his meals with a cup of strong beef tea, outdoing even Beyle in hiding his writings behind a thicket of pseudonyms and anonyms (five in "Either/Or" alone), composing what must surely be the world's most incredible letter to a former fiancée and mailing it to her husband. No one interested in Kierkegaard can afford to pass up this curious book, which, in addition to its other merits, presents a fascinating portrait of the intellectual life of nineteenth-century Copenhagen—a town very reminiscent of the Concord of Emerson and Thoreau.

An Idea Conquers the World, by Count Richard Nicolaus Coudenhove-Kalergi (Roy). An autobiography in which the personal history of the author is subordinate to the history of an idea—the idea of a united Europe. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the son of a Japanese mother and an Austrian father, became convinced after the First World War, when he was in his twenties, that Europe's political system was out-of-date, and he has been an untiring champion of a federal union of the European states ever since. Today, as his rather optimistic title indicates, the Count believes that the prospects are brighter than ever—especially since the United Kingdom and the United States have been taking so favorable an attitude toward making the Continent a strong and united ally. The book covers a great deal of the history of Europe between the two great wars and contains closeup portraits of the men with whom, at one time or another, the Count has worked—Briand, Masaryk, Stresemann, Leopold Amery, Beneš, and Churchill. Sir Winston has contributed a preface in which he says that European solidarity may prove "the surest means of lifting the mind of European nations out of the ruck of old feuds and ghastly revenges."

October '43, by Aage Bertelsen, translated by Milly Lindholm and Willy Agtby (Putnam). In the early fall of 1943, the Nazi overlords in Denmark, exasperated by the vivacity of the local underground, decided to round up, deport, and exterminate the nation's six thousand-odd Jews in reprisal, and on October 1st they struck. The scheme was a monumental failure. For the underground, alerted by an informer, had spirited almost the entire Jewish population into hiding, and during the following weeks succeeded in transporting practically all the Jews to sanctuary in Sweden. Mr. Bertelsen, a Copenhagen schoolmaster, was one of the chief designers of that Jewish Dunkirk, and in this brisk, businesslike book he tells us how he and a multitude of other courageous and compassionate Danes, together with many Swedes and even a few Germans, managed to bring it off. Foreword by Sholem Asch and an introduction by Hans Hedtoft, Prime Minister of Denmark.

Farmwife, by Marion Roberts (Dutton). A pastorale, written in homely, muted prose, about life on a farm in the hills of northern Wales. The author, an Englishwoman and the mother of four children, married a Welsh farmer in the early nineteen-thirties and has lived ever since in an old house (the new wing was built in 1717) on a farm called Braich-y-ceunant. Mrs. Roberts, a natural writer who got her start by entering and winning a competition in a rural weekly for the best letter from a farm wife, does not hesitate to set down the most trivial matters—the price of a calf, the way to bottle fruit and jam, a back-door conversation with an insolent gypsy girl—and by some magic of artlessness, she brings everything she touches to life.

Rake Rochester, by Charles Norman (Crown). A biography of the compulsively profligate Restoration poet John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, who died of drink, syphilis, and a complicated conscience at the age of thirty-three. Mr. Norman seems fully aware that in Rochester he is up against no ordinary rounder, but since the best he can do in the way of illumination is to reproduce all the sprees, all the shenanigans, and all the naughty lyrics, he leaves him

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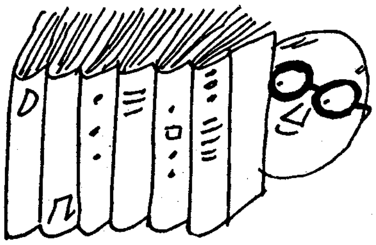

I doubt whether there is anything in the world more sincere than the beautiful, wonderful sincerity of one actor telling another actor how good he is.

I got to thinking about this a while back when I was sitting in a Madison Avenue bar watching the movie Oscars being presented. There was so much sincerity that night I actually choked up and wept real tears into the diluted planter's punch I had ordered for the occasion.

Most of the awards went to a movie called "From Here to Eternity," which was based on a book. Of course, neither the book nor its author, James Jones, got any special mention that night, and in a way I was glad. There just didn't seem to be any place for extraneous literary chatter when so much sincerity was being exchanged.

I really love actors, with an affection undiminished by the fact that I don't know any personally. I love most to watch them giving each other awards. But I also love to see them on the stage, and I particularly love to read books about them.

That's why I enjoyed the new novel, "The Painted King," by Rhys Davies, whose stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*. His new book is the story of an English actor-producer, who created his own musical shows, wrote their music, and acted in them.

It's a nice backstage tale about actors and people, served up with just the right amount of York ham. When I had finished reading it, I felt a little as though I ought to go and wash the greasepaint off my hands.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Painted King," by Rhys Davies ($3.50), is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Doubleday has also just published Herman Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," ($2.75) the text of his fabulously successful stage play based upon his Pulitzer Prize winning novel. These books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd St.), where many of the leading stars of stage and screen do their book buying.

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STORIES ON STONE, by Charles L. Wallis (Oxford). Mr. Wallis is a clergyman—the minister of the Keuka College Church, at Keuka Park, New York—whose not inappropriate hobby is the deciphering of inscriptions on old gravestones. In this book, a product of many happy cemetery hours, he has gathered together some seven hundred epitaphs of more than professional interest. Some are funny, some are touching, some are tart, some are highfalutin, and some—like "Red River Tom; Shot by Ormsby"—are laconically grim. An entertaining bauble.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, by Lionello Venturi, and DEGAS, by François Fosca (Skira). Two more in the Skira series of small monographs called "The Taste of Our Time." The choice of Piero is especially apt, for his art, so close to our modern abstraction in its impersonal gravity and strict design, has only recently come into full favor. Venturi's text, which is chiefly given over to a detailed discussion of Piero's murals and other works, is brisk and informative, and the fifty-four reproductions, all in color, are handsomely handled. The book on Degas is unusual in that, for once, much more attention is paid to the artist's techniques than to subject and atmosphere, and M. Fosca's exposition of the various compositional devices Degas developed to add interest to his canvases—his bold use of diagonals, off-balance designs, and so on—is particularly profound. The reproductions—again fifty-four in number, and in color—may at times be a little too bright, as in Technicolor, but otherwise they are excellent, and they are exceptionally well tied in with the text.

•

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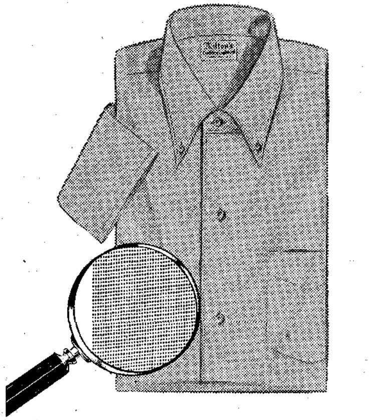

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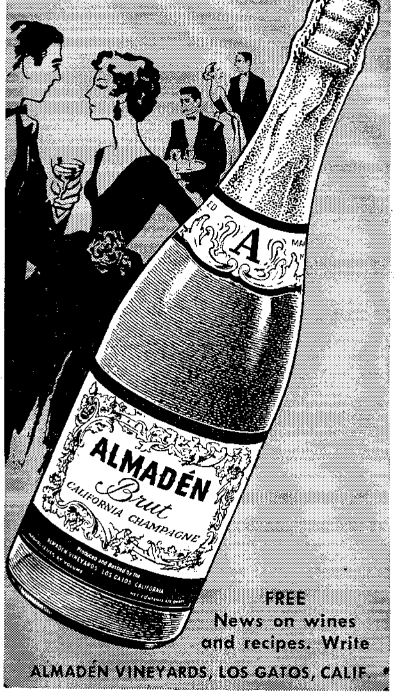

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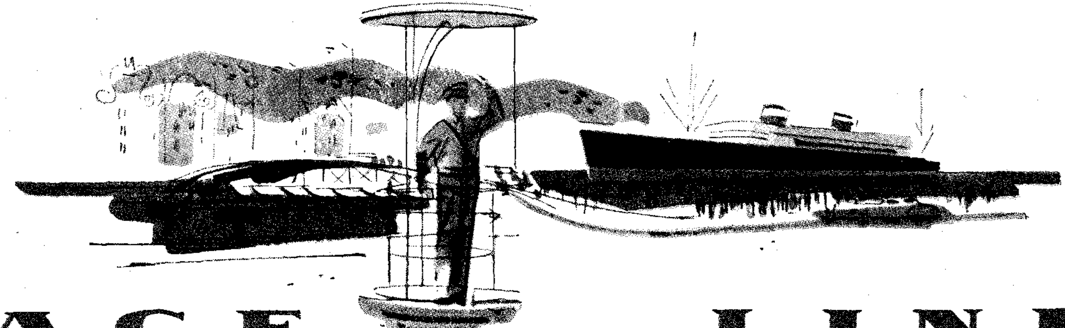

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